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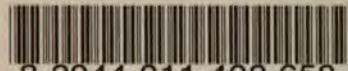
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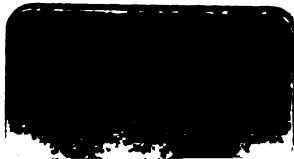
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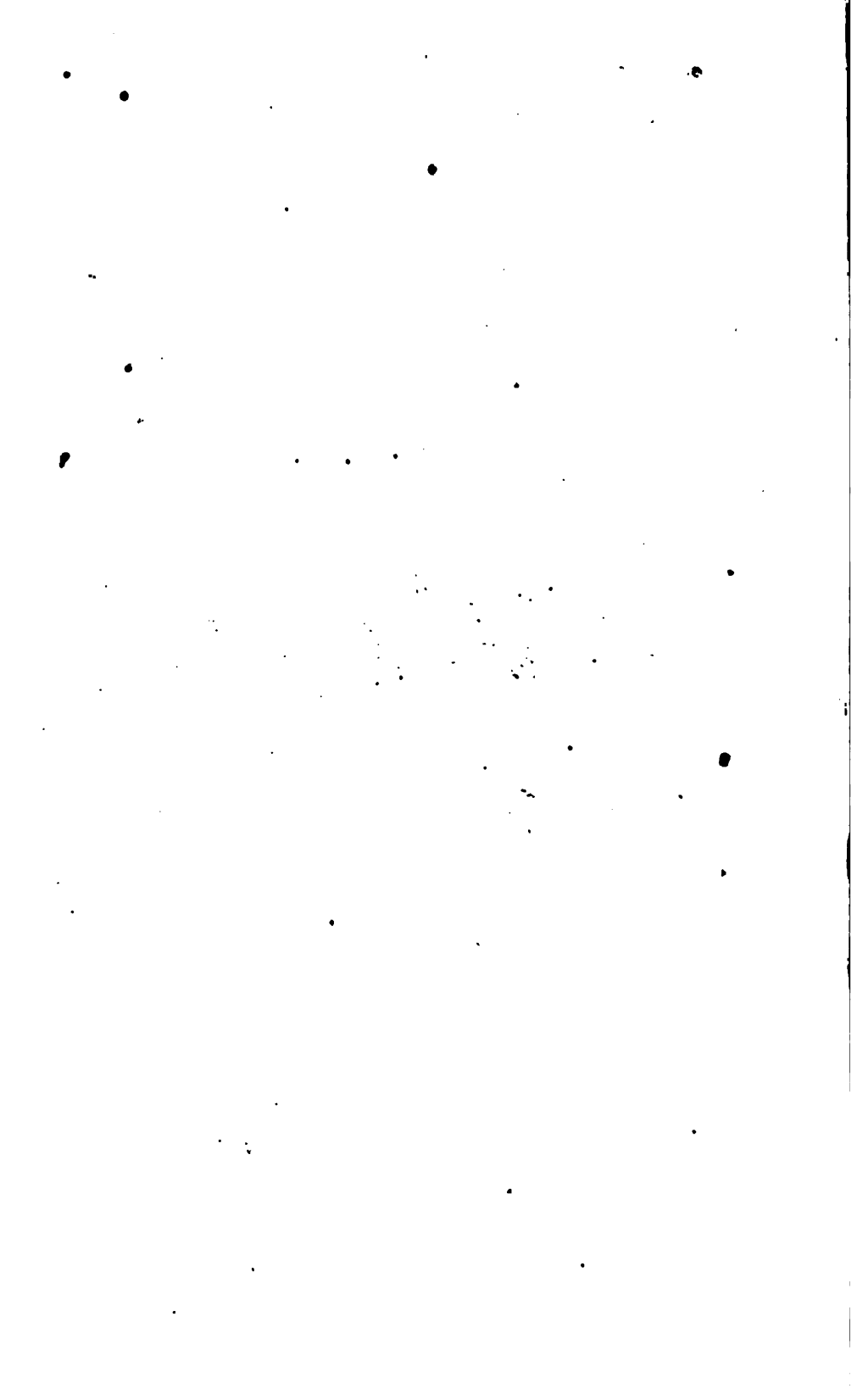


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THE

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

VOLUME VII.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1834.

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BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

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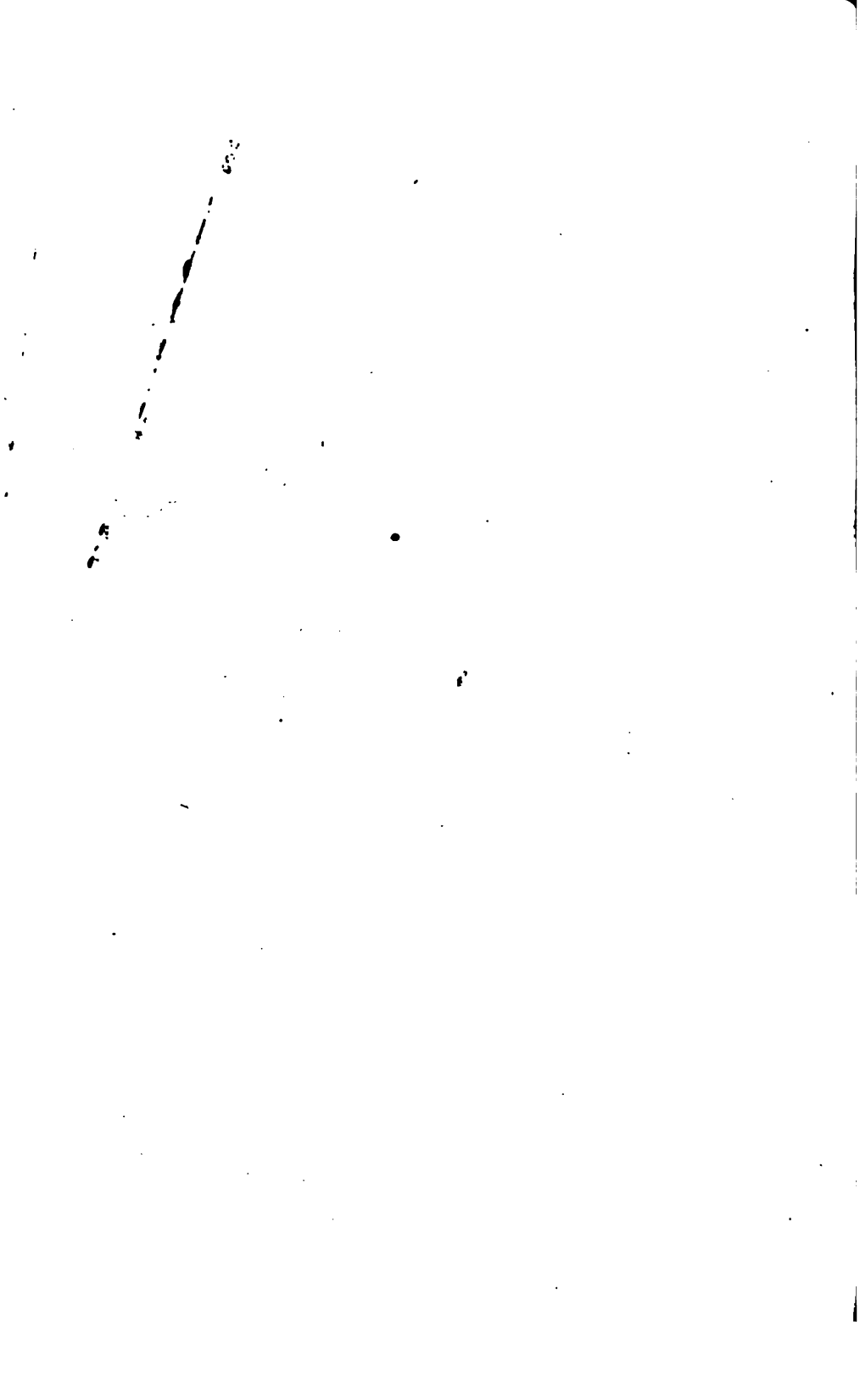
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JAMES THAYER, M.D.

For the New-England Magazine

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1834.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE THACHER FAMILY, FROM
THEIR FIRST SETTLEMENT IN NEW-ENGLAND.

It has been the anxious desire of all nations, in all ages of the world, that family genealogies, from their original foundation, should be correctly recorded and transmitted to future generations; and posterity love to trace back their progenitors, in an uninterrupted line, to the earliest periods. The descendants of the puritan fathers of New-England have a peculiar interest in the character and transactions of their ancestors, and they are happily furnished with ample data for the purpose of tracing the course of the founders of an empire. When the Saxons came over and settled in England, the British surnames were immersed, and no records of the original inhabitants, by their own surnames, were to be found on the page of history; but in our favored country by far the largest proportion of our surnames are those which were precious to our puritan fathers, and ever will be to their grateful posterity. The spreading branches of the genealogical tree, from the stock of the pilgrims, will ever command admiration and respect; and, among these, the name of Thacher is not the least deserving of a grateful and perpetual remembrance.

Whether the Thacher family were ever entitled to the distinction of ancient and honorable, the writer has not been ambitious to ascertain. The first of the name, of which we have obtained any account, is the Rev. PETER THACHER, a distinguished minister of the gospel, who resided in Sarum, in England, in the seventeenth century. He was a man of talents, and possessed a liberal and independent mind; he dissented from the established church, and being, in consequence, harassed by the spiritual courts, he resolved to turn his back on royal and ecclesiastical folly and persecution, and emigrate to New-England, for the enjoyment of religious freedom; but the death of his wife altered his determination. There is now a letter extant, which he wrote to the bishop of the diocese, begging that he might be excused from reading certain directions of the vicar-general, which, he said, were against his conscience, and would tend to disturb the order of worship. In his address, he says, "I never neglected the order aforesaid out of contempt of ecclesiastical discipline and jurisdiction, as has

been affirmed," &c. This may, perhaps, account for the puritanical zeal, with which so many of the family have opposed the *prelatic power*, and may be one, among other causes, of the strong attachment of the descendants to good New-England principles.

THOMAS THACHER, son of the above Peter, was born in England, May 1, 1620. In his early minority he appeared to have imbibed true puritan principles. Having received a grammar-school education at home, his father intended that his education should have been completed at the university, either of Cambridge or Oxford; but, disgusted with the prevailing ecclesiastical tyranny, to which he must have been subjected, he was induced to decline the proposals of his father, preferring to cross the Atlantic, that he might enjoy liberty of conscience in the wilds of New-England. To this determination his parents readily consented, as they themselves intended to have followed him; but this was prevented by the death of his mother. At the age of fifteen years, this enterprising young puritan embarked in company with his uncle, Anthony Thacher, and arrived in New-England, June 4, 1635. Shortly after their arrival they had occasion to pass from Ipswich to Marblehead; Anthony, with his wife and family, embarked on board a bark, belonging to Mr. Allerton, of Plymouth; they were overtaken by a tremendous tempest in the night, and shipwrecked on an island in Salem harbor, and twenty-one out of twenty-three persons were drowned, August 14, 1635, Mr. Thacher and his wife being the only persons saved. Thomas Thacher "had such a strong and sad impression upon his mind," says Dr. Cotton Mather, (*Magnalia*,) "about the issue of the voyage, that he, with another, would needs go the journey by land, and so he escaped perishing with some of his pious and precious friends by sea."* Being thus providentially preserved, young Thacher became an inmate in the family of the Rev. C. Chauncy, who was afterwards president of Harvard College; under the tuition of that eminent scholar he received his education, and was prepared for the duties of the ministry. He was not long an idle candidate. Such was his pious deportment, and so manifest his qualifications for a gospel teacher, that he was soon invited to become the pastor of the church at Weymouth, where he was ordained, January 2, 1644. In his ministerial labors he was most faithful and affectionate; among his excellencies was a peculiar spirit of prayer, and he was remarkable for the copious, fluent, and fervent manner of performing that sacred exercise. Having acquired a knowledge of medicine, Mr. Thacher united the practice of that profession with his ecclesiastical vocation, in which he was greatly useful. He married the daughter of the Rev. Ralph Partridge, the first minister of Duxbury, who, among other pious ministers, was, to use his own expression, "hunted like a partridge on the mountains," and driven from his native soil to seek an asylum in this land of religious freedom. Mr. Thacher married, for a second wife, a lady belonging to Boston, and became an inhabitant of that town, where he acquired eminence in the medical profession. He was conspicuous as a learned divine; and when the third, or Old South church, was founded, in Boston, he was chosen their first pastor, and installed February 16, 1670, and continued in that

* This journey was a very hazardous one, it being through an unsettled wilderness, and full of Indians.

station till his death, October 15, 1678. Having visited a patient in a fever, he was himself seized with the disease, which terminated his existence at the age of fifty-eight years. President Stiles speaks of Mr. Thacher as the best Arabic scholar known in this country, and states that he composed and published a Hebrew Lexicon. According to Dr. Cotton Mather, he was a great logician, and well versed in mechanics, both in theory and practice, and could make all kinds of clock-work to admiration. In 1677, he published a work entitled a Brief Guide in the Small-pox and Measles, which was the first medical work published in America. Mather says he was a most incomparable scribe; he not only wrote all sorts of hands in the best *copy-books* then extant, with a singular exactness and acuteness, but there are yet extant monuments of *Syriac* and other oriental characters, of his writing, which are hardly to be imitated. He left two sons who were by his first wife.

2d Generation. PETER, the eldest son of Thomas, was born July 18, 1651. Graduated at Cambridge college, 1671; was ordained over the church at Milton, June 1, 1681; and died December 27, 1727, aged seventy-seven years, having been the honored and beloved pastor of that church near forty-seven years. He married the daughter of the Rev. John Oxenbridge, pastor of the first church in Boston.

RALPH, the second son, settled in the ministry at Martha's Vineyard; but little is known of his life or death.

3d Generation. PETER, son of Peter, of Milton, was born in that town, October 6, 1688, graduated 1706, ordained at Middleborough, November 2, 1709, and died April 22, 1744, aged fifty-six, having sustained a ministerial character of great respectability, and received a large number of members to his church, during the later years of his ministry. His descendants are numerous, many of them through successive generations, have been educated in the ministry.

PETER THACHER, JUN. son of Ralph, graduated in 1696, ordained at Weymouth, November 26, 1707. Having in 1723 received a call to settle as pastor, of the New North church in Boston, about fifty members of that church and congregation, were dissatisfied, that the invitation should be given to Mr. Thacher, who was then the settled minister of Weymouth, and that he should leave his flock. "They separated from the society, and built a new meeting-house, which received the name of Revenge. At the time they met to install him, the disturbance was so great, that the services could not be regularly performed. After a public declaration of the majority of the society, in the meeting-house, that they accepted Mr. Thacher, the moderator announced him to be their minister, and the meeting broke up." He died March 1, 1730.

OXENBRIDGE THACHER, son of Peter, of Milton, was graduated at Cambridge, 1698. He for many years sustained the office of selectman, in the town of Boston, and representative to the general court, but removed to Milton, his native place, and, for several years, was a representative from that town. He died in 1772, aged ninety-three years. He devoted some part of his early days to the ministry, and preached the first sermon that was delivered to the settlers, at Punkapog, now Stoughton. One of the old settlers of the place, in a kind of rapture, addressed Rev. T. Thacher, of Dedham, upon hearing him preach,—“Your grandfather Oxenbridge, was the first man that brought a bible among us.”

4th Generation. His son *Oxenbridge* graduated at Cambridge college, in 1738, died July 8, 1765, aged forty-five years, and was, at the time of his death, one of the four representatives in the general court for the town of Boston. This gentleman died in the midst of his merited reputation and usefulness, being a lawyer of great eminence, and a learned and able writer. He was distinguished for his patriotic spirit, and amiable moral character, which are still remembered. Governor Hutchinson, in his *History of Massachusetts*, speaks of him as an active and influential opposer of the measures of Parliament, about the period of the stamp act. His name has frequently been mentioned in terms of high esteem, as a compeer with Adams, Quincy, and Otis. He published two pamphlets; one in 1760, *On the gold coin*; another 1764, *The sentiments of a British American, occasioned by an act to lay certain duties in the British Colonies and Plantations*.

PETER THACHER, son of Peter, of Middleboro', was born January 25, 1716, ordained at Attleborough, November 30, 1748. He was the first minister, who preached in the east or second parish in that town, and he preached there about five years previous to his being ordained. "He was one of ten children, and the oldest of seven sons. According to family tradition, he was the fourteenth oldest son, in succession, employed in the work of the gospel ministry,—a remarkable circumstance." Mr. Thacher, was a man of great simplicity, and plainness of manners, a worthy and useful minister, and his memory is justly revered. "A small volume of his sermons was published some time after his death; but, although the sentiment may be preserved, an unjustifiable liberty was taken with his language. However plain may be the style of a man, no material posthumous alteration ought to take place in preparing his works for the public. Every one appears most natural in his own garb." The only publication extant, so far as the author of this work* knows, which exhibits a fair specimen of Mr. Thacher's common, plain, and impressive manner of sermonizing, is the discourse occasioned by the death of his much-esteemed friend, the Rev. Habijah Weld, of Attleborough. Mr. Thacher continued to be highly useful in the ministry, and contributed greatly to the welfare and prosperity of his people; till, being seized with a palsy, which rendered him unable to perform the duties of his office, he was dismissed by a vote of the parish. He died September, 1785, in the seventieth year of his age, and forty-third of his ministry. He left many sons and daughters.

5th Generation. PETER THACHER, D. D. the eldest son of Oxenbridge, jun. was born in Milton, March 21, 1752, his parents having retired there, on account of the small pox being in Boston. His father died when he was thirteen years old. His juvenile years afforded the highest promise of eminence, as a divine, manifesting in his deportment, an uncommon share of gravity, and a preference of books of piety, and the conversation of religious persons, to childish amusements. He was admitted a student of Harvard college, when a youth, and received his college honors, in the year 1769, at the early age of seventeen years and four months. He soon acquired extraordinary qualifications for the duties of the ministry, and no sooner commenced

* Alden's Col. Epitaphs.

preaching, than he was desired to supply the pulpit, in Malden, and on September 19, 1770, was ordained pastor over the church in that place. He was afterwards sensible that the time devoted to his education was too limited. He was distinguished for his oratorical powers, and ardor, in the pulpit: his voice was peculiarly melodious; and, in his public devotions, his fluency and fervor were so impressive, that he seldom failed to produce general admiration and applause. He was not less remarkable for his colloquial powers, which were admirably adapted to disseminate pleasure and instruction. In early life, Doctor Thacher, was in principle, a rigid Calvinist, and the celebrated Whitefield embraced him as a well-qualified advocate for the cause of Orthodoxy; but he gradually abated of his rigid tenets, and, in riper years, became catholic and charitable, towards other denominations of Christians; and such was his liberality, such his kind and gentlemanly deportment, that all classes of Christians enjoyed satisfaction and pleasure, in holding intercourse with him. Bigotry and *excessive* zeal met his unequivocal disapprobation. On the commencement of the controversy between the American colonies and our English ancestry, Dr. Thacher was found among the first of those divines, who, with zeal, espoused the noble cause of freedom. Not satisfied with his exemplary efforts, in the line of his profession, public addresses, and influential conversation, he actually joined a military corps, and shouldered his musket for the combat; but he was not permitted to depart from home, where his services were indispensable. On the 5th of March, 1776, by the request of the people of Boston, he pronounced, at Watertown, the oration against *standing armies*, which had been annually delivered, in the Old South church, in commemoration of the Boston Massacre. Here his superior talents and brilliant intellectual energies were conspicuous, as on all public occasions allotted to him, in his sphere of useful labors.

When, in the year 1780, a convention assembled to form a constitution for our commonwealth, Dr. Thacher was chosen a member of that honorable body for the town of Malden, and few were more active or more influential. He was afterwards warmly attached to, and a strenuous supporter of, the constitution, and was also among the warmest admirers of the Constitution of the United States.

In 1785, Dr. Thacher became the pastor of Brattle-street church in Boston, where he was installed January 12. The officiating ministers were, the Rev. David Osgood, of Medford, who preached the sermon, Dr. Lathrop, who gave the charge, and Dr. Clark, the right hand of fellowship. In this enlarged sphere of ecclesiastical functions, he acquired much honor and celebrity. The University of Edinburgh honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and several divines, to whom his character was known, in Europe, manifested their respect for him, by appointing him a member of the Society for propagating the gospel among the Indians in North-America. He was an active member of this Board, and also of the society connected with it, and was for several years their secretary. He was one of the earliest members of the Historical Society, and one of its committee for publications. He was also elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of almost all the literary and charitable institutions existing in New-England; in all which his industry and influence were conspicu-

ous and impressive. He was uncommonly well versed in the history of his own and foreign countries, both civil and ecclesiastical, and possessed a large share of puritanical zeal, ever opposed to *prelatic power*, and an ardent advocate for the support of good New-England principles. He was a man of singular integrity, urbane and courteous in manners, facetious in conversation, and fond of anecdote. As a friend, he was affectionate, kind, and benevolent.

In the year 1802, Dr. Thacher, finding his health on the decline, and a pulmonary complaint becoming alarming, was, by advice of physicians, induced to repair to the state of Georgia, with the hope of deriving benefit from a milder climate: his people anxious to contribute all in their power to his relief, cheerfully defrayed the expense of the voyage; but such was the rapid progress of his disease, that he died in the city of Savannah, on the 16th December, about six weeks after leaving Boston. Whether abroad among strangers, or at home surrounded by familiar friends, Dr. Thacher constantly received marks of respect and sympathy, and the most cordial affection, in life and in death; and his character has been eulogized, both in prose and verse.

"The father and grandfather of Dr. Thacher had been preachers of the gospel before they entered other professions. An old lady of Milton recollected hearing sermons from Thachers of five generations, in direct succession. Mr. Thacher, of Milton, his son, and grandson Oxenbridge; the late Dr. Thacher and his son, the minister of Lynn; beside collateral branches of the family." It may be added, that there has never been a time since the first Thomas and Anthony, without ministers in New-England bearing the name of Thacher.

REV. THOMAS THACHER, brother of the last-named, graduated in 1775, was ordained pastor of the second church and society at Dedham. He was a man of sound understanding, respectable in his profession, liberal in his views, and in good fellowship with his Christian brethren. He was not polished in manners, nor did he possess partiality enough for the other sex to enter into the connubial state. He spent his life with his people, and died lamented, October, 1812, aged fifty-six.

NATHANIEL THACHER, brother of the above, was a subaltern officer in the American army. He died a bachelor.

6th Generation. THOMAS C. THACHER graduated 1790. PETER O. THACHER, present judge of the municipal court, at Boston, graduated 1796. CHARLES THACHER, of Boston, who died, of pulmonary complaint, on the 18th of May, 1833, aged forty-five years. He was an honorable merchant, and died greatly lamented. Sons of Rev. Peter Thacher, D. D.

SAMUEL C. THACHER, brother of the above, was born 14th December, 1785. From early life he exhibited those qualities of mind which are so very desirable in a teacher of religion, and in riper years he determined to enter a profession which his fathers before him had followed and adorned. He was admitted a student at the university in Cambridge, in the year 1800, and was graduated with its highest honors in 1804. He immediately commenced his theological studies in Boston, and enjoyed the valuable privilege of having them directed by the Rev. Dr. Channing. In the year 1806, he accompanied his friend, the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, on a voyage to Europe. Soon after his return, he accepted the office of Librarian of Harvard College, and entered on

its duties in 1808. On the third of November, 1810, the Rev. J. T. Kirkland was inducted President of Harvard University, and on this occasion Mr. Thacher was appointed to deliver a congratulatory address in Latin. Many then present remember the graceful appearance of the orator, and the praises which his performance received from all lips, for the propriety of its sentiments and the elegance of its Latinity.

But the time approached, when he was to leave his employment at Cambridge, for a sphere of higher and more arduous duties. He received a call from the society of the New South Church, in Boston, of which President Kirkland had been the minister, and was ordained May 15. He now lived only for his people, and directed all his exertions to the promotion of their good. But soon a melancholy cloud rose up, and threw its shade over the morning prospect of his usefulness. He was not gifted with a constitution sufficiently vigorous to support him for any length of time, under the manifold labors of his profession, and in the spring of the year after his settlement, he found it necessary to take a journey for the benefit of his declining health. A free use of the waters at Saratoga Springs was so beneficial to him, that, after remaining there some days, he set out on his return to Boston, with renewed strength and hopes. But on arriving at Worcester, he was attacked with raising of blood from the lungs, which immediately reduced him to a state of extreme debility. He gradually recovered, so far as to believe himself able to re-commence his ministerial duties. In the autumn of 1815, he was severely attacked by a return of hemorrhage from the lungs, and in the spring it was determined, by his physicians, that he should take a voyage to Europe. In August, Mr. Thacher once more bade farewell to his home, not as before, for the purpose of watching over the health of a friend, but with the hope of recovering his own. On his arrival in London, he consulted Dr. Baillie, physician to the king, and Dr. Wells. The place selected for his winter's residence was not such an one as his inclinations would have chosen; for though it bore the name of promise, it was far removed, not only from his friends, but from the civilized portions of the world. "I am on the point of embarking," he writes, "for the Cape of Good Hope. I am led to this measure, by finding the opinions of the most eminent physicians here coincide with that of Dr. Jackson and my other medical friends at home. Of course it would have been more pleasing to me to have been recommended to some spot less distant from you all. But as I came abroad, not for pleasure or curiosity, but in order, by God's blessing, to regain the ability of being useful, I am bound to take that course, which shall seem to lead most directly to this object." He arrived at the Cape, January 1, 1817, where he remained, though without deriving much benefit from the climate, till the 5th of April. A boisterous voyage proved highly injurious to his health, and on his arrival in London, the physicians were of opinion that he ought not to return home. He gave up his own wishes to what appeared his duty, and dooming himself to a longer absence from his country and friends, sought out once more a retreat for the winter. He went to Paris in August, and, after a residence of a few weeks, proceeded to Moulins, on account of its great reputation for the mildness and salubrity of its climate. His health declined from the time of his arrival in France; and though he himself had constant hopes of his recovery, and

return to America, the friends who had opportunities of seeing him, perceived that, in all probability, the time of his final rest was at hand. He died at Moulins, January 1, 1818.

"Mr. Thacher's piety was indeed the most perfect feature of his character. It appeared to control and guide his principles, his actions, his conversation, and his manners. It seemed to take the place of judgement and will, to rule in his mind as it did in his heart. In short, it would be impossible to give an idea of his character, without taking into view this ruling principle; for he was one whose submission to the will of God, sense of dependence on him, and trust in the promise of the gospel, were so constant and ardent, that they gave a peculiar holiness, purity, and sweetness, to all that he said and did."

The following extract from a sketch of his character, by the Rev. Dr. Channing, will further exhibit the nature of Mr. Thacher's piety:—

It was warm, but not heated,—earnest, but tranquil,—a habit, not an impulse; the air which he breathed, not a tempestuous wind, giving occasional violence to his emotions. A constant dew seemed to distil on him from heaven, giving freshness to his devout sensibilities; but it was a gentle influence, seen not in its falling, but in its fruits. His piety appeared chiefly in gratitude and submission, sentiments peculiarly suited to such a mind as his. He felt strongly that God had crowned his life with peculiar goodness; and yet, when his blessings were withdrawn, his acquiescence was as deep and sincere as his thankfulness. His devotional exercises in public, were particularly striking. He came to the mercy-seat as one who was not a stranger there. He seemed to inherit from his venerable father the gift of prayer. His acts of adoration discovered a mind penetrated by the majesty of God; but his sublime conceptions of these attributes were always tempered and softened by a sense of the divine benignity. The paternal character of God was not only his belief, but had become a part of his mind. He never forgot that he worshiped the Father: his firm conviction of the strict and proper unity of the divine nature taught him to unite and concentrate, in his conception of the Father, all that is lovely and attractive, as well as all that is solemn and venerable; and the general effect of his prayers was to diffuse a devout calmness, a filial confidence, over the minds of his pious hearers.

His deportment in private and social life was remarkably gentle and engaging, and, at the same time, dignified. They who were led by his mildness and affability to think that he might be too nearly or familiarly approached, were sure to be deceived. There was a line drawn about him, unseen, but not to be passed over, which repelled rudeness or levity. He won, without effort, the affection of friendship, and made himself the object of respectful attachment, both at home and abroad. His temper was calm and even; for his heart was the dwelling of piety and peace. His ashes repose in a foreign land. His friends are deprived of the melancholy gratification of paying their frequent visits to his tomb. The peasant of France passes carelessly by it, and knows not how cherished and excellent he was, whose remains it covers. The weeds may grow round it, and the long grass may wave over it, for there is none to pluck them away. But his memory is sacredly kept in many a heart, and there stands a monument to his name more lasting than marble, in the good which he effected while living, and in the example which he has left behind him.

The foregoing is an abstract of an interesting memoir prefixed to a volume of Mr. Thacher's sermons.

ANTHONY THACHER was a brother of the Rev. Peter Thacher, of Sarum, England, and came over with his nephew, Thomas Thacher, June 4, 1635. In August of the same year, he embarked with his family on board a barque bound from Ipswich to Marblehead, and was overtaken by a tremendous storm in the night, and shipwrecked on an island in Salem harbor, in which his four children were drowned, and his cousin, the Rev. John Avery, his wife, and six children, perished in the waves. Mr. Thacher and his wife were the only persons saved, while twenty-one were drowned.

This very tragical event is noticed in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, and in Governor Winthrop's *Journal*, where it is said, that "the General Court gave Mr. Thacher £26 13 4 towards his losses, and divers good people gave him besides." Mr. Thacher, after his shipwreck, made a temporary residence at Marshfield, and in January, 1638-9, being one of three grantees of land at Yarmouth, he located himself in that town, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1668, aged about eighty, and was buried on his own land, near the marsh, and as supposed, not far from a button pear-tree, which was standing a few years since; but it is singular that no monumental stone has been erected to his memory. His house was situated in a meadow, always known by the name of Green Hill, near which is a small rivulet or

brook, running east from a swamp. A little to the north-west of the house, in the bank, was a famous spring of most excellent water, never freezing in winter, nor warm in summer. This spring is held in great veneration by the descendants of Mr. Thacher. The subject of this memoir was a respectable and substantial yeoman, of pious and exemplary life and conversation. He was employed in various public offices, and found faithful. He represented the town of Yarmouth in the General Court, at Plymouth, in 1643, and in ten subsequent years.

In an essay, for the recording of Illustrious Providences, by Increase Mather, teacher of a church at Boston, in New-England, and published in that town in the year 1684, he says,—

We shall begin with that memorable sea deliverance which Mr. Anthony Thacher did experience at his first coming to New-England. A full and true relation whereof I find in a letter directed to his brother, Mr. Peter Thacher, then a faithful minister of Christ in Beerm, in England, (he was father to my worthy dear friend, Mr. Thomas Thacher, late pastor of one of the churches in Boston.) This letter of Mr. Anthony Thacher's, to his brother, being written within a few days after that eminent providence happened unto him, matters were then fresh in his memory; I shall, therefore, here insert his narrative in his own words, who expresseth himself as followeth:

"I must turn my drowned pen and shaking hand to indite the story of such sad news as never before this happened in *New-England*. There was a league of perpetual friendship between my cousin Avery (note that this Mr. Avery was a precious holy minister who came out of *England* with Mr. *Anthony Thacher*) and myself, never to forsake each other to the death, but to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare as also of habitation in the same place. Now, upon our arrival in *New-England*, there was an offer made unto us. My cousin Avery was invited to *Marblehead* to be their pastor in due time; there being no church planted there as yet, but a town appointed to set up the trade of fishing. Because many there (the most being fishermen,) were something loose and remiss, in their behavior, my cousin Avery was unwilling to go thither, and so refusing we went to *Newbury*, intending there to sit down. But being solicited so often, both by the men of the place, and by the magistrates, and by Mr. Cotton, and most of the ministers, who alleged what a benefit we might be to the people there and also to the country and commonwealth, at length we embraced it, and thither consented to go. They of *Marblehead* forthwith sent a pinnace for us and our goods. We embarked at *Ipswich*, August 11, 1635, with our families and substance, bound for *Marblehead*, we being in all twenty-three souls, viz. eleven in my cousin's family, seven in mine, and one Mr. William Elliot, sometimes of *New-Sarus*, and four mariners. The next morning, having commended ourselves to God with cheerful hearts, we hoisted sail, but the Lord suddenly turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamentations. For, on the fourteenth of this August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails being old and done were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to her new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till the morning. But before daylight it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm, as the like was never known in *New-England* since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the *Indians*. It was so furious that our anchor came home. Whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which stipt away. Then our sailors knew not what to do, but we were driven before the wind and waves. My cousin and I perceived our danger, solemnly recommended ourselves to God, the Lord both of earth and seas, expecting with every wave to be swallowed up and drenched in the deep. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes sat comforting and cheering one the other in the Lord against ghastly death, which every moment stared us in the face, and sat triumphing upon each one's forehead, we were, by the violence of the waves and the fury of the winds, (by the Lord's permission) lifted upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock, but it ragged with the stroke which came into the pinnace, so as we were presently up to our middles in water as we sat. The waves came furiously and violently over us, and against us, but by reason of the rock's proportion could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her, and violently overwhelming us, my goods and provisions swimming in the seas. My friends almost drowned, and mine own poor children so untimely (if I may so term it without offence) before mine eyes drowned and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces against the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them. But I must go on to an end of this woful relation. In the same room whereat he sat, the master of the pinnace not knowing what to do, our fore mast was cut down, our main mast broken in three pieces, the fore part of the pinnace beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me, as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them, poor souls, whom I had occasioned to such an end in their tender years. Whereas they could scarce be sensible of death. And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children, and both of us bewailing each other, in our Lord and only Savior Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness, inasmuch that from the greatest to the least of us there was not one screech or outcry made, but all as silent sheep were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly. Now as I was sitting in the cabin room door with my body in the room, when lo, one of the sailors by a wave being washed out of the pinnaces was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back, cried out, We are all cast away, the Lord have mercy upon us. I have been washed overboard into the sea, and am gotten in again. His speeches made me look forth, and looking towards the sea, and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin and the rest and spake these words, O cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far off from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth. Whereupon the master of the pinnace looking up to the scuttle hole of the quarter deck, went out at it, but I never saw him afterwards. Then he that had been in the sea, went out again by me and leapt overboard towards the rocks, whom afterwards also I could not see. Now none were left in the Barque that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children, myself and mine, and his maid servant. But my cousin thought I

would have fled from him, and said unto me, O cousin, leave us not, let us die together, and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son *Peter's* hand, took him by the hand and said, Cousin I purpose it not, whither shall I go? I am willing and ready here to die with you and my poor children. God be merciful to us and receive us to himself, adding these words, the Lord is able to help and deliver us. He replied, saying, truth cousin, but what his pleasure is we know not; I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances, but he hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation and to bring us safe to heaven, through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ, this therefore we may challenge of him. To which I replying, said that all the deliverance I now desire and expect, which words I had no sooner said, but by a mighty wave I was with the piece of the Barque washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned, but recovering my feet I saw above me on the rock my daughter *Mary*, to whom I had no sooner gotten, but my cousin *Jerry*, and his eldest son came to us, being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave. We went all into a small hole on the top of the rock whence we called to those in the pinnace to come unto us supposing we had been in more safety than they were in. My wife seeing us there was crept up into the scuttle of the quarter deck to come unto us, but presently came another wave and dashing the pinnace all to pieces carried my wife away in the scuttle as she was, with the greater part of the quarter deck unto the shore, where she was cast safely, but her legs were something bruised, and much timber of the vessel being there also cast she was sometime before she could get away being washed with the waves. All the rest that were in the barque were drowned in the merciless seas. We four by that wave were clean swept away from off the rock also into the sea, the Lord in one instant of time disposing of fifteen souls of us according to his good pleasure and will. His pleasure and wonderful great mercy to me was thus. Standing on the rock as before you heard with my eldest daughter, my cousin and his eldest son, looking upon and talking to them in the Barque, whereas we were by that merciless wave washed off the rock as before you heard, God in his mercy caused me to fall by the stroke of the wave flat on my face, for my face was toward the sea, inasmuch that I was sliding off the rock into the sea, the Lord directed my toes into a joint of the rock's side, as also the tops of some of my fingers with my right hand, by means whereof, the wave leaving me I remained so, having in the rock only my head above the water. When on the left hand I espied a board or plank of the pinnace. And as I was reaching out my left hand to lay hold on it, by another coming over the top of the rock I was washed away from the rock, and by the violence of the waves was driven hither and thither in the seas a great while, and had many dashes against the rocks. At length past hopes of life and wearied in body and in spirits, I even gave over to nature, and being ready to receive in the waters of death I lifted up both my heart and hands to the God of Heaven. For now, I had my senses remaining perfect with me all the time that I was under and in the water, who at that instant lifted my head above the top of the water that so I might breathe without any hindrance by the waters. I stood bolt upright as if I had stood upon my foot, but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing for to stand upon, but the waters. While I was thus above the waters I saw by me a piece of the mast, as I suppose about three foot long, which I labored to catch into my arms. But suddenly I was overwhelmed with water and driven to and fro again, and at last I felt the ground with my right foot, when immediately whilst I was thus groveling on my face, I presently recovering my feet, was in the water to my breast, and through God's great mercy had my face unto the shore, and not to the sea. I made haste to get out, but was thrown down on my hands with the waves and so with safety crept to the dry shore. Where, blessing God, I turned about to look for my children and friends, but saw neither, nor any part of the pinnace where I left them as I supposed. But I saw my wife about a butt length from me getting herself forth from amongst the timber of the broken Barque. But before I could get unto her she was gotten to the shore. I was in the water after I was washed from the rock before I came to the shore a quarter of an hour at least. When we were come each to the other, we went and sat down the bank. But fear of the seas roaring, and our coldness, would not suffer us there to remain. But we went up into the land and sat down under a cedar tree which the wind had thrown down, where we sat about an hour almost dead with cold, but now the storm was broken up, and the wind was calm, but the sea remained rough and fearful to us. My legs were much bruised, and so was my head, other hurt I had none, neither had I taken in much quantity of water, but my heart would not allow me to sit still any longer, but I would go to see if any more were gotten to the land in safety, especially hoping to have met with some of my own poor children, but I could find none, neither dead nor yet living. You condole me my miseries who now begin to consider of my losses. Now came to my remembrance the time and manner how and when I last saw and left my children and friends. One was severed from me sitting on the rock at my feet, the other three in the pinnace. My little babe—ah poor *Peter*, setting in his sister *Edith's* arms, who to the uttermost of her power sheltered him from the waters. My poor *William* standing close unto them all three of them looking ruefully on me, on the rocks, their very countenances calling unto me to help them, whom I could not go unto, neither could they come at me, neither would the merciless waves afford me space of time to use any means at all either to help them or myself. Oh yet I see them, poor silent lambs, pleading pity and help at my hands. Then on the other side to consider the loss of my dear friends, with the spoiling and loss of all our goods and provisions, myself cast upon an unknown land in a wilderness, I knew not where, nor how to get thence. Then it came to my mind how I had occasioned the death of my children, who caused them to leave their native land, who might have left them there, yea, and might have sent some back again and cost me nothing; these and such like thoughts do press down my heavy heart very much. But I must let this pass and will proceed on in the relation of God's goodness unto me in that desolate island, on which I was cast. I and my wife were almost naked both of us and wet and cold even unto death. I found a knapsack cast on the shore in which I had a steel and flint and powder horn. Going further I found a drowned goat, then I found a hat and my son *William's* coat, both which I put on. My wife found one of her petticoats which she put on. I found also two cheeses and some butter driven ashore. Thus the Lord sent us some clothes to put on and food to sustain our new lives, which we had lately given unto us, and means also to make fire, for in an horn I had some gunpowder, which to my own (and since to other men's) admiration was dry. So taking a piece of my wife's neck cloth which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies, and then skinned the goat, and having found a small brass pot, we boiled some of her. Our drink was brackish water. Bread we had none. There we remained until the Monday following, when about three of the clock in the afternoon, in a boat that came that way, we went off that desolate island which I named after my name, '*Thacher's Noe*,' and the rock *Jerry*

his fall to the end that their fall and loss and mine own might be had in perpetual remembrance. In the late morn'g buried the body of my cousin's eldest daughter whom I found dead on the shore. On the Tuesday following in the afternoon we arrived at Marblehead."

Thus far is Mr. Thacher's relation of this memorable providence.

A cradle coverlet of scarlet broadcloth and some articles of clothing said to have been saved from the shipwreck, are now in the possession of Mr. Peter Thacher, and such is the veneration for these relics, that every child of Thacher families that has been baptized in Yarmouth, has been carried to the baptismal font enwrapped in them. Tradition states that Anthony Thacher was married to Elizabeth Jones, about six weeks before he left England, and that all his children by his first wife were drowned. He left two sons and one daughter, born after the disastrous shipwreck,—John, Judah, and Bethiah.

JOHN THACHER, the eldest son of Anthony, was born March 17, 1639. He was, at an early age, appointed an officer in the militia, and for more than twenty years served as one of the selectmen of the town of Plymouth. In the year 1668 he was chosen a representative for the town to the General Court, and was elected to that station annually to the year 1683, except the year 1672. He was in the year 1681 chosen one of the council of war, and continued to serve several years, and was, for about five years, one of the assistants of the governor. Immediately on the union of Plymouth colony with the province of Massachusetts Bay, under the charter of William and Mary, in 1692, Mr. Thacher was elected a member of the provincial council, and continued to serve in that capacity near twenty years. He died at Yarmouth, May 8, 1713, aged seventy-five years. Mr. Thacher married Rebecca Winslow, of Marshfield, in 1661, and family tradition furnishes a singular anecdote. On his return to Yarmouth with his bride and company, they stopped at the house of Colonel Gorham, at Barnstable. In the merry conversation with the newly married couple, an infant was introduced, about three weeks old, and it was observed to Mr. Thacher *that she was born on such a night*; he replied *that it was the very night he was married*; and, taking the child in his arms, presented it to his bride, saying "Here, my dear, is a *little lady* born on the same night we were married—I wish you would kiss it, as I intend to have her for my second wife." "I will, my dear," she replied, "to please you, but I hope it will be a long time before you will have that pleasure!" So taking the babe, she pressed it to her lips, and gave it a kiss. This jesting prediction was eventually verified. Mr. Thacher's wife died, and the child, Lydia Gorham, arriving at mature age, actually became his second wife, January 1, 1684, O. S.

The following epitaph is copied from the original paper:—

An Anagrammatick Epitaph upon
The Honorable

JOHN THACHER ESQR.

Deceased May 8th, 1713.

John Thacher } Anagr.
Rich One hath. }

Some Great Rich Men are never satisfy'd
But This Rich One, ask all his wants supply'd
Once Rich in Grace Greatly beloved, desir'd
Now Heav'nly Rich, in Glorious Robe Attir'd
Once he enjoy'd Earths Comforts to Content
A Goodly share thereof his Lord him lent.
This pain't him not with Pride. Humanity
Was that wherein He shone Illustriously.

Example Rare to All, He nobly gave
 Wisely Himself did in Each Post behave.
 In Court, in Church, Town Family and Field.
 Few Men so Brave, Some Larger Countries yield.
 Justice in his Exalted Station He
 To All dispens'd with Impartiality.
 His Lovely Family well Disciplin'd
 To his Companion ever dearly kind
 He like another Esau, with his God
 Did walk uprightly. Purest Paths He trod.
 Truth, Love, Peace, Purity were his Delight
 By Faith He kept the Unseen World in Sight
 Thither He takes his Flight on Eagle's Wings
 Where Stands the Pallace of the King of Kings.
 His Corps with Great Solemnity Interr'd
 (Due Honours on his Sacred Tomb Conferr'd)
 Taking sweet Rest til Resurrection Day
 Shall then Awake and Rise in Rich Array
 And be Advanc'd unto a Splendid Throne
 As King and Priest to Heav'n's Thrice Holy One.
 Eternal Riches this Rich One hath found,
 No Wonder, for Rich One His Name doth sound.

Finis.

JUDAH THACHER, brother of the above, lived and died in Yarmouth, but no traits of his character are found on record.

BETHIAH THACHER, the only daughter of Anthony, was married to Jabez Howland, and settled in Bristol, now in Rhode-Island; from this pair, descended a numerous progeny, who are scattered through the country.

3d Generation. The children of Hon. *John Thacher*, and *Rebecca Winslow*, were Peter, Josiah, Rebecca, Bethiah, John. By his second marriage with Lydia Gorham, were twelve children.

PETER, the eldest son of Hon. John Thacher, and Rebecca Winslow, and grandson to Anthony, was born at Yarmouth, 26th April, 1665. He was a man of considerable note, and sustained many offices, as representative to the General Court, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, and first justice of the court of common pleas, for the county of Barnstable. In September, 1729, he was appointed to have the care and government of the Indians, within the county of Barnstable, in all matters civil and criminal, authorized to appoint constables, and other proper officers among them. This commission was under the great seal of the province, and signed by William Dummer, lieutenant-governor over the province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England. Mr. Thacher was for several years one of his Majesty's honorable counsel: he was distinguished for benevolence, and revered for his piety to God, and for his integrity and uprightness, in all his judicial proceedings. As a judge, he was said to be full of compassion, and when transgressors were before him, he appeared always to desire their reformation, more than to desire their punishment. He manifested friendship and tenderness towards domestics, endeavoring constantly to impress on their minds the infinite importance of an hereafter. As a Christian, he was truly humble, esteeming others better than himself. He so discharged all the trusts reposed in him, as to gain esteem, both in public and private life, and to leave behind him a universal good name. He died in the seventy-first year of his age, in the full and unshaken hope of a better world, through the merits of his Savior, Jesus Christ.

3d Generation. JOHN THACHER, the youngest son of Hon. John Thacher and Rebecca Winslow, was born January 28, 1674, and resided in the east parish, in the town of Barnstable. He sustained,

for about thirty years, the office of register of deeds for the county, and was for many years judge of the court of common pleas, and colonel of a regiment of militia. He was eminently distinguished for vital piety, and the love of genuine religion, a zealous advocate for the religious institutions of our fathers, being a leading member in the concerns of the church of Christ, and particularly partial to the ministerial character, keeping up a friendly intercourse with ministers of regular standing, far and near; and his house was so noted for hospitality, that it obtained the name of the ministers' free tavern. In the latter part of his life, this excellent man devoted a share of his time to versifying on various religious themes. His productions were written in the style of the day, without poetic merit; but they are the free effusions of a pious and sanctified heart.

Col. Thacher married Desire Dimmock, and their sons were John, Lot, and Roland. He died in the year 1764, at the great age of ninety years. The following is inscribed on his tomb-stone, on the south side of the east meeting-house, in Barnstable:—"Here lies interred the body of the Hon. John Thacher, who, after a long life of usefulness and faithfulness, in several military offices, and of eminent exemplariness in the religion of Christ, and in the hope of eternal life, died March 17, 1764, in the 90th year of his age."

3d Generation. JOSEPH THACHER, son of Hon. John Thacher and Lydia Gorham, his second wife. Colonel Thacher was a popular character, and through his influence, principally, a company of forty, thirteen of whom were Indians, was raised, all except six or eight, in Yarmouth, his native town, to go on the Cape Breton expedition, in 1745. A condition of their embarking in this bold enterprise was, that Mr. Thacher should be their captain. It is remarkable that, of the Indians, three only lived to return, two having been killed by the enemy, and eight, probably in consequence of a mode of living, to which they had not been accustomed, dying of disease; and that the rest of the company, though exposed to great hardships, were providentially all spared to see their native place again, and to participate with their fellow-countrymen in the joy, which pervaded the land, on the reduction of the strongest fortress in America. The following anecdote exhibits the unfeeling disposition of the American savage. Through the treacherous conduct of a certain Frenchman, a party of twenty provincial soldiers had been ambuscaded, nineteen of which were killed. The Frenchman was taken, and at first was given up to the Indians, to be destroyed by them, as they might see proper. Isaac Peck, a blood-thirsty Indian, began immediately to sharpen his knife, and, thinking it too good for the traitor to die at once, said he was going to begin with his fingers, and would cut off one joint first, then another, and so on, till he had separated all his bones from head to foot. He would probably have executed his purpose, had not the criminal been rescued from his hands.

One of Thacher's Indians, hired by Colonel Vaughan, for a bottle of brandy, was the first of the provincials, who entered the grand battery at Louisburgh. He crawled in at an embrasure, and opened the gates, which Vaughan immediately entered, the enemy having withdrawn from this battery, though at the time the circumstance was not known.

4th and 5th Generations. PETER THACHER, JUN. son of Peter, was born August 24, 1712. He married Anne Lewis, and resided at Yarmouth. They had eleven children, the youngest but one of whom was GEORGE, born April 12, 1754. He was graduated at Harvard university in 1776, and died April 6, 1824, leaving sons and daughters.

"He was at college, cotemporary with King, Gore, Sewall, Dawes, and other distinguished men, who, through life, retained for him sentiments of affection and attachment. Having prepared himself for the profession of law, he began the practice of it in Biddeford, Maine, and was for many years a popular and successful advocate in all the counties, in that district, in which terms of the supreme judicial court were established. He had, says his biographer, great acuteness of mind, much law learning, and was able to bring to his aid, in argument, more general knowledge on scientific subjects, than any of his competitors. Before the adoption of the federal constitution, he was chosen, by the Massachusetts Legislature, a delegate to congress, and afterwards was successively elected, by the people, a member of that honorable body, until 1801, when he resigned his seat, and accepted the appointment of an associate justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, where he remained for more than twenty years. While in congress, Judge Thacher was by no means an undistinguished member. The debates of that period will show that he took an active part in all the important concerns of the time, and his speeches will be found to contain, in the midst of frequent irony, and sometimes sharp satire, much useful information, and sound argument. His opponents often covered under the lashes of wit and ridicule, which he bestowed upon what he thought was hollow pretence of patriotism; but such was the universal opinion of the goodness of his heart, and the honesty of his views, that no one felt any anger or resentment, except in one memorable instance, in which his independent and manly conduct, did more towards bringing the custom of duelling into contempt, than any thing which has occurred in congress before, or since. He refused to fight, and, instead of sinking in the opinion even of fighting men, overwhelmed his antagonist with confusion. On the bench of the supreme court, Judge Thacher was a faithful and upright public servant. His mind was well stored with legal principles, and his strong memory enabled him to apply them to the question which occurred, with great facility. His associates upon the bench have been often heard to say, that in their consultations upon cases argued, his discriminating power, sound technical knowledge, and recollection of old cases, not reported, have been invaluable to them. His integrity, independence, impartiality, and firmness, have been surpassed by none, who have adorned the seat of justice. But it is in private life, among his friends, and in his family, that we are to look for those virtues or blemishes, which exhibit the real features of moral beauty, or deformity, that make up the character of man. His heart was most disinterestedly benevolent and kind: all human beings were his friends and brothers. He either could not see faults, or he would not acknowledge them. Even the poor criminal, at the bar, had sometimes more of his compassion than suited the stern demand of justice. He had a vein of wit and humor, which irresistibly propelled him to put into ludicrous shapes, the arguments and opinions of those, with whom he entered into the war of words; but his heart never took side in the struggle, and the first appearance of wounded feelings, would blunt his weapons, and make him give the field to his adversary. In his domestic relations, he had no fault, unless an excess of kindness and indulgence be one. He lived a life of patriarchal simplicity. Surrounded by his sons and his daughters, and their children, and sharing the government of his family upon equal terms, with a most exemplary and excellent wife, his humble dwelling was the abode of peace, love and benevolence. It was also the scene of the most unlimited, frugal hospitality, where every human face was received with welcome. Judge Thacher was a man of great and various reading, and was particularly versed in the theological and polemic controversy. This was frequently the subject of his conversation and writings, and his particular friends know that he was a sincere believer in the great doctrines of Christianity—in immortality brought to light by Jesus Christ—in a future state of retribution. He laughed at the disputes, which prevail in the Christian church, and perhaps had some peculiar notions; but he was a Christian. It is enough to say that he was a member of a Christian church; for no particle of hypocrisy entered into his composition. He was a *practical Christian*, and his whole life would bare to be tested by the gospel, as much as the life of any who have doubted his faith. His life has been a happy one. He wanted nothing but comfort, friends, and family love, and he was rich in all these. He never aimed at accumulating property. He has lived for others, more than for himself. He died in the humble cottage endeared to him by forty years' familiarity, where every thing was the work of his own hands, with the wife of his youth to soothe his last moments, and his numerous children to receive his parting blessing. He has departed in peace with the world, leaving no enemy behind him, and many friends who dwell upon his memory with affection and delight. Eccentricities he had, it is true; but they were innocent, sportive, and amusing. No one who had occasion to consult his heart, ever found that erring or trifling; and it may be added, that no man lives, who, with such narrow means, has bestowed more upon the unfortunate."

If on any subject Judge Thacher devoted himself with enthusiastic ardor, it was that of tracing the genealogy of his ancestry, from the earliest period of their emigration to this country. No man could delight more in the contemplation of the characters, and peculiar circumstances of his progenitors. He had, with the most indefatigable industry, collected materials and formed a correct genealogical tree, with all its collateral expanding branches, from the original stock; the first Anthony Thacher having acquired a perfect knowledge of every family, and every individual, bearing the name down to the year

1816; and I have availed myself of his collection in composing the present sketches.

THOMAS THACHER, brother to the Judge, and youngest of eleven children, was born January 20, 1757. He was a man of great usefulness in his native town of Yarmouth. He was colonel of a militia regiment, and employed in various public services, in which he acquitted himself with fidelity and honor. In nothing, perhaps, was he more useful to the town, than in teaching a school,—in which laborious and important employment he spent a great part of his life. He possessed himself of a correct genealogical list of the descendants of Anthony Thacher, was strongly attached to the name, and never discredited the character of the family. Col. Thacher married Mary Churchill, of Barnstable. He departed this life February 24, 1806, in the fiftieth year of his age, leaving sons and daughters.

4th and 5th Generations. **DAVID THACHER** was the second son of Judah Thacher, Esq. the grandson of Col. John Thacher, and the great-grandson of Anthony. He inherited and lived on the place of his fathers. He was a representative for thirty, and senator for several years, in the General Court of Massachusetts, and was often employed on committees, when maturity of judgement and experience, gained by a careful attention to the interest of the commonwealth were particularly required. This gentleman was distinguished by talents of the solid, judicious and useful, rather than the brilliant and showy kind. He held, during the great part of his life, various offices, in town and country. He was one of the committee of safety, in time of the revolutionary war, and for fifteen years was one of the judges of the court of common pleas, for the county of Barnstable. He was also a member of the conventions, for forming and adopting the state and federal constitutions. The place of his residence and death was Yarmouth, county of Barnstable, where is a monumental stone consecrated "To the memory of the Hon. David Thacher, Esq. who having served his generation in many important public stations, with honor and fidelity, died November 9, 1801, aged 72. By a constant practice of the social virtues, he rendered himself greatly beloved and respected, in the various walks of domestic life. Reader, wouldst thou be honored in life, and lamented in death, go and do likewise. Also, erected to the memory of Mrs. Abigail Thacher, widow of the Hon. David Thacher, Esq. who died April 25, 1803, aged 76. She was justly esteemed as a Christian and a friend."

4th and 5th Generations. **JOHN THACHER, LOT THACHER, ROLAND THACHER.** These were sons of the Hon. John Thacher and Desire Dimmock of Barnstable. Lot died before his father. Roland was educated for the ministry, and graduated at Harvard College in 1733. He was the first pastor of the church and society at Wareham, where he was ordained in 1740, and died greatly beloved and respected in 1773, aged over sixty years, leaving a numerous family. Two of his sons removed to Lee, in the county of Berkshire, where they died; and Lot, the other son, resided in Rochester, county of Plymouth, where he died in 1833.

JOHN THACHER being the oldest, inherited and resided on the homestead at Barnstable. He was a mechanic and agriculturalist, and sustained an unblemished reputation, being strictly religious in prin-

ple and practice. He died in September, 1785, aged eighty-one years, leaving three sons and seven daughters. JETHRO, the oldest son, died at Lee, in the county of Berkshire, in 1826. JOHN died at Barnstable, July 4, 1833. JAMES, the youngest son, born February 14, 1754, still survives, and is the writer of these memoirs.

My father's house was emphatically a house of prayer, and the same devotedness to the service of God, that shone so conspicuously in the families of his predecessors, and the example and instruction which I there received, will never be obliterated from my mind. In my juvenile days, unfortunately, the deficiency of schools and my father's pecuniary condition were such, that I was deprived of the proper means of instruction, and having no pretensions to precocity of genius, I was left to my own feeble powers of intellect for self-education at a future day. Having devoted a few years to the study of medicine, under the direction of my patron, Dr. Abner Hersey, of Barnstable, and having imbibed a good share of the pure principles of the whigs and patriots of the day, I resolved to test my courage in the great "rebellion" of 1775. In this service I continued seven years and a half, and participated in the glorious consummation of Independence. Since that period, about half a century has been devoted to the practice of medicine, no less laborious both to body and mind than that of my military career. It is through the favor of the Power from on high that I am yet among the living, a monument of a hoary head, crowned with innumerable, undeserved blessings. While I yet live, let me not live in vain. But God forbid that I should ever totter under the painful apprehension of witnessing my country's ruin. I have a recollection of days fraught with wondrous things and wondrous results; but the things of the present day are no less wondrous. I have seen our precious liberties and freedom wrested from the hands of the oppressors, by the immense sacrifice of lives, of treasure, of perils, and of sufferings. How many have I seen, at the hour of death, exclaiming—"I die for my country!" I now see the fair heritage of our fathers in imminent danger of being sacrificed at the shrine of a *reckless sordid spirit of party interest*. I have seen public offices courting competent men to fill them, and I have seen them filled by men, who, with a religious conscientiousness, acquitted themselves of duty. But this seems already to be antiquated morality; for I now see unworthy, incompetent men, seeking and laying claim to public offices, as a reward for desecration and unfaithfulness. My fellow-citizens—I have seen the *days that tried men's souls*. I claim the privilege of age to forewarn you, that, unless you view your elective franchise in a light more precious than heretofore, ere long you will have no office to bestow; all will be anarchy and confusion, ruin and despair. O! how great would be my consolation, could my benediction avail for the melioration of my beloved country's welfare! JAMES THACHER.

Plymouth, Mass. June, 1834.

[The writer of the preceding Memoir is favorably known to the public by his *Military Journal*, comprising a mass of interesting facts, connected with the History of our Revolutionary War, and his *Medical Biography*. He has also, at various times, contributed essays, memoirs, &c. to the newspapers and other periodical publications. Presuming that the readers of the Magazine will be gratified to see a portrait of a man so well known and so highly respected, we have procured a likeness, which accompanies this memoir. They will also regret, with us, that the amiable writer should have been prevented, by any scrupulous regard to delicacy, from enriching the article with a more copious sketch of his own eventful life. EDITOR.]

THOUGHTS ON OPTIMISM.

By a writer, whose philosophy was equaled only by his poetry, and who was illustrious in both, it is declared, that

“— spite of pride, in erring reason’s spite,
One truth is clear,—whatever is right.”

This well-known and oft-recited couplet constitutes, in its spirit and meaning, the theme on which I purpose to make a few observations. It is a succinct comment on what has been well denominated the *harmonies of nature*; that prevailing aptitude between the various works of creation, which holds them in practical accordance with each other, and produces the grand result termed *optimism*. To this word a twofold interpretation has been affixed. By some philosophers, it has been made to express the best system and condition of things that the Deity is able to produce; by others, the perfection of the present system according to its grade, without saying whether, as a whole, it might or might not have been formed on a higher model. The difference between these two views of the subject is not so essential as to render it imperative on me to express a preference of either over the other. I therefore decline doing so. Both parties, concerned in the inquiry, concur in the belief, that, in its totality, creation is balanced as it ought to be; that it is, in all respects, fitted to itself; that there is not, in the entire machine, a faulty pin or pivot, axle or wheel; that, therefore, no portion of it could be revolutionized, without producing discord, and marring its operations; and that, to this, man does not constitute an exception, but is as well suited to his sphere, as any other subject of the animal kingdom is to that in which it moves.

In the remarks I have to offer on this form of belief, it will be perceived, that I am a proselyte to it; that I consider it not only alone consistent with truth, but alone compatible with sentiments of becoming regard toward the AUTHOR of nature; that in fact it constitutes an essential element of religion, as inculcated by the structure and economy of the universe—by all we see, all we know, and all we can imagine of creation and its God. Nor was my adoption of it, in strict language, a voluntary act. I was not at liberty to perform or decline it at option. Evidence from every quarter, collected by observation and matured by reflection, pressed on me with a force, which I could not resist, and *compelled* me to adopt it. The term “*compelled*” is here employed neither figuratively nor inadvertently, but intentionally and in its literal meaning.

As relates to the adoption of opinions, the laws of mind are as fixed and compulsory as those of matter. Being equally under the authority of nature, they are executed by her with no less strictness, and must be obeyed. This sentiment is not at war with a belief in the freedom of the will. There are involuntary actions of mind as well as of body—actions, I mean, which we perform in obedience to motives not to be resisted. We are at perfect liberty to examine any given subject, or to decline it, at pleasure. So far we are free agents. But, being engaged in the examination, if evidence be fairly presented to us, and our minds are sound, and unbiased by sinister influence, we are driven into a conclusion, whether it be agreeable to us or not. Under such circumstances we can no more choose whether to believe, disbelieve, or suspend our opinion, than we can whether we shall fall downward or rise upward, by the principle of gravitation, when that, which supports, is suddenly withdrawn; no more than we can, whether we shall feel pain or pleasure, or not feel at all, when our flesh is lacerated, or an ignited body is applied to our skin. Hence no man, who faithfully and industriously inquires, and avails himself of every accessible source of information, is morally responsible for the opinion he forms, whether it be true or false. He may be unfortunate in it, but not culpable. He forms it of necessity, and is no more blame-worthy on account of it, than he is on account of his complexion or figure. Over a sound and well-disciplined mind, evidence is as controlling and imperative, as are the laws of gravitation over ponderous bodies.

It might perhaps be perceived, without any acknowledgement of mine to that effect, that I not only attach some importance to these remarks, as expressing a general truth, but that I feel at present a personal interest in them. In the ca-

capacity of a stranger, I am addressing an audience,* to whose good opinion I am far from being indifferent; more especially as relates to my moral character. That many will deem some of the sentiments, I am about to deliver, unfounded, I can scarcely doubt. But that does not disquiet me. To err is human; and it does not mortify me to confess, that, in that respect, I have my full share of conformity to my race. I trust, however, that a spirit of enlightened liberality will prevent the charge from extending any further; and that my supposed errors will not be visited on me as actual faults. Whether right or wrong, the views I shall deliver have not been hastily formed. They are as mature as time and industry, with such powers as I possess, have enabled me to render them. The subject of them has often and intensely occupied me by day, when some who may probably censure me for them were pursuing their amusements, and by night when they were unconsciously pressing their pillows. Perhaps, therefore, truth might justify me in alleging, that they have as little ground to blame me for differing in opinion from them, as I have to blame them for differing from me. And I am not so illiberal as to prefer any accusation against them on that score. I shall close these observations by adding, that my purpose is to treat the subject under examination as a matter of philosophy only, leaving to the consideration of others whatever connexion it may have with theology. And now to return from this digression, under an engagement not again to wander from my theme.

I have professed myself an optimist. Hence, according to the exposition already given, my belief is, that all things are as they ought to be; that creation is throughout in harmony with itself; that it presents a scheme of universal adaptation; and that, therefore, if one part of it is wrong, it is all wrong. And I repeat, that this creed is forced on me, and riveted in my mind, by a power of evidence, which I can no more resist, than I shall be able to break the grasp of death, when he shall have received his commission to lay his hand on me. A few of the reasons which have led to these views I shall briefly specify. A detail of the whole of them would fill volumes. In the language of the schools, my matter of argument shall be drawn *a priori* and *a posteriori*.

To begin with the former. I believe in the existence of a GREAT FIRST CAUSE, who is eternal in being, and infinite in wisdom, goodness, and power. Nor is he less so in justice, mercy, and his other attributes. I believe him to have been the creator and the arranger of the universe. He not only called it into being; he placed it in order, and laid it in subjection to the laws which govern it; and in obedience to those laws was every subsequent event to occur. This view of the subject appears, I think, to give the best interpretation to that beautiful text of Scripture, setting forth, that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice, or in contravention of his purpose. Yet, according to the prevailing hypothesis on the subject, thousands of events in direct opposition to his will (which is his law) are occurring every moment; and he is obliged to be constantly repairing, by special interposition, something which he has previously allowed to go wrong, either intentionally, accidentally, by neglect, or from a want of wisdom or power to prevent it. The soundness of the positions here laid down will not be controverted. Let us advert, then, for a moment, to their necessary consequences.

Is the Deity eternal in existence; was he anterior to all other existences, and did all others necessarily proceed from him? then is he literally the parent of all things, whether we denominate them good or bad. But he could not produce beings in direct opposition to his own nature, and in active hostility with his own views. For perfection thus to produce imperfection is impossible. Good and evil, each being *positive* and *exclusive*, cannot stand related to each other, as parent and offspring. An assertion to that effect would be self-contradictory. Let this point be examined more closely and analytically.

Was the Deity, in the morning of creation, as he is now, infinite in goodness and purity? From a necessity arising out of his own nature, he wished for a creation free from blemish. None other could be acceptable to him or worthy of him. An intention to produce one marked with imperfection, would have testified conclusively to his own imperfection. I mean his imperfection in morals. Was he, as he is now, infinite in knowledge and wisdom? He comprehended, of course, every thing requisite for the accomplishment of his desire. Was he, as

* This article was prepared and delivered, by invitation, as a public address, in a place where the author was a stranger; and it is not deemed necessary to alter the language. There is even some fitness in it to the present occasion, the author being also a stranger to the readers of the *New-England Magazine*, whose good opinion would be gratifying to him.

he is now, infinite in power? He was perfectly competent to the execution of his design. Creation, then, must have been originally perfect, and in complete accordance with the wishes of its author. This, no one will venture to deny. Each part of it was in harmony with every other part, and obedient to the whole; and the whole was obedient to the God that made it. There was in it no defect any more than in himself; nor could any power but his own produce one. But to allege that he, of his own accord, and in opposition to his own moral nature, which consists in perfect goodness, holiness, truth, and unchangeableness of purpose, would capriciously and causelessly mar his own work, would be a charge against him, marked alike with presumption and absurdity. It would be to assert the production of an effect, not only without a cause, but in direct opposition to every existing cause. Between every effect and its cause there prevails, of necessity, a native affinity. In other words, every thing produces in its own likeness. Good directly produces good. When associated with and aided by competent wisdom and power, it is impossible for it to produce evil. From what source then can evil proceed? From evil alone; or from some sort of imperfection, which is itself virtually an evil. In the commencement of duration, before the work of creation began, when the Deity dwelt in immensity alone, no evil existed, either in act or intention. The Deity himself was all in all; and he was all perfection. How then could evil gain an existence? The answer is plain. It could not gain it at all, except through the paradox of an effect without a cause; or, what is still worse, an effect in opposition to all existing causes.

Shall I be told that the Deity *permitted* evil, but did not produce it? I reply, that, admitting the existence of evil, he, being the author of all things, created that which did produce it, and hence indirectly produced it himself, having the power to prevent it. In the strictest sense of the term, therefore, by permitting it, he was necessary to it. By acting in such a way, man not only incurs blame, but subjects himself to punishment. One individual sees another about to commit murder, or any other act of felony, and having the power to prevent him, declines to do so. He always shares the guilt, and, if strictly dealt with, the penalty also. Such, if I mistake not, is both the law and the practice. Let no mortal, then, charge on the Deity that, which would stamp himself as a felon.

If, then, positive evil does exist, the Creator of all things is as certainly the author of it, directly or indirectly, as he is of positive good. The case is not in the slightest degree altered by alleging, that he made men and angels free agents, and that they perpetrated evil of their own accord. When he gave them their freedom he gave them also their propensities; for they could no more create their propensities than they could create themselves. His perfect foreknowledge, therefore, apprized him of the result. He knew that, with the power and disposition he had imparted to them, they would do mischief. Yet he permitted them to proceed to the consummation of their purposes. This was worse than mere connivance at evil. To bestow both the power and disposition to crime, and then to connive at the commission of it, is to be its real author. It is to place the dagger in the assassin's hand, encourage him to use it, and invigorate his arm when he strikes the blow.

This picture of enormity, offensive as it is, is not so dark as that, which is affixed on the Deity, in the usual delineation of his character. He is charged with having created man, and bestowed on him propensities, which he knew would hurry him into vice. He then forbade him, under the most grievous penalty, to commit a crime, which it was confidently known to him he *would* commit, in obedience to an inclination which he had himself implanted in him, as a part of his constitution. Nor did this prohibitory command communicate to him any countervailing inclination. It was arbitrary, and in opposition to a principle of his nature. The act of disobedience being committed, the Deity, offended at the issue of his own arrangement, inflicted punishment. Such is the representation given of the Ruler of the universe, whose nature is perfect. Comment is needless. The following case is analogous, though much weaker. A father trains his son to vicious practices. He then sternly forbids him to commit a crime, for which he has cultivated in him a propensity, until it has become irresistible. The youth disobeys, and suffers death by his father's command!

Another view, somewhat different, which is at times presented, respecting this same point, is, that all things were created in perfection; but that they afterwards degenerated and ran into evil. This proposition refutes itself. Had they been made perfect, and placed under laws equally perfect, and in due accordance with them, they could not have degenerated. The very process of degeneracy bespeaks

imperfection. To pronounce any thing perfect, and yet liable to deteriorate, is to assert a contradiction.

Shall I be told that I am treating of mysteries, which the human intellect cannot comprehend, and of sacred things, which ought not to be familiarly approached and handled? I reply, that this is an attempt to evade the question, and to prevent inquiry. Were I to add, that such an effort indicates, in those who make it, some doubt of the soundness of their doctrine, I would not say more than circumstances justify. Truth solicits scrutiny, at the same time that it defies it. Conscious error alone shrinks from investigation. I am not speaking of mysteries, but of the obvious relation of cause and effect; so obvious, indeed, that no one who will carefully examine the subject can fail to perceive it. Nor is any thing too sacred to be made a theme of inquiry. The touch of the reasoning faculties of man desecrates nothing. The admonition, "approach not, lest you tread on sacred ground," is too often given from unworthy motives, and for unholy purposes. It is not half a century since it was given in every part of Europe, against inquiring into the "divine right" of kings to enslave their subjects; and in many parts it is given so still. In the eye of the church, the inquiry is unholy; and in that of the state, criminal. With the latter, the man who practices it, does so at the hazard of losing his head; with the former, of forfeiting his salvation. But, wherever light and reason prevail, all such warnings are disregarded; and those who represent any thing as too sacred to be examined, are considered under the influence of superstition, personal interest, or hypocrisy. Serious apprehensions are entertained that those who wear the mitre and the gown continue to urge the admonition now, from the same motive with those who sway the sceptre—to perpetuate their own power. But, be the motive what it may, the practice is injurious, and ought to be abolished. It puts fetters on the human mind, narrows its range of action, plays the unrelenting tyrant over it, and enfeebles its powers. The consequence is the perpetuation of ignorance, credulity, and prejudice.

In the preceding chain of reasoning, it has not been my intention to clothe a paradox in the garb of seeming truth. I disclaim now and forever all connexion with premeditated sophistry, and every form of disingenuousness. My only object has been to exhibit what I conceive to be the essential and eternal relation between cause and effect; in other words, to sustain truth, the only end at which I ever aim. If I have erred, a frank and manly exposition of my errors will be gratifying to me; because it will instruct myself as well as others. If, on the contrary, I have been successful in my effort, it clearly follows, that all things are as they ought to be, and as they were originally intended to be; and that positive evil is but a name; in the words of the poet, that "all partial evil is universal good."

I shall now present a brief view of some of the evidence belonging to the second division of my subject; that, I mean, derived *a posteriori*; or, in simpler language, which is furnished by observation. In this part of my task, I encounter but one obstacle. The body of testimony which presents itself is so great, and all so excellent, that I find it extremely difficult to select. Nature is replete with it. It forms a constellation of truths so bright and forcible, as to produce conviction in all who examine them without prejudice, and with the attention they deserve.

Look around on creation, as far as mortal ken can reach, or the most minute investigation penetrate; from worlds to atoms, and through all living and dead matter; and nothing is discovered but one universal scheme of aptitude. The more rigorously that scheme is scrutinized, the more perfect it is found to be, and the more deep and permanent is the admiration it excites. There exists nothing inappropriate to the place it occupies; nothing can be indicated redundant or wanting; nor can any change be imagined in a single article that would not be for the worse.

Would you change the figure of suns and planets that are scattered through space? It is clearly demonstrable, that nothing but spheres would answer the purpose for which they are intended. Mould them into any other form, and unless a corresponding alteration be made in their economy, and the entire system to which they belong, ruin will ensue. Would you, by elevating plains and valleys, or by lowering hills and mountains, reduce the surface of the earth to a level? You would unfit it for the subsistence of the living beings, both vegetable and animal, that now inhabit it, and convert it into a desert, until new and suitable races should be formed. The effect of a radical change in the atmosphere or the ocean would be the same. Any material alteration in the relative extent of land

and sea would derange the present order of things, and call for a new one. So would alterations in the course of the seasons, the grateful vicissitudes of day and night, and the various meteors that shed their influence around us. All this could be satisfactorily proved, had I leisure to dwell on it. To the student of nature it seems self-evident.

In tracing this beautiful scheme of adaptation it is worthy of remark, that the more essential any agent is to the existence and welfare of living matter, the more extensive is its prevalence, and the more abundant its quantity. This is especially true of water, air, light, electricity, and the matter of heat. There is reason to believe, that if entirely deprived of either of these, *living existence* on earth would cease. Certainly this would be the case with all forms of living matter now in being. Water, air, light, electricity, and the matter of heat, are essential to them. They are therefore attainable in every part of the globe. This remark is applicable also to color. The shades, that are most salutary as well as most pleasing, are blue and green. Hence the meadows, fields, and forests, are green; and distant mountains, the ocean, and the heavens, are blue. But these are the objects that are most constantly looked on. Render them white, yellow, or red, or give to them any strong and glaring color, and they will injure the eyes of animals, unless they also are changed, and brought into harmony with them. The truth of this appears from the injury done to the organs of vision by looking too long at the sun, or at a volcano during an intense eruption, and by the light reflected from islands of ice, and from plains and mountains covered with snow. It further appears from the well-known fact, that the impression of blue and green rays of light is least painful and injurious to eyes that are inflamed or unusually sensitive. However pleasing other colors may be for a time, they cannot be so long and constantly looked on with safety as these two.

Were there time to do justice to the subject, it might be both pleasing and instructive to take a view of the peculiar adaptation of all vegetables to the places where they grow in a native state. This constitutes one of the most delightful of the harmonies of nature. The adaptation embraces several points, each of which may be considered a genus, subdivided into species and varieties. The leading points are soil, climate, humidity, and elevation above the level of the ocean. The diversities in these are exceedingly numerous, each giving existence, according to fitness, to different plants. From this arises the boundless variety of the vegetable kingdom, every peculiar tract of country producing according to its native character. Hence, could the whole surface of the earth be embraced at a single view, it would exhibit a magnificent panorama of vegetable mosaic. It would be tessellated by the diversified growth of the tropics, the temperate climates, and the polar regions; and by that of valleys, plains, hills, and mountains. Oceans, lakes, and rivers, would add to the variety, by the vegetables growing within their waters, and along their margins. Seasons also would have their influence. This picture, so beautiful to the eye of taste, would be still more so to the spirit of philosophy. In the latter point of view, its beauty would consist in the great scheme of aptitude indicated by it. Each description of plants would be seen flourishing and smiling in the situation allotted to it, and best suited to its character, by the wisdom and beneficence of the PARENT of all things. No interchange of place between any two species could be effected without injury to each—the deterioration, certainly, if not the extinction of both. In fine, the whole would present a portrait of optimism, as resistless in its philosophy, as it would be grand in its outline, and rich in its coloring.

Shall we turn our attention to the animal kingdom, and inquire for a moment into the character and condition of that interesting department of nature? Here again we find nothing but order and aptitude—every thing precisely as reason says it ought to be. Even the destruction of one animal by another, for the purpose of subsistence, is no exception to this. Were there time for the analysis, it could be easily shown, that, instead of being marked with cruelty, or indicating a defect in the harmony of nature, that is a dispensation of benevolence and wisdom. When we refer, therefore, to a future period of concord and felicity, in which all strife among the inferior animals shall cease, the lion reposing with the lamb, under the shadow of the same branch, on which the eagle and the dove shall be perched in amity—in referring to such an event, I say, we speak as poets, not as philosophers; and predict a state of things, which, in the literal meaning of the terms, will never occur. It belongs to the same strain of fiction with the "golden age" of the Greeks and Romans. Were it possible, moreover, that it should occur, unless it were accompanied by many other corresponding changes, it would be

productive of misery rather than happiness. It would subvert the aptitude which now exists, constituting the beauty and order of earthly creation, without which felicity would be but a name.

The animal kingdom is composed of many kinds of beings, to which the same remarks that have been made on vegetables are strictly applicable. Each kind inhabits by instinct the place that is most suitable to it, and pursues from the same cause the mode of life that best befits it. Let the least change be made in either respect, and mischief will ensue. To be more particular.

To people the three great localities, or, as they were once termed, elements, of water, earth, and air, there are three distinct families of animals; fish, quadrupeds, and birds; or, to speak more comprehensively, as well as more accurately, animals that swim, animals that walk or creep, and animals that fly. And an interchange of their abodes could not be made without extinguishing the whole. Between these three families there exist what may be called intermediatæ races, as links to complete the chain of being. But I cannot descend to the notice of minutæ. Immerse animals that fly, walk, or creep, in the aqueous element, and they will be drowned in water; bring those that swim into the atmosphere, and they will be drowned in air. It is as real drowning in the one case as in the other. In both, the suspension of respiration, from immersion in an unsuitable element, is the cause of death. But this is not all. The proper food of these three classes of animals is found only in the situations they respectively inhabit. Examine, moreover, their form and general provisions, and they will be found specifically adapted to their places of residence and modes of life. The figure of a fish is precisely fitted for gliding through the water, and its fins, tail, and their movement, to propel and guide it. The rudder of a ship and its motions are but a clumsy imitation of the tail-fin of a fish and the motions it performs. Another provision of no small importance is the position of the scales of a fish and the mucus which covers them. The lubricity given by this to the body of the animal, while it aids in protecting it from irritation, facilitates not a little its passage through the water. The force of this remark will be perceived by contemplating for a moment the effect that would be produced by roughening the scales, and inverting their position, so as to make them point in a forward direction. By such an alteration the progress of the animal would be greatly impeded, if not entirely prevented.

Equally well fitted to stand, walk, run, or bound, is the figure of quadrupeds, with the limbs and feet that support them, and the muscles that give them motion. To these purposes their whole frame is admirably adapted, as a minute analysis of its mechanism demonstrates. Nor is their covering less peculiarly suited to their wants. Is the climate cold? it is thick, furry, and warm. Is it hot? it is hairy, sparse, and comparatively cool. Does the animal resort to the water for food or shelter? it is calculated to give the requisite protection from that element. In variable climates, moreover, the hair of animals changes, that the covering it affords may be suited to the different seasons of the year. It is thicker and longer in winter, and thinner and shorter in summer. It is also, in the former season, to render it a better preservative of the warmth of the body, mixed in many quadrupeds with a larger quantity of fur, than in the latter. In all its changes its fitness is preserved.

The aptitude of birds to inhabit the atmosphere would seem, if possible, still more complete. Their figure, pointed in front, is peculiarly adapted to pass with ease through the yielding element. Their bodies have but little comparative weight; their muscles, especially those that move the wings, are uncommonly powerful in proportion to their size, and their wing-feathers are models of lightness, elasticity, and strength. Their marrowless bones, and their capacity to inflate various parts of their bodies with air, by means of tubes communicating with the lungs, increase their fitness for their aerial mode of life, particularly for the art of flying. Nor must I pass unnoticed the aptitude of their feathers to protect them, not only from mechanical injuries, but also from cold, rain, and every form of atmospherical moisture. The down of those that inhabit the north is analagous to the fur of northern quadrupeds, and subserves a similar purpose. They also, like quadrupeds, change their covering, from lighter to heavier, and the reverse, to fit it to the temperature of the different seasons of the year.

The power to inflate their bodies with air, and thus increase their dimensions, bestows on certain sea-fowls a striking aptitude for their mode of life. It enables them to render themselves, at pleasure, much more buoyant in water, than they would be without it. This capacity they bring into action whenever their safety calls for its exercise. Some of them, that can scarcely fly, are rarely seen, except

at a great distance from land. When they are overtaken by a tempest, therefore, their preservation depends entirely on their buoyancy. And that is the emergency, in which their instinct prompts them to exercise their art. Hence they distend their bodies with air to near the double of their usual bulk, and, floating with the lightness of a wave-tossed feather, ride out the storm in safety. Of this practice, the little auk affords, in its economy, a well-known example.

Did the occasion permit me to descend to particulars, it would be delightful to contemplate the peculiar aptitude, in form, armor, instinct, and other attributes, of each species of the feathered race, for its own economy and mode of life. In this view of the subject, the eagle, falcon, and other birds of prey, with their beak, claws, boldness, and strength—to which must be added their quick and penetrating vision and rapid flight, would furnish striking specimens of fitness. So would fowls that frequent the water. Do they wade, and feed on living animals? Their legs are long and destitute of feathers, their necks long and flexible, with powerful muscles, and their beaks are also long, horny, and pointed like a spear. They are thus well calculated to reach and harpoon their prey. When they have arrived, moreover, at the proper place, their instinct directs them to stand motionless, until the animal they are in quest of has approached within a suitable distance. They then, with the swiftness of an arrow, aim at it a stroke which seldom errs.

Do they swim, and subsist on grass, roots, ooze, or small aquatic animals? Their legs are short, their feet broad and webbed to serve as paddles; their bodies flat and also broad that they may float the better; they have a propensity as well as a power to dive in search of food, and their bills are in every way fitted to seize and retain it. The feathers of these birds, moreover, are especially calculated to afford protection from water, by means of their mattedness and oily character. Add to this, that their eyes are fitted for vision under water, as well as in air.

This is an aptitude so peculiarly beautiful, as to merit a few remarks in illustration of it. When the rays of light enter the eye-ball, they must be refracted, so as to decussate each other, before they reach the retina. The power of the ball to refract is in proportion to its rotundity, and the superior density of its humors compared to the density of the medium from which the rays enter it. Is the medium rare? The humors need not be very dense, nor the ball very globular. Is the medium dense? The reverse is true. The humors of the eye must be also dense, or its form very round; or both conditions must exist. Without these relations vision is imperfect.

Water is a denser medium than air. When a duck, therefore, dives, it cannot see clearly with its eye in the same condition, which suits the purposes of its vision when it is afloat. It has no power, however, to alter the density of the humors of that organ. But it has a power to alter its figure, and render it more globular, by the action of muscles intended for that purpose. And it does so. Hence, as relates to vision, nature has bestowed on it a twofold aptitude; one for the exercise of that sense in the atmosphere, and another in water, because its economy requires it to pass a portion of its time in each element.

Fish reside in water alone. Their eyes possess, therefore, as every one must have observed, both the qualities which contribute to a strong refractive power. Their humors are very dense, and their figure very round. Nor is this all. Their substance is much more combustible than that of the eyes of animals that live in air. But Sir Isaac Newton discovered that, other things being equal, the refractive power of a body is in proportion to its combustibility. Hence the perfect adaptation of these aquatic animals to exercise vision in their native element.

Nor would I say less in admiration of the suitableness, mental and corporeal, of the various species of quadrupeds for their respective spheres. In every instance, instinct is peculiarly adapted to the form and constitution of the being, as well as to its mode of life and power of action. The strength, fangs, and ferocity of the lion, tiger, and panther, with their furtive approach, and arrow-like spring on their prey; the watchfulness, timidity, and swiftness of the stag and the antelope; the harmony between the size, structure, and instincts of the elephant; the form and general economy of the camel; and the peculiar adaptations of the monkey and beaver races, with thousands of traits of other animals equally striking, might be here recited. Indeed, to the rule referred to there is no exception. The same aptitudes are manifested every where.

To show how essential it is to the subsistence of an animal that there should be perfect harmony between its instincts, form, and mode of life, let us suppose that harmony broken. Give to the lion the instincts of the horse, and to the

horse those of the lion. Render the latter herbivorous, and the former carnivorous. The consequence is plain. The horse will be unable to take and destroy his prey, and then tear, champ, and eat it, and the lion will be equally incapable of cropping and eating grass; and they will both die of hunger. Even admit the possibility of their procuring and swallowing their food, they will be unable to digest it, from the unfit character of their stomachs, and the organs associated with them in the process of nutrition. Hence disease and death will follow. Interchange the instincts of any other different species of animals, their figures and general organization remaining unaltered, and the issue will be the same. The whole will perish.

The migration of birds is a phenomenon strongly marked by harmony and fitness. So is the winter torpidity of the animals that sustain it. The former, finding the temperature of the atmosphere becoming disagreeable to them, and their food growing scarce, remove from their residence to another very distant one, more suitable to them, where their wants can be supplied, and their condition be comfortable. The instinct, which directs them, in this movement, has long excited the admiration of philosophers, and is indeed one of the most remarkable in the history of animated nature. It never guides the voyagers amiss. With the truth and faithfulness of the needle to the pole, it "points the phalanx and directs the way," until the emigrants arrive at their land of promise. Over plains, mountains, and seas, and through darkness and tempest, it conducts them unerringly, no matter how far, to the consummation of their design. The grandeur of this harmony unites with its beauty to render it striking, and give it impressiveness.

Animals retire into their hybernacula, and become torpid, for similar reasons. I mean the preservation of their lives. The temperature of the atmosphere becomes too low for them, and their food fails. Nor, from their increasing debility, on account of cold, would they be able to take food, did it even abound. Unfit to travel, they cannot migrate to a remote and more congenial sky. But one alternative remains. They must perish, or select a winter abode in their native place. In making this selection instinct guides them, and their choice is in harmony with their wants. Their hybernacula protect them at once from cold, enemies, and accident. Add their susceptibility of a state of complete torpor or seeming death, during which they need no food, and of reanimation in the spring, when warmth and food are again awaiting them, and the whole constitutes an adaptation marked alike by wisdom and benevolence. The strength and beauty of this aptitude are not a little increased by the consideration, that no animals except those who are thus compelled to it, as a measure of existence, can become torpid, and remain so for several months, and then revive. The constitutions of the beings, therefore, are accurately adapted to their peculiar destinies. All this, with myriads of other phenomena, of a similar description, which might be easily adduced, did time permit, constitutes so many proofs of optimism not to be resisted. Nor am I acquainted with a fact in the empire of nature, which, when examined and understood, in all its relations, does not testify to the same effect.

Are any persons inclined to admit the perfection of creation in all other respects, but to deny it as relates to the character of man? Will they pronounce *imperfect* and *faulty* the formation of that being intended to be the first on earth, and the favorite of Heaven, on whose frame and endowments there is reason to believe that his Creator bestowed peculiar pains? To sport with imputations like this, appears to me to be high-handed daring. To speak plainly of it, it is virtually to question the intention, the circumspection, or the competency of the AUTHOR of all things. It is to charge him with having introduced a defective wheel into the great machine he was pleased to construct. Of no other interpretation does it fairly admit. Nor can it be denied that a defect in the work bespeaks a corresponding defect in the workman. That as is the effect, so is the cause, is a truth to which all creation responds. If man, as a part of the universe, be in any respect faulty; if his being tend in any way to derange universal harmony, or to impede in the slightest degree the march of things toward their great consummation, his AUTHOR is to blame—not himself. He neither made nor endowed himself, any more than the breeze that whispers, or the dew that falls. Nor is he any more responsible for a defect in his original constitution. But if no such defect existed, he furnishes now as fair and faultless an example of adaptation, as any other object creation contains. If he was originally faultless, in the full acceptation of the term, it is impossible for him to be otherwise than

faultless still. I mean as relates to the whole universe and his own destiny. Subsequent deterioration could proceed from nothing but a primitive defect. But confiding fully, as I do, in the perfection of the *Artificer* of creation, I cannot, for reasons already stated, admit of the existence of any defect in the product. With an author already quoted, therefore, I am compelled to believe, that

“Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be, right, as relative to all!”—

and that

“The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.”

But perhaps I may be told that this is poetry. I shall offer a few further observations, then, in plain prose, and endeavor to show, that, as far as I have time to analyze him, man is in as perfect harmony with himself, and with all things around him, as any other being. How indeed can it be otherwise? He, like other beings, is formed in necessary subjection to constitutional laws. Those laws constitute the spring and arbiter of his actions; and Heaven has ordained that they should do so. In obeying them, therefore, entire, and in their true spirit, giving to each the grade it justly claims, preferring, I mean, the laws of his intellectual and moral to those of his animal nature, he fulfills, like other beings, the end of his creation.

This subject is at once extensive, multifarious, and intricate. To do it justice, within the limits to which I must confine myself, is impossible. Instead of discussion, I must be content with a few references; and, instead of arguments, confine myself to hints. Man, as just intimated, possesses a threefold nature,—animal, intellectual, and moral,—each of which is composed of a number of faculties.

His animal faculties relate chiefly to his own personal preservation and welfare, and to those of his family and immediate connexions. Of the first class the principal ones are, to breathe, to eat and drink and digest food, to take exercise and repose, and to avoid danger. For the discharge of these duties to self he is amply provided. He is not only furnished with the powers and means to perform them, but with strong constitutional instincts impelling him to that effect. As respects this point, his provision of aptitudes is not only perfect, but full of beauty. His propensity to breathe is irresistible, and his respiratory apparatus in harmony with the atmosphere, and without a fault. Of his propensity to eat and drink, and his digestive apparatus, the same is true. The former cannot be resisted, nor the latter improved. Both are in harmony with food and drink, the necessity of using them, and the ends to be answered by them. Nor is man's desire to take exercise and repose less imperious, or his fitness to do so less perfect. He has a monitor within to apprise him when either is necessary, and powers calculated to enable him to enjoy them. The dangers which surround him, though numerous and varied, he is able, by circumspection, to discover and avoid, or, if preferable, repel. This is true, whatever form or character they may assume, provided he employs, to their full extent, the means and powers of safety, with which he is provided. If danger threatens him in a greater number of shapes than it does the inferior animals, he is, in an equal degree, more fruitful in expedients to protect himself from it. Has nature declined to cover him with hair, feathers, fur, or down, as a protection from the weather? She has enabled him to select his material, according to judgement and taste, and prepare a more suitable covering for himself. Has she denied him the teeth, claws, and strength of the lion, the trunk of the elephant, and the swiftness of the eagle, to overtake wild animals, and make them his prey? She has qualified him to construct weapons of offence, which neither the lion, the elephant, nor the eagle can escape or withstand. As respects his duties to himself, then, his fitness is complete.

Before entering on the consideration of his duties to his own race, let us contemplate man, for a moment, as the head of the animal kingdom—the highest specimen of earthly creation. What are his qualifications for this station? I answer, Precisely what they ought to be. Confer on him one more, and it will be superfluous; take one from him, you render him defective; revolutionize one, and you again unfit him. This topic is too extensive for a minute analysis; but a few remarks on it are requisite to my purpose.

As head of the animal kingdom, man's province is to rule. And that his provision for this is ample, appears from the fact that he does rule. To this end his corporeal attributes are perfectly adapted. Compared to those of the inferior

animals his form and countenance are emblems of superiority, and his port and air so lofty and commanding, as to bespeak authority, and generally to secure it. Most wild animals acknowledge his supremacy by flying from his presence. The most powerful and ferocious of them rarely attack him, provided he faces them and stands firm, or boldly advances; more especially if they observe that his eye is fixed on them. Even the lion and the tiger have been thus held at bay, and have finally retreated. Their spring is usually made when they fancy themselves unseen. But man's figure is not alone majestic and commanding. Its aptitude for action is perfect. I mean for action of every kind and in every direction. The facility and speed with which man can wheel, and meet danger or return violence from every quarter, and toward every point, whether horizontally, upward, or downward, give him great advantages when engaged in conflict. In this respect no other animal is comparable to him. But of all his corporeal provisions to overcome and rule, his hand and arm are the most efficient. Fancy can figure nothing to equal them. Without them he would be feeble, and incapable of either defence or annoyance. With them, when armed and directed by mind, he is clothed in earthly omnipotence. He forms with them and brings into action every engine of power and destruction that genius can devise. He thus subdues the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, and tames and domesticates the horse, the camel, and the elephant, and renders them subservient to his wants and wishes. He arrests, moreover, in their flight, the stag and the antelope, circumvents the cunning of the fox and the beaver, and takes even the leviathan, "as with a hook," and appropriates him to his uses. Nor can the feathered race escape him. The condor and the eagle are taken in his toils, or fall under the aim of his arrows or his fire-arms; the swan, the peacock, and the falcon decorate his pleasure-grounds, and minister to his amusements; birds of song, collected into aviaries, delight him with their notes; and the ostrich, the heron, and the bird of paradise resign to him their plumage; while the eider-duck and other water-fowls surrender to him their down, as a pillow of repose. Other classes supply the luxuries of his table. In fine, through the instrumentality of the organs mentioned, he becomes literally the "monarch of all he surveys," whether by land, sea, or air, and makes the whole animal kingdom feel in some way his supremacy, and pay him tribute. In this respect, therefore, his fitness for his station being without defect, the harmony is complete.

But man is indebted to his hand and arm not only for his dominion over the inferior animals, but for almost all his powers and advantages in civilized life. Architecture of every kind, and machinery of every description, with its products, are the issue of them. Under this head fall writing, the formation and use of types and printing-presses, painting, engraving, modeling, and statuary. In a word, but for the subserviency and adroitness of the hand and arm, genius would conceive and wisdom dictate to no purpose—art would fail, and the world be uncultivated. But I must have done with man's mere corporeal fitnesses, beautiful as they are, and few of them as I have specified, and speak of some of those that belong to the mind.

In this view of my subject, the external senses first present themselves. They are intended to connect man with the world in which he lives, and render him familiar with every thing around him. They are the inlets to the elements of all his knowledge. And for these purposes their fitness is without defect. The external world is made up of matter, with its properties and relations. With these properties and relations it was indispensable that man should be acquainted, that he might avail himself of them for his wants and wishes. And his external senses, with their kindred faculties, are in perfect harmony with them. Is the external world marked with colors? Man's vision and faculty of color take cognizance of them. Is it filled with sound, which may be formed into articulate speech, or modulated into song? His ear, and his faculties of language and tune hear, understand, and enjoy them. Are some bodies sapid? His tongue tastes them. Odorous? His olfactorys smell them. Hard, soft, rough, or smooth? His touch feels them. Hot, or cold? He has a sense to recognize those qualities also. Have external bodies form, size, and weight? He has faculties which qualify him to become familiar with them. Number and duration are other essential attributes of creation, which man ought to know. For these he has also corresponding faculties, which give him a command of them. In all these respects, then, his adaptation to the external world is complete. Nor is it less so, as respects the relations of things, as might be clearly demonstrated, could I dwell on the subject. His comparison, causality, and other faculties of relation are in perfect harmony with them. By

means of these, he acquires a knowledge of similitudes and dissimilitudes, contrasts and analogies, and also of some portion of the chain of cause and effect, whose first link is in the hand of the Deity, and its last in the consummation of all things.

Is any one prepared to allege that it is not in his physical or intellectual, but his moral attributes that man is deranged, and constitutes a blot on the ecutcheon of nature? Will it be contended that positive evil, unaccompanied by any advantage, is thus introduced into the world, to brood like a canker-spot, insulated and alone, on the otherwise unsullied face of creation?

I am aware that this is the opinion of many, I might say of a majority of the inhabitants of Christendom, and that those, who oppose or even question it, incur censure, as if they were enemies of morality and religion. But I also know and feel that the imputation is unfounded. Morality and religion are matters of feeling, not of abstract opinion. Their true province is to regulate sentiment and conduct, not philosophical belief; nor can sound philosophy affect them otherwise than favorably. He, therefore, who honestly endeavors to promote truth, is their advocate and friend in design, although he may fail to benefit them in their interests, by falling into error. It is time that the world were disabused of the belief, that man cannot be strictly moral and religious, without professing certain opinions, and adhering to certain dogmas, against which his reason and conscience rebel, merely because they are upheld by authority. That such a sentiment prevailed during the dark ages, when superstition sat like an incubus on Christendom, does not surprise us. It was worthy of that period of gloom and barbarism. But it is as groundless as it is uncharitable, and as unsuitable and disgraceful to the present day, as a belief in sorcery. Under these impressions, united to a belief that the times will tolerate liberal discussion, I shall proceed in my inquiry, free from all apprehension other than that of committing mistakes. And under even that misfortune, a consciousness of correct intention, and of having, with some care, examined my subject, will shield me from self-reproach.

My views of the entire perfection of the scheme of creation are such, that I do not, and cannot believe in the existence of *positive* evil, either *moral* or *physical*. I am even least inclined to a belief in the former, because it would testify to the *deeper* defect. In this position I wish to be distinctly understood. In common with every other rational being, I am a disbeliever in accident or chance. All events are the issue of established principles and laws. Principles and laws (I mean those of creation) come only from the Deity. To contend that they come from any other source, would be to assert the existence of more Creators and Supremes than one. For to establish original laws and principles, and render them operative, is as truly a creative work, as to produce matter. But no one will allege that the Deity has ever founded a law or principle of abstract evil. I shall be understood to mean a law or principle productive of evil alone. But if he did not found it, no other being could. It does not therefore exist. All natural laws and principles, then, tend to good; nor is it possible that they can produce both good and evil. That would imply a contradiction. In direct opposition to every known principle and fact, it would show that the same cause can produce not only different but opposite effects; positive good and positive evil being the reverse of each other. But this is an absurdity, which no person of intelligence will venture to advocate. Thus, then, the matter seems to stand. Good necessarily arises out of what we misname evil. In other words—in obedience to existing laws, which the Deity himself established, every event tends to the production of ultimate benefit; nor is any special interference of Heaven necessary to give it that tendency. The result is as much in conformity to the order of the universe, as it is for the earth to revolve on its axis, or a ponderous body to gravitate toward its centre. What we call evil then produces good. But this could not be the case, were good and evil the opposites of each other. Opposites cannot stand related as cause and effect. Light cannot produce darkness, nor cold heat. This is no paradox. It is a plain statement, sanctioned by every principle of causation, as well as by common sense. Let the subject be analyzed and contemplated in another point of light. Every event, whether physical or moral, must occur *by chance*, or in conformity to a law established by the Deity, or by some other law-giver—a malign one if the event be *positively* evil. But chance, as a productive cause, is denied by every one, and is in itself an absurdity. Nor is it compatible with just conceptions of the creator, to believe that he permitted any other being, especially a hostile one, to usurp his right of imposing laws on his own creation. Such permission would be a resignation of his supremacy to a spirit

of evil. But no view so derogatory to the Deity can be for a moment entertained. The inference is palpable. No event can possibly occur but in strict conformity to his own laws. But it is requisite that I endeavor to prove my positions by a few examples.

Every attribute of human nature is strengthened and brought to perfection only by exercise. Let any one of our powers, whether corporeal or mental, be consigned to a state of entire inaction, and it will be debilitated and rendered useless, if not entirely extinguished. To this not a single exception exists; nor can one exist, because the result is in obedience to a law of our constitution. Is a muscle rendered inactive? It becomes in time powerless. Our senses of vision and hearing? The same is true of them: they lose their strength and accuracy, and become at length extinct. Our faculties of number, music, or causality? They also degenerate, and become unfit for their functions. Nor does this law apply less certainly or less forcibly to our moral faculties than to those of our intellects, or to our muscular powers. They likewise grow weak by inaction, and strong by exercise. This, I repeat, is as true of benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, and firmness, as it is of the muscles of the blacksmith's arm, or of the opera-dancer's leg. The philanthropist becomes more enthusiastic in philanthropy, by pursuing it, and the judge more inflexible in his love of justice, by daily practice in his high vocation. Nor will any one doubt that a sentiment of piety is greatly strengthened, by daily acts of solemn worship, united to a habitual contemplation of the perfections of the Deity, as displayed in creation.

But our moral powers cannot be exercised, except on suitable objects. What are those objects? I answer, Our vices, Our propensities to vice, or our misfortunes. No other object calculated to produce high moral excitement can be specified. The reason is plain. No other exists. The sole end of our moral faculties is to check vice or vicious propensities; or to counteract, in some way, what we denominate evil. To particularize:—

Were it not for misfortune or want, of some sort, on what would our benevolence be fully exercised? Palpably on nothing—because no one would need it. The faculty would therefore languish and fade, under the influence of inaction. Indeed, without something to exercise it on, it would be a superfluous attribute—an endowment without an end to render it useful. Extinguish misfortune and want, then, and you sap the foundation of one of our brightest virtues; you lop from human nature the beauty and amiableness of the virtue of benevolence. Could the feeling even exist under an entire deprivation of objects to act on, it would become a painful want, like hunger without food to satisfy it, or thirst without water to allay it. To be endowed with it in such a case would be a serious misfortune. A strong feeling ungratified, is itself an evil.

Again. Were there no propensity in man to do wrong, what would become of the faculty of conscientiousness, or a sense of justice? on what would it be exercised, that it might gain strength and do good? The answer is plain. It could not be exercised at all, for want of a suitable object. Its only end is, to prevent or punish wrong-doing, or repair mischief, or to dispense due rewards to those who have done so. Even its name, as well as every action too, has an exclusive relation to something that is or may be wrong. The very existence of a sense, and active principle of justice supposes the existence of a contrary principle, which it is intended to counteract. Without something thus opposed to it, to give it action, it would be an unmeaning and supernumerary endowment; as much so as an eye would be without light, or an ear without sound. Suppose a race of beings perfectly innocent called into existence. Would they need a sense of justice as one of their attributes? Or, would they understand the meaning and object of it, admitting them to have it? Unquestionably they would not. It would be to them a feeling undefined and inoperative, and therefore useless. Stronger still—it would be an incumbrance to them. It would resemble a sixth external sense, without any quality of matter for it to act on.

Of firmness or fortitude, the same may be said. Misfortune alone can give it exercise. Remove all kinds of affliction and trial, arising from what we call evil, and its sphere of action will be effaced. It will be an attribute as superfluous and useless, as the sense of smell would be in a world without odors. The school of misfortune is the only place where it can be exercised, improved, and rendered useful. It is and can be manifested only under suffering, difficulty, or privation of some kind. Bodily pain, the loss of friends or fortune, the disgrace or calamity of friends, or distress or embarrassment, in some other shape, can alone draw it forth. At least, it can never be powerfully called forth in any other way. Har-

mony and fitness required, then, either that it should not be conferred on man, or that it should have something on which to act.

To cautiousness or prudence the same remarks are applicable. It presupposes the existence of difficulty and danger. Without these, it would be but a name; at least, it would be an unmeaning faculty. Did no evil, so called, prevail, why should we be cautious and prudent? No necessity to "take care" would exist. Hence the instinct prompting to it would be given to us in vain.

The sentiment of hope speaks a similar language. It is suited only to a state of trial. Its end and use are to sustain and encourage us under difficulty and suffering, or some sort of privation; and these result much more frequently from moral than from physical causes. Were we steeped only in felicity, hope would be swallowed up in enjoyment. In a world of unalloyed happiness, we should not want it; but in one like that where our lot is cast, in which the cup of life is mixed, we could not do without it. It would be given to us, then, without either object or meaning, did not evil make an essential ingredient in the dispensation under which we live.

Of a sentiment of piety, the same is true. That calamity heightens it, is known to every one observant of the course of human events. Hence uninterrupted prosperity is universally declared to be unfriendly to religion, by rendering man unmindful of his dependence on Heaven. Even profligates, moreover, have been often reclaimed by sickness and other distressing occurrences. I once witnessed, during a tempest at sea, when it was confidently believed that the vessel would be lost, ample proof of the position I am maintaining. Many were earnestly engaged in prayer, who never bent a knee in times of safety. To be sure, I neither admire nor commend the *religion of fear*. Still, difficulty and danger strengthen moral feelings generally; and, among the rest, that of piety.

Thus might I analyze the whole moral character of man, and show that every element of it has a positive and necessary relation to vice, misfortune, or some form of suffering. His moral powers are intended to put the requisite restraint on his animal, and from the exercise and practice alone of doing so do they derive strength and habits of vigorous action. To speak more definitely; it seems plain, from the preceding remarks, that our practical virtues depend on our vices for their very existence. Extinguish the latter, and the former will dwindle and perish for want of food. A viceless world would be a virtueless one; and what we call "perfect innocence" would be wedded to weakness. Man's entire nature clearly proves that he was not formed for a world of innocence. A faculty of *resentment* is as essentially a part of his constitution as that of vision or hearing. But were every thing *innocent* and *unoffending*, where would be the use of it? There would be nothing on which to exercise it—nothing to resent; and hence the faculty would be superfluous. The faculty of hearing, bestowed on the inhabitants of a world destitute of vibrating bodies, would not be more so. Let what is called evil, then, be extinguished, and the present harmonious condition of things will be rendered incongruous.

In further confirmation of this truth, let us examine the most distinguished acts of virtue that man has exhibited, and we shall find that they arose out of an opposition to vice. Let us again inquire into the lives of individuals the most illustrious for habits and deeds of virtue, and we shall be convinced that it was a struggle with vice which rendered them so. Indeed, the very term, virtue, implies a struggle. It is the performance of duty, in defiance of difficulty, danger, and death. Had there been no Tarquin, there would have been no Lucretia; no vice or misfortune in Rome, no Curtius; no Cæsar, no Brutus or Cato; no tyrant of Switzerland, no Tell; no oppressors in England, no Alfred; no lawless attempt to enslave America, no Washington or Bolivar. This catalogue might be extended indefinitely, and would still terminate in the same truth, that vice alone gives existence and immortality to virtue. Of patriotism, high heroism, distinguished firmness and fortitude, splendid benevolence, and all that gives lustre and value to human morals, this is true.

Nor is it less obviously so, that evil is also the cause of all great intellectual strength and its products; in simpler terms, that it is the parent of knowledge. It awakens the faculties of the intellect to action, and urges them to examine nature, in quest of means to prevent or remedy itself. But for disease and death, where would be the knowledge of the physician, his acquaintance with the structure and functions of the human body, their relation to deleterious and salutary agents, and with the properties and character of every thing that bears on them? As respects all these points, the world would be in darkness. Without strong

inducements, man would not submit to the immense labor he sustains in cultivating so extensive a field of science; and did universal health prevail, the inducement would be withheld.

Had injustice never had being, in the various shapes that moral wrong has assumed, where would have been the displays of wisdom and eloquence, and every other form of intellectual excellence, which the world has witnessed in politics and law? The disasters of nations arising from crime have contributed much to the richness and splendor of history; and wars, resulting from a similar cause, have been a prolific source of human glory. Look into the history of every branch of philosophy, and you can trace both its origin and progress to some sort of misfortune or want. This is equally true of astronomy, meteorology, mechanics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and every thing entitled to the name of science. That which we denominate evil is, in some shape, the parent of them all. Of all the most resplendent efforts of genius, in the form of poetry, the same may be affirmed. Without perhaps a single exception, they owe their origin to what is called moral evil. Such is the source of that splendid production, the song of Moses, and of all the finest effusions of the poetic muse in the book of Job, the Psalms of David, the writings of Isaiah, and every other portion of the Old Testament. When he composed the Iliad, Homer sang the wrath of Achilles, and its terrible consequences. The destruction of Troy, and the effects resulting from it, many of them highly immoral and blameworthy, constitute the foundation of the *Æneid*, and give it much of its grandeur. Dante immortalized himself by denouncing the vices of his times, in strains as intense as the infernal fires to which he doomed them. Tasso sang of evil and crime, in his *Jerusalem Delivered*. Shakspeare did the same, when he gave us the highest wonders of his muse. And, but for the influence of a similar cause, even Milton would have continued "mute" and "inglorious." He would not have represented, in thoughts so worthy of them, either the glories of the Celestial or the horrors of the Tartarean regions. Nor would he, after describing "such wars" as the "immortals wage," have restored to his race a "Paradise" of fiction more fascinating than the real one whose "loss" he commemorated. Pope's finest effusions were elicited by vice and imperfection; and Byron would seem to have invoked the spirit of wickedness as his Muse. His Manfred, one of the most stupendous productions of human genius, testifies to this. In fine, without evil and necessity to stir them to action, the human race would be drones and ignoramuses. The constant warfare, which exists between vice and virtue, want and intellect, elevates their moral character, and gives them knowledge. So true is the declaration of the poet, that

"All things subsist by elemental strife."

I shall only add, that, did time permit, it would be easy to demonstrate, that the propensities of man, which, when indulged to excess and under false impressions, lead to vice, are, when duly regulated, as essential to practical virtue, as any other attributes of his nature.

Finally, and to speak with reverence. Were there not something, on which to exercise it—something I mean to be *forgiven*—where would be the meaning or the use of the most delightful and lovely, and what is usually deemed the most glorious attribute of the Deity—his mercy? Clearly there would be neither usefulness nor significance attached to it. It would be a dormant possession, unemployable and fruitless in creation, and, therefore, as far as we can judge, unsuitable to the character of the Possessor, not to say unworthy of him. Universal and perfect aptitude requires an appropriate object for the exercise of each of the divine perfections. In relation to the attribute of mercy, therefore, in common with all the others, things are now precisely as they ought to be, as they were originally intended to be, and as they were accordingly settled at the beginning, under the governance of positive laws.

Such, in brief, are my views of Optimism. Is any one inclined to ask me, What will become of virtue, on the arrival of the millenium, when crime shall have ceased, and universal innocence begun its reign? I reply, that that period is far distant, and many unforeseen and great changes must take place in the condition of our race before its arrival. It is to be so radically different from any thing we have seen, that we cannot bring it fully within the action of judgement, nor draw any rational inferences respecting it. But, at whatever period of time it may occur, we have reason to believe that man will still be man—greatly improved in his character, but not revolutionized. He will still possess animal, intellectual, and moral powers; and the inferior, as at present, must be governed by the supe-

rior. His moral faculties, therefore will find exercise then as well as now, although not perhaps so intense. The animal faculties of the many will not then have to be governed, as at present, by the moral ones of the few. Human nature will be so improved, that each member of it, when mature, will be competent to govern himself. But with children and youth the case will be different. During their immaturity their animal propensities will necessarily preponderate and tend to lead them into excessive and irregular indulgences. They will therefore require moral training and restraint, to retain them within the paths of virtue. Thus will the moral faculties of the whole community find employment.

But the millennial condition of man will occur only as the result of natural causes. Miracle or direct heavenly agency will have no share in its production, any more than in that of other improvements. In plain terms, it will be the product of education made perfect; completely adapted to the human constitution, and ably administered. As nothing, therefore, but natural exercise will have given to the moral a due ascendancy over the animal powers, nothing but a certain amount of the same exercise, habitually performed, will enable them to retain it. Because they have gained the victory, they must not slumber, or become inactive, else the animal propensities, which are and must be always on the alert, will resume the supremacy. Hence practical virtue will of necessity continue. The aggregate of moral feeling will be much greater than it is now; because, as already stated, each adult will possess enough of it for his own government. I shall only add, on this subject, that the chief difference between the condition of human nature, under the millenium and at the present time, will be, that men are governed now by laws enacted and sanctioned by the authority of states; but then, such will be the degree of intellectual and moral improvement, that every man will be a law to himself. His own cultivated nature will serve him as a rule of correct action. Exempt from all human authority, and above the need of it, he will profess fealty to God alone. These are my views respecting a millenium, should it ever occur; an event "devoutly to be wished," to which hope looks forward with fond desire, and the anticipation of which sober reason does not reject.

Will any one assert that the tenor of the doctrine I advocate is to encourage vice in opposition to the precepts of morality and religion? The charge is unfounded. The doctrine does not encourage vice. Every tenet of it proves that it does not. It only denies the propriety of making such changes in the constitution of human nature as would unfit it for its present sphere, or indeed for any sphere, and render it useless. I repeat, that the propensities of man, which, when improperly indulged, lead to vice, are, under suitable discipline, as essential to his usefulness, as his moral feelings, or the faculties of his intellect. Without them, he would be as inert and inoperative as a vegetable. The doctrine I maintain, therefore, only forbids the entire eradication of them. It contends that they make primitive and necessary elements of the human constitution. Instead of being extinguished, therefore, as positive evils, it recommends that they be cultivated as indispensable springs of action, and placed under the control of the moral and reflecting faculties. It further maintains, that this is the correct order of things; that the lower faculties should submit to the higher; and that the discipline here recommended tends directly to the promotion of virtue; that, in fact, *practical virtue* consists in the proper regulation of the propensities, under temptation and difficulty, directing them to their true uses, and rendering them subservient to itself; and *virtuous feeling* is a disposition to do so. Hence the doctrine is friendly to education, well devised and skillfully administered, as the only mode of improving our race. It contends, moreover, that, by the wisdom and beneficence of the dispensation under which he lives, man has the control of all the means requisite for his earthly perfection and felicity.

Am I again asked, What are the advantages of Optimism? I answer, that they are numerous and great. It is the only doctrine that does justice and due homage to the SUPREME BEING, by ascribing to him perfection in all things—in his glorious works, no less than in his nature. It truly and effectually "indicates the ways of God to man"—which no other scheme of philosophy does. It alone recognizes, in a sense worthy of the subject, the mighty truth, that not a sparrow, nor even less than a sparrow, can fall to the ground without his permission, through the laws he has established. And that fall, small as it is, it regards as an event essentially connected with the scheme of his universe, and contributing its part to the consummation he meditates, no less directly than the revolution of a world. Impressions like these produce a moral effect above all price, and not easily conceived of by those who have not felt them. They give to the optimist serene content with

the lot he enjoys, and calm resignation under every change. They soothe him with a conviction that he lives under a system of wise, beneficent, and immutable laws; a parental government, whose constitution consists in the perfections of the MOST HIGH, and whose statutes and their execution are conformable to that SUPREME LAW. Hence his confident belief, and the delight his benevolence derives from the prospect, that all things are co-operating to the same end, the production of ultimate and universal happiness.

Finally. Will it be objected to the views maintained in this discourse, that they virtually deny the existence of a Special Providence? I reply, that they are intended to do so. Where a *General Providence* exists, under the governance of *perfect laws*, a *special* one is not only unnecessary, but inadmissible. The belief in a special providence presupposes *imperfection* in the laws and economy of creation. It is tantamount to an assertion that there are such numerous and radical defects, in the machine of the universe, that it is perpetually going wrong in its action, or at least falling short of the great work it was designed to accomplish. In consequence of this, the SUPREME MECHANIST is compelled to be as perpetually interfering, by his *immediate agency*, to remedy some deficiency in the machinery devised and constructed by himself. For a Special Providence is nothing else than a direct interposition by the Deity, to do some act, to which the laws of nature are incompetent. In plain terms, it is the performance of a *miracle*. Such is the fair amount of the matter, let its advocates disguise it in words, as they may. We certainly can view it in no other light.

This view of the economy of creation is not mine. Nor do I deem it respectful to the AUTHOR of creation. My creed is, that every event, small as well as great, falls out in obedience to *general laws*, which are, in all respects, as perfect, as the Deity can make them. When the universe was called into existence, those laws were framed and imposed on it, to be the eternal and unvarying rule of its action. Free from all defect, like their FRAMER, they require no immediate and rectifying interposition from HIM, to aid them in the performance of every good and necessary work. Those, who *proudly* claim to be *orthodox*, contend, that the Deity *overrules* every event to a *good end*, by his *special influence*; I, that his *primitive and general ordination of things brings it to that end*, without his special influence. Such is the only difference between us. But it is great. My views appear to myself philosophical and broad; those of my opponents mechanical and narrow. Let the controversy be submitted to the arbitrement of the enlightened and liberal, and I fear not the award. My conceptions of creation and its movements are honorable to its AUTHOR; those of the *orthodox* the reverse. Such at least is my rooted belief.

A God of *entire perfection* is the only one we can acknowledge and do homage to. To be perfect, he must produce *perfect results*. He must frame a creation in entire unison with his own attributes; not one so defective, that he must be hourly engaged in supplying its failures, or rectifying its faults. To the God of the universe, we dare not impute such deep imperfection, as the belief in a Special Providence implies. Such are the reverential feelings, and solemn convictions of

AN OPTIMIST.

WALKING.

A FELLOW, much too fond of toping,
Was in a tavern bar-room moping,
Appearing not a little dizzy,
And of each quizzing wag the quizee.
At last, he offers, for a wager,
To walk with landlord, groom, or "stager."
Quoth landlord, "Just to cure your dizziness,
You'd better walk about your bu-si-ness."

THE BIRD'S NEST IN THE MOON.

Love, on this earth the only mean thou art,
 Whereby we hold intelligence with heaven,
 And it is thou that only dost impart
 The good that to mortality is given.
 O sacred bond, by time thou art not broken!
 O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!

The Legend of Pierce Gossoon, by Drayton.

Rev. Mr. Nottingham

DID you ever, my friendly reader, in revisiting your native place, from which, like me, you had been separated by many years of wandering, experience the sensation of littleness, with which every object seemed clothed, shrinking in its dimensions as your eye had become enlarged by a familiarity with the nobler scenes of a wider world? I was born on the northern side of the Blue Hills, which seemed, to my boyish eyes, as the loftiest mountains that ever propped the incumbent sky. My first expedition on the ocean was down the capacious waters of Dorchester bay, in one of those vast floating castles, called a wherry, or a canoe, to catch those mighty monsters of the deep, denominated tom-cod. O how did my heart expand as we ploughed out of the great basin of waters called Mill-creck! What emotions of sublimity did I feel when I reached the juncture, where the dark Neponset, the mother of frogs and mud-turtles, rolls her copious streams to join the billows of Boston harbor! What sensations of alarm entered my breast as we doubled that long cape called Farm-bar, renowned for periwinkles and clams! How did I look with an aching eye over the boundless surface of brine, which separates Farm-bar from Dorchester Heights, now ycleped South-Boston. And, to look still farther into the impenetrable regions of the north, and see, beyond the forts, the dome of the State-House and the steeples of Boston, lifting their tops in the blue horizon, almost beyond the ken of human vision,—it made my imagination real. I had new conceptions of the magnitude of our world. Thompson's Island I supposed must be the shores of some of the western countries in Europe. But when we came to sail through the narrows of Squam rock, and finally pass the Moon,* my imagination became dizzy, and I felt like a man in a balloon, who has bid farewell to sub-lunary scenes, and scarcely expects again to tread the terrestrial ball. Bounding billows! how did you roll in majesty to my youthful eye! Mighty scenes! how did you impress my childish fancy with the first ideas of vastitude and magnificence! Alas! our conceptions are all relative. Every thing depends on the state of the mind. One may see St. Peter's church at Rome with less emotion than our State-House, and stand at the foot of Ætna itself without feeling or fear.

I love to visit these scenes; for they give me back the green days of childhood and pleasure with all the freshness of the original impression. I do not mean to say that I view these scenes with the admiration and delight, with which they were once beheld. But they form a kind of *medium*, a perspective glass, by which one can look back to the time when every prospect was pleasing because every object was new. I love to go to the Moon. I never shake off sub-lunary cares and sorrows so completely as when I am fairly landed on

* Moon Island, in Boston harbor.

that beautiful island. A man in the Moon, may see Castle Island, the city of Boston, the ships in the harbor, the silver waters of our little Archipelago, all lying as it were at his feet. There you may be at once social and solitary; social, because you see the busy world before you, and solitary, because there is not a single creature on the island, except a few feeding cows, to disturb your repose.

I was there last summer, and was surveying the scene with my usual emotions, when my attention was attracted by the whirring wings of a little sparrow, whom, in walking, I had frightened from her nest. It may be necessary, perhaps, to tell some of the clerks in Washington-street, who, six months from the country, are apt to forget all the objects among which they were born and bred, that this bird always builds its nest on the ground. I have seen their nests in the middle of a corn-hill, curiously placed in the centre of the five green stalks, so that it was difficult, at hoeing time, to dress the hill without burying the nest. This sparrow had built her nest as usual on the ground, beneath a little tuft of grass, more rich and thick set than the rest of the herbage around it. I cast a careless glance at the nest, saw the soft down that lined its internal part, the four little speckled eggs which inclosed the parent's hope. I marked the cows that were feeding around it; and I came away without the least imagination that I should write a dissertation on the *Bird's Nest in the Moon*.

But our minds are strange things. That bird's nest has haunted me ever since. I could not but inquire why Providence, who inspires all animals with an unerring instinct, had not moved the foolish creature to build her habitation in a safer place. A multitude of huge animals were feeding around it, one tread of whose cloven feet would crush both bird and progeny into ruin. I could not but reflect on the precarious condition to which the creature had committed her most tender hopes. I was thinking how the interest of two beings, both created by the same high hand and supported by the same kind power, might cross each other, and neither of them know it, until the fatal moment when the feebler might be annihilated by the stronger power. A cow is seeking a bite of grass; she steps aside merely to gratify that idle appetite; she treads on the nest, and destroys the offspring of the defenceless bird. Thus, what is a trifle to one being, is destruction to another.

Before I proceed any farther, I think proper to apprise the reader that I was in a right frame of mind to write a meditation on a broomstick; and, however much wits may sneer and critics condemn, I am determined to make something of my bird's nest.

As I came away from the island, I reflected that this bird's situation, in her humble defenceless nest, might be no unapt emblem of man in this precarious world of uncertainty and sorrow. We are impelled, by some of the tenderest instincts of our nature, to form the conjugal connection; the eye of some matchless beauty attracts our attention, and melts our hearts; we form the tender union, and we build our nest; committing to it the soft deposits of our gentlest affections. But where do we build this nest? Are we any wiser than the foolish bird? No—the nest is on the ground of terrestrial calamities, and a thousand invisible dangers are roving around. We are *doubled in wedlock and multiplied in children*, and stand but a *broader mark* for the cruel

arrows of death and destruction, which are shot from every side. What are diseases, in their countless forms, accidents by flood and fire, the seductions of temptation, and even half the human species themselves, but so many huge cows feeding around our nest, and ready, every moment, to crush our dearest hopes, with the most careless indifference, beneath their brutal tread? Sometimes, as we sit at home, we can see the calamity coming at a distance. We hear the breathing of the vast monster; we mark its wavering path—now looking towards us in a direct line—now capriciously turning for a moment aside. We see the swing of its dreadful horns, the savage rapacity of its brutal appetite; we behold it approaching nearer and nearer, and it passes by within a hair-breadth of our ruin, leaving us to the sad reflection that another and another are still behind. Poor bird! I feel no heart to condemn thy folly, but rather to weep over thy condition and my own. Our situations are exactly alike. Thy choicest comforts come entwined with pain; and no sooner is thy callow young developed, than thou feelest all the cares that distract a parent's heart. How often hast thou been driven from thy nest! How often hast thou fluttered thy wings in agony, and taken up the wail of sorrow, as if thy children were already lost. The careless step, so indifferent to another, was rapture or despair to thee.

A man must be a fool not to perceive that these remarks are written by a parent; and I am sure they are dictated by feelings, which none but a parent can understand. Well, then, let me tell the secret, and be as foolish as the best of them, since, in this hard age, none but a fool would have a feeling heart. The other evening I walked into the chamber where my children were sleeping. There was Nathan with the clothes half kicked down, his hands thrown carelessly over his head, tired with play, now resting in repose; there was little Sal with her balmy breath and her rosy cheeks, sleeping and looking like innocence itself. There was Lucy, who has just begun to prattle, and runs daily with tottering steps and lisping voice to ask her father to toss her into the air. [I solemnly wish, if these remarks are read by any youthful bachelor of forty, who boards and means to board all his days in Tremont House, that he would read not a syllable farther.] As I looked upon these sleeping innocents, I could not but regard them as so many little birds, which I must fold under my wing, and protect, if possible, in security in my nest. But when I thought of the huge cows that were feeding around them; the ugly hoofs that might crush them into ruin; in short, when I remembered *the Bird's Nest in the Moon*, I trembled and wept.

But why weep? Is there not a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow? It is very possible, that the nest which I saw was not in so precarious a condition as it appeared to be. Perhaps some providential instinct led the bird to build her fragile house in the ranker grass, which the kine never bite, and, of course, on which they would not be likely to tread; perhaps some kind impulse may guide that species so as not to tread even on a bird's nest. At any rate, chance might lead to an escape. I have never heard, and I despair now of ascertaining the important fact, that the nest I saw was actually crushed by the foot of a cow. Perhaps the joyful mother saw her young expand their wings, and inherit their paternal air; perhaps the progeny of those

very eggs are now singing in the groves around Boston. There is a merciful God, whose care and protection extend over all his works, who takes care of the sparrow's children and of mine.

I think I have read somewhere, that, if a man wishes to learn to pray, he must go to sea ; but, with all due submission to the author of this wise remark, I think we should rather say—Let him be married and have a family of children. It is almost impossible to be an infidel with a little progeny rising round you. If Hume could have seen a little lisping girl, come and climb his knees and address him as a father—"Papa, who made all things?" he would have almost involuntarily answered—God. If a man wishes to learn to pray for protection during the night, let him go, as I have done, and see his children asleep, and remember the pestilence that walks in darkness. Let him experience the feelings of an anxious father, bending over the sleeping forms of his tender children, and conscious of the thousand dangers, seen and unseen, that hover around their defenceless heads. It was over her dear little sleeping infants,—if she had any,—I imagine, that Mrs. Barbauld penned the following beautiful remarks : "If prayer were not enjoined to the perfection it would be permitted to the weakness of our nature. We should be betrayed into it, if we thought it sin ; and pious ejaculations would escape our lips, though we were obliged to preface them with—God forgive me for praying!"

A family of children walking amidst a thousand dangers, and often escaping, is one of the most striking proofs of a particular Providence that ever met my mind. To talk about the general laws of nature, immutable and unbendible to the interposing will of the Deity ! Away with such metaphysical trash ; it is just fit for old bachelors to write. Until I had children, I never knew what the Scriptures meant, when they say that the *very hairs of our head are all numbered*. I was once standing in a public road, and saw a team of three yokes of oxen and a horse, moving very fast along the road without a driver. A little child was standing in the road directly before the wagon, with no time for escaping. The whole train of cattle passed directly over the child, throwing it down, and apparently crushing it into jelly. Every spectator thought it dead ; its life was not worth a *pin's fee* ; the anxious mother ran to rescue her offspring ; but, alas, too late ; and her piercing shrieks spoke her despair. But lo, when the little urchin was picked up, instead of being found a corpse, as was by all expected, its roguish smile seemed to say that it regarded the event as a good joke, which it would willingly see repeated. Every one of the beasts, though moving so rapidly, had contrived to shun the child ; and this event, together with the *Bird's Nest in the Moon*, have convinced me, that verily there is a God, and that he governs the world by a particular providence.

I have often thought it was unfortunate that some of the great geniuses, who have undertaken to enlighten the world by their infidelity, were not married men. It would have done more to help them to *digest the venom of their spleen*, than all the long volumes of rejoinders which have been written by metaphysical theologians. For, to say nothing of the powerful smiles of a woman, when that woman is your wife, reflecting and beaming the very benevolence of a creating God,—there are some things in a married life, which are enough

to overthrow the faith of the most stubborn infidel, that ever apportioned his incredulity to his ignorance. I myself was rather inclined to infidelity when I was first married. But the smiles of the honeymoon softened me, and I bought a Bible to lie in our parlor. When my wife first sent me after the doctor, at midnight, my faith began to waver; and I was absolutely staggered when I heard the new-born infant cry. As I looked on the little miracle, I was ashamed, and renounced my former faith; and every new prattler, that has risen around me, has made me a better Christian. I now actually read the Bible with my children, and we pray over it. I sometimes tell my former companions in infidelity, when they try to flout me out of my religion, that they are welcome to our old belief—to all its wisdom and all its comforts. They are old bachelors still.

And no wonder that such an unnatural life should lead to such an absurd faith. Hume was an old bachelor, and every page of his philosophy smells of his folly. Hobbs was an old bachelor, and so was Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Jeremy Bentham, and Tom Paine. I have always thought it a thousand pities, that Mademoiselle Curchod did not wind her chains more effectually around Gibbon's heart. I imagine that Cupid, the little god of love, might have expelled a great deal of Paganism, and perhaps infidelity, from the pages of his splendid history. Some, to be sure, will be infidels in the bosom of wedlock, as some would be fools in the very palaces of Solomon. But this is not the order of nature. Her virtuous instincts lead to truth.

In that beautiful dialogue which Plato has written, in which he describes the closing scene in the life of Socrates, Plato makes his master Socrates, in the course of the discussion, attempt to account for the existence of scepticism; and he traces it to the same cause as that which produces misanthropy. He thinks that men of rash judgements and irritable tempers, when they have once confided in a character, superficially virtuous, and have found themselves deceived, pass a judgement on the whole species, and spend the rest of their lives in revenging their disappointment by railing at mankind. In like manner, he supposes, that when a hasty mind has been deceived by an apparent demonstration and afterwards discovers that the demonstration is false, it loses its confidence in all reasoning, and views all things in the universe as floating, like the waters of the Euripus, without order and without end. Such a man is *των τε δυτων της ἀληθείας ζεσηθειη*, deprived of the certainty of real existence, and imputes to reason the darkness of his own mind.

I have generally noticed that infidelity and misanthropy have an affinity for each other, and are often combined in the same heart. But how is a man to avoid misanthropy? No man ever became a misanthrope under the smiles of an affectionate wife, and surrounded by a family of ruddy children. These are tender chains, which connect us with the universe; they bind us in harmony with our species; they lead us to feel our need of a higher protector,—to see the glory and the goodness, and therefore to believe in the existence of God.

When a man is once on a wrong track, every step he takes only leads him so much farther out of the way. God, when he built the world, designed to pack men together in families; and it is the only

way in which you can throw the human species together, without impairing their principles and endangering their virtue. A man goes into a splendid city,—he becomes too licentious, or too lazy, or too proud to establish a family. He passes his time among the rubicund inmates of a fashionable boarding-house. He spends his evenings at the theatre or billiard-table. He rails at women, and hates children, because he only knows the vilest of the sex, and has never seen a child which was his own. His affections become warped, his heart is insulated; and, because he has lost his humanity, he has never found his religion. O how I should like, before such a fellow goes to his lonely grave, and his rotten carcass manures the ground, to throw into his narrow heart, one straw from my *Bird's Nest in the Moon!* G.

POETS AND PROPERTY.

NO. II.

IN pursuing this subject, which is an interesting one to the lover of literature, I hope I shall be pardoned for dispensing with any exact chronological order. The *facts* are all that is necessary; and, if they are gathered together from different ages and countries, I cannot perceive why they are not as potent and indisputable, as if presented consecutively as to time. Poets have flourished in all centuries. St. Paul quoted them to the men of Athens; and touch where you will, on any country or period of history, and you will find the bard, the minstrel, the minnesinger, the trouvère, the improvisatore—the ever-living and influential *genus vatum*.

We may properly return to Greece for numerous cases of fortunate poets, and first, for that of the sublime and forcible Pindar. We see in him the popular and honored celebrator of the eminent Olympic games, in which the flower of the country, and even the monarchs themselves competed. His various poems, celebrating the Olympic victors, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian, are familiar to every scholar. He was caressed in all his time, and lived, according to all that may be gathered from history respecting him, in the possession of much comfort and liberal fortune. It was given to his own eyes to see magnificent statues erected to his honor, and to experience, wherever he bent his footsteps, the plaudits of his countrymen. This was the destiny allotted to the son of an humble flute-player. His genius probably saved him from the profession of his father,—a calling difficult to practice, and by no means lucrative. He chose the lyre, instead of the flute; otherwise his mind might have been wasted in the breath of music, and he might have passed his life, discoursing on a pipe, and governing its melodious ventages with his finger and thumb.

I may here be allowed to mention, what I accidentally omitted in the sketch of Homer,—namely, that no historical assertion, of oral authority, is more disputable than the alleged indigence of that great bard. The most plausible authority for such an allegation may be found in Ovid, whose imagination was as reckless as that of any ancient

writer that could be cited. Ptolemy Philadelphus, who is certainly much better authority in the case than Ovid, asserts with confidence, in a conversation with Zoilus, that Homer was so opulent as to maintain a superb retinue. Such establishments in Greece, at that period, were matters of great cost. The certain inference then, or the most credible evidence that has ever descended to posterity, is, that Homer was at least in the possession of an elegant competence, and that he wanted neither for honor nor the *opus pecuniæ*. Nay, we might go farther, and assert, on much better evidence than can be adduced to the contrary, that he was actually affluent. It is as well established a fact as any circumstance of his age, that his step-father Phemius, or Pronapides, (a rich professor of music and poetry in Smyrna, and one of the *ΛΟΙΔΟΙ*, as it was believed) left Homer all his wealth, his profession, and his flourishing academy, being charmed with the marvelous endowments of the young poet, who was then his pupil; that with the former, he lived in the lavish indulgence of those ennobling pleasures derivable from the pursuit of various knowledge—composing his immortal *Iliad*—voyaging, almost in state, around the Grecian coast—visiting Asia Minor, Egypt, Spain, and other countries—rehearsing fragments of his great poem in his own country, to the crowds that assembled to see him, having heard of his renown, wherever he journeyed. When he became blind, after his return from Spain, he suffered some hardships, as a traveler, in reaching home. This is the only respectable account of any calamities belonging to his career. He was even then received with triumphant honors in many places through which he passed. Some honest people, who have a smattering of the subject, imagine that because he recited his verses on the way from Ithaca to Smyrna, he must, forsooth, have been a locomotive pauper. They forget that the profession of an *ΛΟΙΔΟΣ*, or bard, in Homer's day, was one full-fraught with honor and reverence. Any attempt to represent this calling as low or unprofitable, betrays an utter ignorance of ancient character. The station and profession of the bard, at that era, if not one of luxurious wealth and power, was at least one of great ease and eminence. To kings and courts they were uniformly welcomed, and at feasts and sacrifices their presence was always necessary. The people revered them,—and they were every where

“—— Valde amabilem vatem,
Demodocum, populis honoratum.”

At the head of these, beyond all comparison, Homer stood. And how glorious was his reward! He was adored throughout his country: many of her citizens believed him a god; and an illustrious father of the church, St. Chrysostom, admits that his immortal *Iliad* was the product of direct inspiration from heaven. Every where were his works to be found; in the palace of the king and the cot of the peasant—and his name is imperishable. The statements as to the pecuniary misfortunes of his later years may be flatly denied. Probabilities are *entirely* against them. All the incidents of his closing days are couched in hyperbole and fable. An erudite historian,* and translator of many of his poems, justly observes of Homer, that “It is uncertain where or how he died. The same obscurity that involves his course

* Columbus Conwell.

and hangs around his career, enshrouds his exit from the world. Almost every author on this subject refutes his predecessor; and little more than a superfetation of hypothesis or hyperbole can be deduced from their combined observations. Each one kills him according to his particular fancy, and buries him where he pleases. It would be a supererogatory taste to enumerate the several ways by which authors tell us he died." Some say, he was borne up to heaven by Apollo, and in his arms

"—— Rose like an exhalation, mid the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

Many were the cenotaphs and other testimonials erected as offerings to his memory, and nearly every island in the Mediterranean claimed his tomb.

Since I have mentioned Ovid, I should quote his career and example, in proof of the success of poets. He possessed an ample fortune, and lived in unbroken splendor for upwards of fifty years. He was an extensive and celebrated traveler in Greece and Asia: graceful and eloquent, though sometimes too free in his writings, he was endowed with the most fascinating accomplishments, and idolized by the best circles of the great capital which he graced. His *Ars Amanda*, the best manual of one desirous to please, shows how completely he understood the use of those attractions which rendered him, at least as a theorist, the very Chesterfield of Rome. He passed more than half a century in the participation of wealth and pleasure; and the slight evils attendant upon his life, at any period, came as the effect and punishment of licentiousness.

To return to the Greeks. Of *Aristophanes*, the comedian, we know but little: as to his personal condition, the accounts, though favorable, are very limited. We only know that the purity and elegance of the Attic dialect, in which he wrote, threw the Greeks into raptures with the graceful refinement of his productions; and it was said of him, by the divine Plato, that the Graces would have chosen his soul for their habitation. His satire was irresistible, but amicably tempered; and he seldom offended his contemporaries. He enjoyed, during his life time, the most eminent marks of distinction, and glided in easy tranquility down the stream of time, to the haven of a good old age. He possessed a crown formed of the leaves of the sacred olive-tree presented to him by the Athenians—the highest honor that could then be paid to man.

As it is not my design to act the part of a voluminous poetical biographer, I will merely cluster together a few of the most prominent Grecian poets, beside those herein aforementioned, with the slightest possible glance at their lives and condition.

Arion had the possession of so much riches, as to freight a vessel with treasure—thereby endangering his life, by inciting the sailors to mutiny. His miraculous preservation is well known.

Theocritus, with his sweet Doric idyls, was the well-rewarded favorite of the Ptolemys of Egypt.

Terpander, the Lesbian, enjoyed the highest comforts and honors attainable in his time.

Ion was caressed, applauded, and "well to do," all his days.

Simonides amassed so much money by his writings as to be charged with avarice. He lived in splendor at the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, and died honorably lamented.

Philemon, the dramatist, was so comfortable, and happy, and free from care, that he died laughing.

Orpheus was a Thracian monarch, well beloved, and blessed with a kingly inheritance.

Tiresias, the Egyptian, of Thebes, of whom Homer makes mention, was esteemed a god, though he lived like a monarch, and was buried with the utmost magnificence.

Anacreon flourished like a fruitful vine, at the court of his companion and friend, king Polycrates of Samos; met with the most eminent reception at Athens, where he spent a part of his time—and passed, in a not unpleasant retirement, a gay and happy old age. He died with the heart of a grape in his throat, and its juice on his lips.

Next to the poets of Greece, we may allude to those of Persia—once a rival country of immense power. In such a country, where, from time immemorial the government has been more purely despotic than that of any other on the face of the globe, it is somewhat singular that poets should have been held in eminent honor, and been, in almost every instance, so generously rewarded. That they were, is certainly true beyond dispute. Where the executive management of a nation is through instruments created by unmixed despotism, and guided to a vast extent by one capricious mind, we may always observe the invasion of private right through the land, the alienation of property from its rightful owners, at the desire of the seeker, the sacrifice of female innocence at the same unholy shrine, despite the tears and prayers of friends—the violation of contracts, &c. Yet in Persia, where these practices have always more or less prevailed—even there the magic of the poet has won its way, and genius received its reward. The only bard of this nation, whose interests were ever invaded by a royal whim, was *Ferdosi*. Yet even he received sixty thousand pieces of silver for one poem. They should have been of gold, as was promised; and on the substitution by the sultan of silver for the other more costly metal, the poet, dissatisfied with his reward, grew angry, and turned satirist against his sovereign. The wonder is, that he was permitted to escape the bow-string; but he only retired to Thus, where, after a while, Mahmoud sent to recall him with numerous camels, loaded with presents. But, as it has happened with thousands of eminent Persian subjects, the recompense of royal favor arrived too late.

Jami, the poet, spent a long life in honor and plentiful ease. He was much beloved by his admiring sultan, Abn Said, who invited Jami to his court; but the great bard chose rather the extacies which sprung from following the doctrines of the Sophi, and so lived apart from royal honors, but held more than kingly dominion over the hearts of the people. At his death, his native city was overwhelmed with mourning. At the magnificent funeral which the sultan gave him at the public cost, it is religiously asserted, by the Persians, that the earth opened like a shell to receive so pure and priceless a pearl; and the memory of none, that ever lay under the green waters of Oman, was ever more cherished than his.

Sadi, of The Golden Maxims, was the son of poor parents; but his genius brought him to the court of Abubeker, where he was educated. He was the idol and associate of all the Persian monarchs in his time.

Hafiz had at his command a splendid fortune, if he had chosen to receive it. But he embraced the holy order of Dervishes, and would not accept the pleasures and riches of a court, which were often and freely offered him.

Notwithstanding the above examples, I confess that I do not lay much stress in behalf of my argument upon the prosperity of the poet in a country where the government is despotic. Under such a domination, *no* rights are respected; private affluence is only permissive riches, alienable at any moment. Prosperity and the privileges appertaining to the possession of property, are but a name—a shadow. It is, therefore, as we have hinted, *surprising* that the Persian bards should have held either fortune or honor. But they possessed the *reverence of the people*, and, with that sacred ægis, even the monarchs had caution enough—provided they did not love the poets, which is improbable—to leave them secure and unmolested. Despots know, as well as patriots, that *vox populi est vox Dei*. In countries, where no popular bias has guided the will of the monarch, we may see that the poet, in common with the noble, the most affluent and best citizens, has been led to experience vicissitude and suffering. Thus in Portugal, (where even in modern times thousands of unoffending citizens are left to groan and pine in prison,) we may note that poets have not prospered. Camoens and Manoel were both sufferers from a despotism which distressed the rich and the powerful equally with them.

In my former desultory glance at the Italian poets, I did not include some of the most famous in that garden of the world. It is, of course, necessary to allude to them briefly, since the life and career of each would make a volume by itself.

Asfieri, who was blessed with the love of the countess of Albany, daughter of the noble house of Stolberg, gave away a splendid fortune to his sister, keeping only a moderate income for himself, that he might be near his mistress at Florence or Rome. In her delightful presence, he composed fourteen tragedies. The fall of stocks in Paris injured him with other capitalists; but the injury was temporary; and he passed his latter days with the inseparable companion of his love, with a comfortable and pleasant fortune, in the rich Val d'Arno. Those who read his imperishable works, or look upon his beautiful monument, by Canova, at Santa Croce, by the side of Michael Angelo, may know the extent of his fame.

Ariosto was for the most part rich, and always enamored of splendor, which, in various ways, he was sure to acquire. He was official counsellor at the courts of dukes and cardinals,—a successful agent in warlike enterprises for the nobility of his country,—and never lacked, at any time, the best luxuries and enjoyments of life.

The poets of Switzerland and Germany afford me many bright examples of the success of genius, and this, too, in countries which have been much and most unjustly declaimed against, on this side of the Atlantic, for the general dullness of their people. There verse is true. No nations on earth have produced more writers of vivid imagination and profound philosophy. Theirs are the people's solitudes of earth,

air, and sea, teeming with *diablerie*,—theirs the power first to suggest for the stage those glowing transcripts of supernatural life, which, even in mimic dimensions, curdle the blood, and excite the fancy. Yet neither Germany nor Switzerland wants the gentle throng—the producers of idyls—the players on “pastoral pipe and oaten reed.” Each has various kinds of bards, recorded in brightness on the tablets of her history.

Bodmer, the Swiss poet, after his education at Zurich, was sent by his father to be a clerk in a counting-house. Deserting this uncongenial employment, which was ill suited to his literary habits and instruction, he rose to be professor in a university—editor of the Helvetic Library—an alderman of the grand council of Zurich,—while the liberal income of his professorship was increased by matrimonial endowments, until his “fair inheritance” might have been made as much the object of envy to the worldling, as his acquisitions and genius made him beloved by his intelligent countrymen. He held his professorial chair for fifty years. His will was generously crowded with charitable bequests. Among other magnificent gifts of property, he gave a beautiful house and garden to the girls’ school of Zurich.

Halle, son of the chancellor of Baden, lived a life of ease and competence; wanted for nothing; pursued his elegant studies without any reasonable wish ungratified; wrote poetry and studied botany at his leisure; consorted with his friend, the pastoral-writing Gesner; lived beloved by his friends, and died in peace, lamented even by his enemies. The following exquisite line is from one of his best poems—“On the Alps.” Every reader who has been in the country, and *heard* the cows crop the fresh herbage of the field, while filling themselves with pasture and “bedward ruminating,” will recognize at once the fidelity and beauty of the extract:—

“Und mäh’n das zarte gras mit scharfen zungen weg.”

Where cows, with rasping tongues, the tender grasses mow.

Halle occupied the liberally endowed professorships of anatomy and botany at Gottingen, through the influence of his unwavering friend, George II. of England, elector of Hanover; had numerous honorable offers of establishments in English and other universities; but was so beloved by the great council of Berne, whither he retired to spend the evening of his days, that they would not permit so illustrious a citizen to leave them. There he passed the easy twilight of life, and in the act of feeling his own pulse, gently declined into the vale of death.

Erherth, of Hamburg, was grand aulic counsellor at Brunswick, where he held a rich canonicate, in the possession of which he died,—1795.

Kramer was first editor of the *Bremische Beyträge*,—court-preacher to Frederick V. of Denmark, at Copenhagen, and chancellor of the university of Keil. It is needless to say that these stations produced a liberal revenue.

Klopstock moved, during life, among high associates, in whose splendor he participated, and from whom he commanded an ample reward for his literary services. From the humble son of a land steward, he raised himself to be the companion of noblemen, and to enjoy the most elevated society. His domestic ease and happiness are so admirably

set forth in a letter by his wife, to a friend in England, that I cannot refrain from giving a few paragraphs from it. The whole epistle may be found in Mrs. Barbauld's selections from Richardson's correspondence :—

“In one happy night I read my husband's poem, *The Messiah*. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him. At least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially, because his friend told me much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when, quite unexpectedly, I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring, by his means, that I might see the author of the *Messiah* when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and for all recommendation showed him some letters in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I confess, that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him for two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company which had never been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure! He wrote shortly after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied me, and said I was in love. I railed at them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise; but I would not believe it. At the last, Klopstock said plainly that he loved, and I started as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him: we had not seen one another enough to love, (as if love must have more time than friendship!) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another for the first time. We saw; we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

“If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. I could describe him very briefly in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty. But I dare not to

speak of my husband ; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am !”

They, who declaim about the *irritability* of genius, here find a specimen to the contrary. In nine cases out of ten, the same testimony would appear. If any thing can give comfort and cheerfulness, it is a man's assurance that he has that within him which brings him nearer to his Creator, which can delight thousands of his fellow-beings, awaken the love and admiration of the virtuous, and, when coupled with prudence, shield him from every vicissitude.

John Ludwieg Gleim was first a student at law, then secretary to prince Wilhelm, margrave of Brandenburg Schmedt ; in the service of Leopold of Nassau, and secretary to the grand chapter of Habberstadt,—deriving therefrom, with scarcely any labor, an ample and easy income.

Christian Ewald Von Kleist was of noble extraction ; a successful officer and soldier, possessed of competent affluence. He died in the service of his country.

Ramber was a poor boy, who attained, through his genius, a fine professorship in the Cadet University of Berlin, the liberal salary of which station supported him nobly until his death, at a green old age.

The life of *Lessing* was full of what may be called splendid vicissitudes. His chances for prosperity were almost innumerable. He associated with kings and princes, and had fortunes at his command ; but an habitual restlessness of mind, and inveterate habits of gambling, by which he lost large sums, contributed to destroy his influence and darken his prospects. His only misfortunes arose from adherence to passions, and disobedience of his better genius.

Kastner was master of arts at nineteen ; spent a long and useful life as grand professor in the university of Gottingen,—enjoyed the affluent endowments and honors of the station, and expired “ with the light of fame all around him.”

Voss was, for the most part of his life, engaged in literary pursuits of a very profitable character. He filled, for a long time, with high celebrity, the chair of classical professor at Heidleberg, to which he had been invited by the grand duke of Baden. He passed his early years in ease and competence,—his later ones in luxury and affluence.

Gotter was rich from his childhood—ever liberal in his expenditure, and fastidious in his taste. He visited foreign parts,—became archivist and secretary to the duke of Saxe Gotha,—traveled and wrote at his leisure, and quietly deceased, in the possession of wealth and honors, on the 18th March, 1799.

Christian, Count Stalberg, was a nobleman of great wealth, and the highest degree—a descendant of Charlemagne and Alfred. He was a true poet—a high-born gentleman ; beloved and caressed in life—lamented in his death.

Frederick Leopold, Count Stalberg, brother of the foregoing, was likewise the possessor of a noble fortune and estate. He passed the summers of his youth at a marine pavilion, belonging to the king of Denmark, on the coast of Seland, where he first wooed the Nine ; was envoy from the duke of Oldenburg to the court of Denmark,—married the noble countess Agnes of Witzleben ; was ambassador at the

court of Petersburg; traveled in Italy; accepted, on his return, the appointment of prime minister of the principality of Lubeck; received the order of St. Alexander Newski, on the death of the Russian empress, Catharine II.; and died, rich in wealth, honor, and esteem.

Jacobi was professor of literature in the university of Freiberg; *Boie* was affluent, and a generous patron to all who needed his assistance; *Göckink* was counsellor of finance at Berlin; *Miller* was consistorial counsellor to the king of Wurtemberg.

Matthison was professor in the college of Dessau; aulic counsellor, by the prince of Hesse Homburg; cavalier to the princess Anhalt of Dessau; and counsellor of legation to the margrave of Baden.

Wieland was the son of a Lutheran minister. He rose to be professor of law and privy counsellor at the university of Erfurt; aulic counsellor of Weimar, and family professor to the duchess of Saxe Weimar, with an estate and income liberal beyond all expectation: all his literary works were munificently paid for by the booksellers: he was a brevet member of Napoleon's Legion of Honor; held the order of St. Anne of Russia; had a box of state at the theatre of Weimar; enjoyed all that wealth, honor, and the company of the great spirits of his time could bestow, and expired with the words of Hamlet upon his lips—

“To die—to sleep—no more.”

I might here mention *Goethe*; but his death is too recent, and the brightness of his career too well known, to make any allusion to it necessary. Thus far I have succeeded in proving, what all history will verify, that poets and authors are not unfortunate; that true genius, accompanied with uprightness of character, commands success; and that those, who prate about the misfortunes of genius and the eccentricities of talent, write themselves down—asses. It is your literary charlatan, who calls himself eccentric, and hangs about the walks of letters, as out of place, and as ignoble, as

—“vermin, gendered on the lion's crest.”

A KENTUCKY CANDY PULLING.

THE reader, who may have sojourned in the Ancient Dominion, or by the cheerful fireside of a country gentleman within the limits of her daughter Kentucky, during the Christmas holidays, will recognize, in my title, one of the amusements of the sons and daughters of those hospitable states. It is not of so frequent occurrence as the dance, nor so staid and sedentary as the quilting; but possessing a spiritedness known to neither, and being comparatively novel, it merits a much more lasting commemoration than it can receive from mere oral testimony.

It was my good fortune to be present during the last week of 1833, at one of those exhibitions of social hilarity, in the interior of our sister state, and I will endeavor to give you some notion of it.

You must know, then, that there is no such thing in country parties as a *squeeze*, nor even a *jam*. There is generally plenty of room, and no more people are invited than can be accommodated without suffo-

caution. The space for great sleeves and wide-spreading skirts is ample; and no lady is prevented, by want of room, from flirting a fan, and no gentleman from fanning a flirt, as much as the circumstances of the case may require. There is generally, moreover, at least one chair to one person, so that nearly all the company can sit down if they choose. There are always, however, some male disciples of the peripatetic school present, at such times, who perambulate the room, scorning to cramp their fair proportions on a chair. On this occasion, two of these moveables, or, as a lawyer might call them,—“*choses in action*,” were present, in the shape of a young lawyer from the neighboring county seat, and a doctor of the vicinage,—who being, of course, men of consequence, I must beg leave to present.

The more conspicuous of the two was the lawyer, who had been licensed to practice *law* at the last term of court, and was now in full pursuit of a license to practice *matrimony*. He had made his *debut* in a temperance speech in the morning, at which it was rumored a tender-hearted damsel shed tears; but as this is not duly authenticated, I would not press it for its truth. Passing over his *personnelle*, with merely saying that he was tall and slender, with a profile somewhat after the Hancock order; a high forehead, from which the hair was thrown back, as if he had faced a gale of wind, to the whole of which he endeavored to give effect by ensconcing his chin behind a towering stock,—we come to *his manner*. Somebody has said, Manner is every thing; and no one finds this principle out sooner, and acts upon it more fully, than a village lawyer. Who, that has ever seen one, does not recall his manner, at the mention of him? Who will not remember the grave and important bearing, the would-be-dignified and courtly affability, the half obsequious, half patronizing bow and offer of his hand, with which he is met by the prospective congressman? And who can ever forget the flood of questions and remarks which issue from his mouth like grain from the mouth of a bag? The “autocrat of the breakfast table” showed himself a man of penetration when he recommended to find out whether a man would show fight to talk him down in company: a Kentucky village lawyer would be the very man for such an experiment. He could talk a brick wall out of countenance, or a Yankee pedlar dumb in five minutes, without any supervening inflammation of the lungs—two things, it is fairly presumable, that present some little difficulty. He would not accomplish this with blustering or enacting the bully, but with a stream of words, words, words, uttered on a high key, with a certain dogmatical precision, a drawing down of the brow and sustained monotony of tone, bespeaking unflinching confidence and a solemnity of visage, all which it is necessary he should assume to impress his hearers with the required quantum of belief in his infallibility. Try to stop him! the pertinacity of a mill-wheel is nothing to that with which he will go a-head. Change the subject with the hope of getting him beyond his depth—still he will talk against time. Add to this, a resort to tobacco, as an aider of his dignity, from the use of which no time, or place, or presence deters him, and you have an outline in which those who have resided in a village, or traveled through one, have had the curiosity to look at the side of the tavern bar-room fire-place, may recognize the individual who flourished on this occasion.

Not less important, though less conspicuous, you can discover, on the other side of the room, the disciple of Esculapius. He is just four feet six, in height, and proportionably slim; but sugar-loaf heels to his boots, and an enormous altitude of hair, *roached* perpendicularly, give him, to the eye, a greater stature than niggard nature intended. His dress is studiously neat, though not of the latest fashion, displaying not one wrinkle more nor less than is exactly in accordance with its wearer's ideas of propriety. Ruffled shirts, so long out of fashion with the mass of mankind, seem to be just known to him, if we judge by the amount of cambric displayed over the lappels of his waistcoat, tacked together by a breast-pin of huge dimensions, and exhibiting evidence of having performed a similar office through various consecutive generations. A vein of starch seems to run through the whole external man, which one would think had penetrated to his tongue, so seldom does it protrude a word through a pair of thin colorless lips, constantly compressed, as if he were absorbed in profound speculations on the theories of Boerhaave or Galen. Speak to him—his answer will be short, studied, and non-committal, accompanied with a look of wisdom, a self-important tone, and divers significant nods of the head, importing mystery and an indisposition to unveil the recesses thereof; and if he do eventually strike out for talk, he will stun you with a flood of scientific jargon, which "a second Daniel come to judgement" might not interpret. As we shall have occasion to look at the doctor again, we will leave him, at present, to the superintending care of a lady of undoubted altitude, asking our readers to confess they are a good illustration of Dr. Johnson's "awfully vast and elegantly little," and join the *pulling*, which has already commenced.

For the information of such as are in ignorance of the important movements connected with a candy pulling, I will mention some, by way of introduction. Imprimis, then—a quantity of molasses is boiled, no matter how long, till it attain a tolerable thickness, when it is poured out into large plates and allowed a short time to cool. Secondly and lastly, it is cut in sections, taken in the hands, and a system of pulling is commenced, varying in kind as each one desires.

The first one who made an onset upon the rolls, which lay in abundance on the table, was the hopeful scion of the law whom we have already introduced to the reader. He seized one, and giving one end to a young lady who stood beside him—by the bye, it happened to be the same one whom he threw into a melting mood by his temperance speech in the morning—and they moved off to give way for other applicants. In a short time the whole were supplied, and the most complete system of *tugging* was commenced that has been seen since the days when "Greek met Greek." The grand object of each person was to get the roll of candy away from his or her antagonist. The lawyer was seen struggling as if at the wrong end of a cause, with the same unrelaxed longitude of countenance he had worn through the whole evening, occasionally turning his head aside to disburden his mouth of its gushing contents, while his fair opponent, making the walls echo with her laugh—for though she might have wept over the graphic pictures of intemperance he had drawn, she was yet a laughter-loving creature, and much more active than he,—managed to preserve her grasp in spite of his stronger muscles. At last, by a dexterous

twitch, the roll was broken off close to his hand, and she sprang away through the crowd and re-commenced the play with a modest young man, who was pulling the right hand against the left, in a corner, to the manifest discomfiture of the man of "said and aforesaid."

Our doctor, too, was not idle. Indeed, he exhibited strong symptoms of having his hands full; for he was unfortunately linked with the large lady in whose company we left him, and still more unfortunately had grasped a roll somewhat too massive for his hold, but around which the lengthy digits of the lady were firmly clenched. The struggle was long and doubtful. It was certainly one of the most difficult cases which had occurred in the doctor's practice, and soon attracted the attention of the company, who ceased operations; to follow, as well as they could, by short cuts and heading, the devious course the diminutive M. D. was forced to navigate. Round and round, here and there, backwards and forwards, and sideways; he was unmercifully dragged by his more powerful antagonist. In vain did he brace his high heels against the floor; in vain did he pull back, as if he were dragging at a refractory tooth; the lady was an overmatch for him, and he might have been performing nameless evolutions to this day, had not the roll suddenly parted in the middle. A universal burst of laughter followed this termination of the doctor's set-to; for the impetus he had received precipitated him over a small rocking-chair, from beneath which rose, simultaneously, the agonized and heart-rending squall of a peaceable puss; and, by a sudden turn of his body, seated him plump in a capacious tub—not of *water*, gentle reader—but warm caudy, which was very patiently waiting the inroad of the company. Now the contents were not exactly *hot*, but of a temperature sufficiently high to make a contact with them what might be called *not* comfortable. At least, so thought the doctor; for with the return of his scattered ideas he scrambled forth, certainly the most candi(e)d man in the company, and the very personification of insulted dignity. As he stood upon his feet again—his clothes literally plastered with the adhesive substance, which dripped in strings from them, in every direction—his hands held away from his body, like an urchin's who has been soused in a gutter; and the skirts of his invisible green frock-coat, his *new* frock-coat! gathered up into an indescribable mass, and self-sustained, standing out "*ingens informe*" from his back, a spirit of laughter, ungovernable, and outrageous to the doctor's sensibility, prevailed, and burst forth in pealing cachinnations, which, to his astounded ears, seemed the knell of his dignity and respectability forever. At length he seemed fully awakened to the horrors of his situation, and with a stern and measured gait, "dispensing odoriferous sweets on all around," he made good his retreat.

This effected, and the merriment somewhat subsided, the struggle was resumed with unabated vigor. Restraint was thrown away, and fun and jollity reigned supreme in every breast, and shone in the laughing expression of every countenance. If a comb happened to fall from a lady's head, setting loose her luxuriant ringlets, there was no hand to replace it; or, if a shoe chanced to slip from the delicate foot of its owner, she went without it, for her fingers were encased as within a gauntlet. All the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, as regards elbow-room, were forgotten, or, by common consent, abrogated; and the room, for

the space of an hour, presented the most animated picture of hilarious enjoyment I have ever witnessed. Old bachelors and old maids, who, *par parenthese*, seemed to be constantly pulling against each other; young bachelors, "in the full tide of successful experiment," on the hearts of the young belles; and blooming widows, were all jostled about in the most indescribable confusion, without regard to buckram sleeves or afflicted toes. Vain would it be for me to attempt to give a distinct idea of such a scene: to be understood, it should be looked upon.

At the end of an hour of tireless activity, the candy was laid aside, and a general effort made to disenthral the hands from its pertinacious hold, and restore discomfited dresses to their previous neatness. As soon as this was done, the merry notes of a violin struck up, and, with the dance, and the plays known to the inhabitants of the country, the evening was protracted to a late hour, with undiminished life and animation.

C. D. D.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

PARTED FRIENDS.

WHEN LOVE and FRIENDSHIP dwelt together,
 (Though scarce on speaking terms at present,)
 Love's heart was lighter than a feather,
 And Friendship's face was ever pleasant.

Love's spirits now are something less,
 And Friendship has no smiles to spare—
 The urchin hives with Idleness,
 And Friendship dwells with Doubt and Care.

Yet both—of old—when I was young,
 Would visit oft old Father Duty;
 While Friendship talked, his comrade sung,
 To please that grave man's lady, Beauty.

When Friendship spoke, the dame would listen,
 As though she wished the sermon done;
 When Love began, her eyes would glisten,
 And charm whate'er they turned upon.

These four, if they could but agree,
 And not delight in giving pain,
 Would make so blessed a family,
 As earth may never see again.

But Beauty has another guest,
 For Flattery is a constant visitor;
 And Love, at times, appears distressed,
 While Friendship frowns like an inquisitor.

MILITIA REFORM.

EVERY wise man, before he attempts to introduce any reform, will answer for himself two questions ; First, Does the evil exist which it is proposed to cure ? and second, Does it admit of any *remedy* more desirable than the evil itself ? As to the first of these questions, when applied to the Militia, we apprehend no two persons will give to it different answers. We need no stronger proof than what our own eyes and ears furnish us with, of the reality of the evil which we propose to consider, namely, the *low yet sinking* condition of the militia of our Union. Does any one doubt the fact ? If there be such an one, let him attend the inspections, trainings, and reviews, not merely of a few populous cities, but of the whole country. Let him read the Returns made to the Adjutant-Generals, of the several states, and, especially, if a citizen of Massachusetts, that officer's Report, in this commonwealth, enumerating, among other things, the companies without officers and without organization. Let him learn, too, from that Report, the *startling* fact, that, while the population of the state has been constantly increasing, the number of enrolled militia-men has been diminished. Let him inspect the books of the volunteer companies, and compute the number of "fine members," as they are called, that is, of those who, though of proper age and qualifications, do no military duty. Above all, let him mingle with the mass of the people, and learn what they think and feel in regard to the present condition of the militia. He, who shall make this inquiry, or any part of it, will not, we pledge ourselves, any longer doubt.

But, in truth, the existence of the evil is not doubted ; it is on all hands acknowledged. The public prints have, at various periods, teemed with complaints upon the subject. Even the voice of the pulpit was, on one occasion, at least, heard. All have not agreed in their remedies, but none have denied the necessity of a reform of some kind. Neither have men of influence shown any disposition not to listen to these complaints. The same opinions have been repeatedly expressed in our legislative halls. In compliance with the public sentiment, which seemed imperatively to call for some change, the legislatures of various states have, at different times, made many essential alterations in their systems. The provisions of those various and numerous acts we shall not undertake to examine, except such as may be supposed to have had an extensive and general bearing upon the character and condition of the militia ; and then but incidentally. Of all these *remedies*, which the legislatures, in their wisdom, have provided for existing evils in our Militia System, we shall, for the present, only say, we doubt whether they are likely soon to make it in *reality*, what it is often *asserted* to be, "the right arm of public defence."

Without considering directly the fitness either of the original provisions or of subsequent changes to the accomplishment of those great objects, which we must presume they were designed to effect, we have something to say as to the *causes*, which have produced the present lamentable state of things. These causes may be classed under two heads, natural and artificial ; meaning, by the former, all those natural

events, which legislation has not occasioned, and could not have prevented, if it had foreseen them; and by the latter, those laws and amendments of laws, which, at various times, and for various purposes, the different legislatures have seen fit to enact.

First, then, under the head of natural causes, we say a great change has taken place in our social condition,—we refer particularly to the Atlantic states,—and that this has been an efficient means of depressing the militia. When our country was first settled, immediate necessity of self-defence made every man a soldier. The untamed and the untamable Indian, and the wild beast of the forest, were his neighbors, and his gun the only mode of intercourse, as well as the only means of defence. The farmer, who was unskilled in its use, could hope to save neither his dwelling nor his corn-field. No law was then needed to compel men to keep themselves armed and equipped; for nature's first law, the love of life, had already done that. Necessity, therefore, required every man to keep arms and made him familiar with their use. People became attached to them; and afterwards, when time and increased population had freed them from Indians and wild beasts, the game, with which the woods and marshes abounded, kept up the practice of using them. *Gunning* became the favorite amusement of all classes. In early times, it was frequently even a matter of profit. When game was plentiful a good hunter would make handsome wages from the sale of his skins. The passion for owning and using fire-arms became, in this way, a sort of national characteristic; and this circumstance had no small influence upon the militia. Men were not then, as now, obliged to be at the expense of buying and keeping in order a gun and equipments merely for the purpose of using them two or three times a year on a militia training-field. These were an indispensable part of a man's furniture, whether he trained or not. They were not either, as in some more modern instances, any *refuse* or worn-out things, which he had picked out of some old cast-away rubbish. They were selected with attention, and kept with care. No rust ate into their barrels, no spots stained their stocks. Their owner would have been both mortified and grieved at any neglect of them. But now our condition is wholly different. The Indians, where any remain, are wretched outcasts, and, so far from being able to molest others, are glad to receive, in all humility, any pittance which the charity or pity of the white man may deign to bestow. The wolf and the bear, which once harassed our men and terrified our women and children, are now never seen but in the cages of itinerant show-men. The game, that once filled our valleys and marshes, and repaid the hunter's toil with substantial profit,—although that toil, the manliest of all amusements, is, like virtue, its own reward,—that game has degenerated into here and there a stray fox or deer, a few sea-fowl and such birds, like the robin and the quail, as are so insignificant that even the boy that first tries his erring aim almost disdains them. In consequence, the practice of *gunning* is fast ceasing; few good marksmen are to be found; few new guns are purchased, especially by the yeomanry; and, in a few years, according to present appearances, the skillful use of the gun and the rifle will be extinct. It is easy to see the influence of all this upon the militia. We shall not attempt to make it clearer by illustra-

tion. What makes it a matter of more serious regret is, that no laws can afford any relief. It is the inevitable result of natural causes.

Another, cause of the same sort is to be found in the present and recent peaceful state of this and other civilized nations. Peace has its blessings, rich and great, but yet one of its effects is to unfit men for war; and, moreover, to render unfashionable and unpopular all warlike exercises and all military preparations. Such has been its effect in this country. We have enjoyed a long peace, which has been rich with the usual comforts of such a state. It has afforded us other pursuits, which have absorbed all our spirit, and left no room for military excitement. The passion for military exercises has, in consequence, wholly forsaken us. Nobody sighs now for the "tented field;" and, consequently, none are much interested in any imitations of it. A war for a few years would infuse more military spirit into this nation, and, consequently, do more to raise up the militia than all the enactments that ever darkened the statute-book. This particular incident of a state of peace, as it tends to injure a most valuable public institution, is to be regretted; yet we would not be understood to regret the existence of peace. We are not quite so deeply *in love* with a favorite system as that. We speak only of a single evil flowing from what is, in other respects, and on the whole, a great good.

We have spoken of the influence of a change of habits, occupations, and amusements, and of peaceful pursuits: to these we may add the growth of many populous and wealthy cities, as one of the *natural* causes that have an unfavorable bearing upon the militia. It is a common and true remark, that the common regular portion of the militia is inferior, in discipline and appearance, in the city, to the same portion in the country. While this effect may be in some degree owing to the greater number and superior character of the volunteer companies in the cities, still, it is mainly to be attributed to other causes, among which the peculiar habits and occupations of inhabitants of cities are deserving of particular notice. All that we have said of the change of our habits, through the advancement of cultivation and the diminution of game, applies with tenfold force to cities. There, the citizen frequently has never used a gun. He knows nothing about it,—he cares nothing about it. His exploits have nothing to do with sharp-shooting. The sight and touch of a rifle inspire him with no emotion. In the country, too, a training or muster serves partly for a *holiday*. The very fact of its bringing together so many, whose comparatively distant residences make them unfrequent visitors or companions, prevents a military meeting from being an absolute and wholly unrelieved burden. But in cities, compactness of situation and similarity of employments give easy and ready intercourse with one another, to all who desire it; and no apology, in the shape of military duty, is needed to excuse the spending of time.

Again. That part of the population of cities, who are most likely to become members of the standing companies of militia, contain a much larger proportion of boisterous, unruly persons, whom neither fear nor decency can much restrain. These deter others from connecting themselves with the same companies, disgust the officers, prevent suitable men from taking offices, and, in fine, degrade and disgrace the whole *corps*.

The value of time, too, is greater in cities than in the country, and many, on this account, find it for their interest to pay their fines, rather than to do duty. But we shall touch upon this point hereafter under another head. Suffice it for the present, that through this and other causes of the same tendency, the militia loses the respectability and *tone*, which the presence of men of standing and pride would give it. Shame is of all things most ruinous to military spirit and excellence. In peace, the rewards of this excellence must be found chiefly in show and appearance; but in cities, and with the standing companies, the show is all a *failure*,—the appearances all disgraceful. Nobody's pride, we venture to say, is gratified.

We proceed now to say something of those causes of the decline of the militia, which, for the sake of distinction, we have called *artificial*. Our meaning by this term is, that these causes have originated in the laws and practices of some one or more of the states, and not in the condition of the people. There are peculiar difficulties to be encountered in the very outset, from the variety in the laws prevalent in the different states. It would be altogether improper and unprofitable, in a publication designed for general readers, and those too of all sections, to go into the details and distinctions of each state-law; and, on the other hand, equally unprofitable to give nothing but barren *generalities*. We shall endeavor, as well as we can, to steer clear alike of Scylla and Charybdis; not professing, of course, to enumerate all such causes, but chiefly those, which have come under our own observation or within our hearing.

There are two general plans or systems, after which most of the systems of the several states, in their most important particulars, seem to have been framed. These will furnish us with a foundation for those remaining observations, which we wish to submit upon this subject. One of them provides merely for the organization and equipment of the militia; the other adds to these requirements some degree of discipline. According to the first, the soldiers are required to meet once each year, and present their arms for inspection; according to the second, they commonly meet three or four times in the year, and are drilled and trained, as well as inspected, by their officers.

We shall first consider that system, which provides only for the organization and equipment of the militia. As is well known, Congress have only made a law upon this subject of the most general character; providing only for the enrollment of all within certain ages, excepting the principal civil officers of the federal government, and such other exemptions as the states shall make. The several states have, therefore, made such additional laws as they thought proper. In many of them, the legislatures, willing to relieve their people from what was esteemed a burden, however necessary it might be, have in fact allowed all discipline to be dispensed with. A more important step could not have been taken, so far as the interests of the militia are concerned. We in fact consider the militia, in those states where this principle has been adopted, as almost a *nullity*. What, indeed, is the real worth of that which has been retained? The men are, it is true, divided into companies, regiments, and brigades. Regular lists of the usual officers for each of these divisions are either elected or appointed, and the soldiers, or rather *privates*, (for they cannot be called soldiers,) have arms

either of their own, or borrowed property, which they annually exhibit for inspection and a pretended approbation; and this is all. It may be a little better than nothing; for, through these officers, a channel of communication is kept open between the government of the state and its militia. If a company or regiment were ordered out in full, there would be somebody already appointed to the command, and this would be worth something, as it would prevent bickerings and rivalry. But here we stop: these officers would know nothing of their duty; would never have manœuvred a company, and, of course, not know how to do it then; would have never executed the evolutions ordered by their superior officers, and could not then do it, nor would have ever learned the meaning of those technical terms, in which military orders are expressed. And if, at some school or encampment for officers, they had been taught these things theoretically, they would be ill able to apply them to practice on a battle-field. Substantially the same would be the case of the soldiers. They would have guns in their hands, and would know the names of their officers; and that would be all. They would not know the meaning of those terms in which officers give directions, and, from utter inexperience, could not make a single movement in a body without confusion. We say, then, that under such a system, the militia is almost a *nullity*.

Neither are its ill effects confined to those states which have adopted such a system. They spread into others, filling the people with discontent, and stirring up a thousand murmurs at the unequal and oppressive burdens their legislatures impose upon them. Then, these legislatures are obliged, by the force of popular feeling, to relax, in whole or in part, the rigor and efficiency of their own systems, although against their better judgement. So at last many suffer for the folly of a few. We shall not enlarge upon this topic, as our purpose is not to prove or portray the present degradation of the militia, but to elucidate the causes which have produced it. We regard it, however, as a practical abandonment of the great principles on which all militias are and should be founded; but it would be of little avail to ring the changes upon the evils, present and future, which are likely to follow from it. If people cannot see what is palpable to all, but blind or heedless observers, they must wait till the great teacher, *Experience*, sharpens their vision.

But many of the states have followed, in the formation of their laws, the other general plan to which we alluded, namely, that which undertakes to discipline and instruct, as well as organize and equip, the militia. In them, as might have been expected, the militia is not quite so low and wretched as in the others, and yet far from being what it ought to be. The principal idea of their plan was correct, and, therefore if they have failed to accomplish what was desired, it must be attributed to the filling up, as it were, of the system, to defects in the mode of reducing the leading idea to practice. To some of the most important of these we invite the attention of the reader; of course, they will not be found of universal application, but affecting, some one section or state, and some another.

One of the most efficient of them has been the system of exemptions, the number of which has been very great. We have already remarked, that the general law of Congress, exempts the chief officers of the general government from service in the militia, and gives to each state

the right to add to these, such as it shall see fit. Accordingly, in most of the states, the officers of the several departments of the state governments, together with those whose occupations and pursuits were thought to give them peculiar claims to indulgence, have been, for the most part, exempted; and in many, where several days' service is annually required, the elder part of those within the prescribed age, have been likewise exempted on the condition of paying a small commutation. These last are a very numerous body. The period of service, according to the general law of Congress, is from the age of eighteen to forty-five; and, in those states where this practice obtains, it is usual to exempt all above the age of thirty or thirty-five. It would not be easy to ascertain the exact number of those thus exempted, on account of age, office, or occupation; but, we may safely say, they form at least about one half of the whole enrollment. Some of the evils, which have flown from this source, we will endeavor to point out. They have been most injuriously felt in the country. The population there is comparatively thinly-scattered, and the companies must, therefore, be either small in number, or else include so large an extent of territory as to make it burdensome for the soldier to travel to the training-field. The exemption of one half, at least, and at one blow, as it were, has been, in this respect, a great evil. A single company contains so few members, that all spirit and military pride is extinguished; both officers and men are alike ashamed to appear in public. All those motives which operate most strongly in the mind of the soldier are destroyed. A soldier, that *hangs his head*, will never be seen on a parade-field when he can help it; and he, who does not expect to make part of a public exhibition, will seldom take much pains to be well drilled. The influence of these things has been extensively felt in the country. In many instances it has been impossible to find proper officers; and, in many more, impossible to induce them to accept. The reason of it is plain. To hold a militia office is no longer an honor but rather a disgrace. At any rate the officer, whatever may be his qualifications, never escapes ridicule. If his own department be unassailable, that of his soldiers is always open to attack. Accordingly, the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, in his last Report, informs us that a large number of Mass companies in the country are entirely destitute of officers.

There are other evils that attend this system of numerous exemptions. It will be perceived, from what we have said, that, among those exempted, a considerable proportion belong to the more *refined* classes of society, as they are sometimes called; the members of the learned professions seem to be peculiarly favored, in this respect, with the exception, perhaps, of lawyers. This circumstance has, in our opinion, caused no little injury to the militia system. It has, of course, removed all these from the ranks, and prevented whatever they might have done, toward maintaining the respectability or raising the character of the militia body. Nor is this all. It has occasioned more soreness of feeling, perhaps, than every thing else connected with the system. People saw, or rather *thought* they saw, which is much the same thing, an attempt to impose the burdens of defence upon the poorer and less *genteel* classes of the community. It was, no doubt, a mistaken idea; but as it was honestly entertained, its effects were

nearly as bad as if it had been correct. It is this notion which has gained attention for the multiplied attacks which have of late been made upon the whole system, as well as given virulence and personal feeling to those attacks themselves. There is no necessity for giving any color to such a notion. If there are any officers, who could not, with convenience or propriety, appear in the ranks, let them pay an equivalent. This would make all right and satisfy every body.

This view, in regard to the great number of exemptions, we are anxious to press upon the attention of the reader ; for we think it one of great importance, and yet one which is little considered. There is nothing which excites more dissatisfaction, in the mind of the militia-man, than to see, at every muster or training, a concourse of spectators many times outnumbering the whole body of soldiers. He cannot bring himself to believe that all is right and equal, where so many are free from burdens which he *has* to bear, and which he is taught to consider a universal duty. We do not mean to assert that there is any thing wrong, or, at least, any thing of much importance; we only wish to have it understood that every *appearance* of unfairness should be avoided. Some, we know, are in the habit of representing militia service as a privilege or boon instead of a burden. We do not agree with them at all. In some foreign countries, where tyranny dares not entrust to its subjects the means of defence, we dare say those subjects would esteem it a privilege of great value to be allowed to keep arms. But the situation of our people is very different ; and, consequently, all reasoning drawn from the opinions and feelings of the people of such foreign countries must be fallacious and deceptive. Besides, to go through the formal, tedious drillings of a militia *training*, and to keep fire-arms and use them at one's pleasure are very different things. Neither will the vanity of exhibiting one's self upon a parade-field, nor the love of military exercises, ever transform militia service into a pleasure, except, with a small portion of the people, and these are the proper members of volunteer companies, and none others. It may lighten, but will never change the nature of the burden. Those who think to tickle the fancies of our *working-men*, by holding up such an idea, have much mistaken their character. No doubt, you may occasionally find a silly, inflated officer, prouder of the plume that waves over his head, or the epaulet that glitters on his shoulder, than of good sense and honesty, who may be caught by such a bait. But the great majority always will and must regard service in the militia as a burden, but yet one which they are willing to bear, in common with other citizens, whenever and wherever patriotism may require. Let, then, no apparent distinctions be made which might wound an honorable self-respect. They will not be quietly borne.

Another cause, which has had an extensive influence upon the character and standing of the militia, especially in the cities, is, the system of "fine membership." The laws of most states have made provision for volunteer companies ; those who are members of them are free from duty in the standing or common militia companies. But it is not required that these members should do active duty. They join the volunteer companies with the understanding that they are to pay the fines imposed by law for absence from standing companies, and are thence familiarly

known by the name of "fine members." It has been asserted, though we do not vouch for the truth of the assertion, that, in some cases, captains have compounded with these members for a sum much less than the regular fines. If it ever has been done, it was a gross violation of duty. These fine members are very numerous. Some have been induced to become such, perhaps, by the hope of having part of their fines remitted; but most by fashion and pride. The volunteer companies are composed, for the most part, of the more wealthy or the more fashionable classes; and this, of course, draws to them all those, who, holding a more equivocal position in society, are extremely anxious to be considered of the *first rank*. This effect has been constantly increasing, for a number of years, till at last there is scarcely a single private in any standing company of the great cities, who is not, by occupation, a *manual laborer*: indeed, there are but very few officers who are not of the same class. In the cities, and in large business towns, where one of the chief objects of ambition is to be admitted and received in what is called *good society*, this has an immense influence. The consequence is, that the number of men of standing and substance in the common companies, is very small; of educated men, absolutely none at all. These companies are often badly *officered*, and always badly disciplined. Few have sufficient leisure, military taste, and spare money, to induce or permit them to become active members of the volunteer companies; the great mass of middling and wealthy people, therefore, become "fine members," and between the law on the one hand, and their own pride on the other, are taxed twelve dollars a year, (or whatever may be the amount of the penalty) in the shape of fines, nominally, for the support of the militia, but really, for the support of the volunteers. This is a sum, which young men, with nothing but their heads and hands for a fortune, (and these are a majority,) are ill able to pay. But this is the source from whence the revenues of the volunteers flow, and by means of which they are enabled to maintain their great ostentation and parade, and to pay their enormous expenses for music, and sometimes for entertainments. But the effect of this upon the militia in general is most pernicious. The standing companies are without discipline, and without character; nearly half of the citizens of the proper age and qualifications do no duty at all; while the volunteers, who have but few active members, are alone well disciplined. Nor is this all; a sentiment unfavorable to the militia spreads from the city to the country, and makes the institution itself universally unfashionable and unpopular. Its influence is felt at the present moment, and it is by no means unlikely, that, in the course of a few years, the volunteer companies will themselves be its victims.

Another cause, which has had a very unfavorable influence upon the militia, is, the difficulty of collecting the fines, which the laws impose for the violation of its requirements. No one, not conversant by actual experience, can adequately feel the weight of this difficulty. A breach of the militia statutes is regarded, in law, somewhat in the light of a criminal offence, and the practice of the courts (we refer particularly to Massachusetts in this and subsequent remarks, but suppose the case to be the same in others) requires the prosecution to be conducted with nearly the strictness of an indictment. The process of enrollment must be performed with as much exactness and even as much atten-

tion to forms, as if the rolls were deeds that involved the fate of great estates. Little, trifling inaccuracies or variations will frequently annul the whole proceeding. Every man must be enrolled on the company lists, and furnished with a warrant ordering him to appear at the appointed time and place of meeting. Consequently the place of abode, as well as the name of every individual, must be ascertained. In a crowded city, this may well be thought a work of no little labor and difficulty. How liable, for example, must every clerk be to make mistakes as to the Christian names! Yet the courts have decided that a warrant, which omits or mistakes the middle name or initial, shall be inoperative, although there be, in fact, no uncertainty as to the person meant. Again, somebody must be produced who can swear that the individual on trial was absent or otherwise delinquent, as the case may be. This may not always be easy. Besides, the law makes it the duty of the captain to prosecute every offender; and yet, if, through any of these many liabilities to mistake, he fail to make out his case according to the technicalities of the law, he must pay his own costs of suit. This is a burden which deters all captains from prosecuting to judgement all offenders, unless they are quite certain they can satisfy all the nice, and sometimes technical, requirements, of the courts. The injurious effects of this upon the militia are very evident. In the first place, a great number escape from paying any fines at all. As I have observed, if the captain does not feel certain that he can prove the liability of the delinquent, he does not attempt to do it. In this way, many others are encouraged to hope for the same impunity. If their friends and acquaintances escape, why may not they? They are emboldened to try at least. From the difficulties of proof a great many do escape; and when they do not, the embittered spirit that is engendered in a lawsuit, makes them ever after the unrelenting foes of the militia and its officers. How much of the present ill-will, manifested towards this institution, has proceeded from this cause, it is impossible definitely to estimate; but none, who have had opportunity personally to observe its influence, will think it small. We think a *partial* remedy, at least, for this evil, might be discovered; but we cannot now discuss it.

We have mentioned, at considerable length, those causes which, in our opinion, have been chiefly instrumental in producing the present state of the militia. There is one more, which we shall but just glance at. It is the general coldness of feeling, amounting, in many instances, to absolute contempt, which is shown by a majority of the most influential members of society. This is not a point, which can be made stronger or plainer by any extended discussion. Let every reader look about him and listen to the tones which men of education and refinement allow themselves habitually to indulge in towards this institution, or rather towards its officers and members. What are the epithets applied to the public parades? what the names given to the *poor*, *pelted* standing companies? For ourselves, we cannot endure, that this noble system, built up as it is upon the true principles of genuine republicanism, equal social rights, and common social interests, should ever be treated with arrogant contempt or even levity. No considerate patriot will ever indulge such feelings, much less openly express them.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

IN reading, lately, the "Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature" for October, 1833, I was gratified by observing, amongst other things, the critical remarks upon the little poem named at the head of this article. Perhaps there is nothing in the poetry of any language more touching than this little fragment, which has floated down to us safely, over the billows of twenty-five hundred years. Its language appeals directly to the tenderest human sympathies, in a way at once pathetic and familiar, and affects us like some homely but beautiful ballad, with which we have been acquainted from childhood. In the work referred to, eleven different versions, nine English and two Latin, are given: and after so many efforts of poets and scholars, it may be thought presumptuous to attempt another translation. But it seemed to me that some of the passages, at least, might be rendered anew, with more faithfulness to the original, and preserving, at the same time, some character of poetical expression. In this spirit I have endeavored to turn it into verse, and you have below the fruit of my labors. I did intend to make a note or two upon the Greek text, rather as suggestions than opinions; but concluded that they would not prove interesting to many of your readers.

TRANSLATION.

WHEN, upon the well-wrought chest,
Fiercely beat the howling wind,
And the ocean's heaving breast
Filled with terror Danaë's mind;—

All in tears, her arm she throws
Over Perseus, as he lay:—
"O, my babe," she said, "what woes
On thy mother's bosom weigh!

"Thou dost sleep with careless breast,
Slumbering in this dreary home,—
Thou dost sweetly take thy rest,
In the darkness and the gloom.

"In thy little mantle there,
Passing wave thou dost not mind,
Dashing o'er thy clustering hair,
Nor the voices of the wind.

"Yet if thou, my beauteous one!
Felt the weight of this deep woe,—
Not unconscious would my son
Hear his mother's sorrows now.

"Yet sleep on, my babe, I pray,—
Sleep thou too, tumultuous deep!
And th' unmeasured cares that stay
On my heart,—let them too sleep!

"Father Jove! I ask of thee,—
Vain their evil counsels make!
And, though bold the prayer may be,
Right my wrongs, for Perseus' sake."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER XVII.

HAVING, I trust, fully established, to the perfect satisfaction of every candid reader, the monstrous frauds and impostures of the histories of Temple, Clarendon, and their followers, as regards the condition of the Irish, and the horrible persecutions and rapine to which they were subjected previous to the year 1641, I now proceed to the examination of the pretended conspiracy of that year, asserted to have been devised by the Irish Catholics in the midst of that golden age of prosperity and happiness—that security of person and property, and that mild indulgence in the exercise of their religion—so admirably consistent, and so compatible, with the demolition of one church and the confiscation of fifteen, for the celebration of divine service—and the “hardened cruelty, vile perjury, and scandalous subornations, employed to defraud the unoffending proprietor of his inheritance.”*

The farrago of this conspiracy is so truly absurd, that it carries fraud and falsehood and perjury and projected rapine and confiscation and legalized murder on its forehead, in the most legible characters. Let us see what it is in reality.

Sir John Temple gravely informs us, that on Friday, the 22d of October, 1641, at nine o'clock at night, Owen O'Conally, a Protestant, a servant of Sir John Clotworthy,† (one of the most rancorous and virulent enemies, and a most ravenous plunderer of the Roman Catholics) came to his house in the city of Dublin, and informed him that on Tuesday, the 19th of that month, being at Monimore, in the county of Londonderry, about ninety-five miles from Dublin,‡ he received a letter from Hugh Oge McMahon, an Irish colonel, inviting him to a meeting at Conaught, in the county of Monaghan (supposed to be midway between Monimore and Dublin)—that, accordingly, he prepared and started for Conaught—that on his arrival there on Wednesday, he found that McMahon, notwithstanding his invitation, had gone to Dublin—that he followed him, and arrived there on Friday, the 22d, at six o'clock, P. M. having traveled ninety miles in four days, in the fall of the year when the roads must have been hardly passable—that he found him at his lodgings at Oxmantown, out of the city—that they went into the city to the lodgings of Lord Maguire—that, not finding Maguire at his lodgings in the city, they returned to McMahon's lodgings at Oxmantown, out of the city—that McMahon informed him that there would be “that night great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen of the Irish Papists from all parts of the kingdom; that they would possess themselves of his Majesty's ammunition to-morrow, being Saturday; that they would batter the chimnies—and, if the city would not yield, they

* Leland, Vol. II. page 549.

† To add to the weight of the testimony of this perjurer, he is in some parts of the narrative styled “a gentleman”—but as liars are rarely consistent, he is designated in his proper capacity of “a servant,” in a letter from the lords justices to the lord lieutenant, dated October 25, 1641.

“May it please your lordship,—On Friday, the 22d of this month, after nine o'clock at night, this bearer, Owen O'Conally, SERVANT TO SIR JOHN CLOTWORTHY, KNIGHT, came to me, the lord justice Parsons, to my house, &c. &c. [Temple's History, Dublin, 1794, page 37.]

‡ Monimore appears on the map in a direct line, eighty-five miles from Dublin—but from the bende to pass, and hills to cross, it may be assumed to be ninety. The town of Conaught is not on any map.

would batter down the houses;" that "they would in all parts of the kingdom, destroy all the Protestants there *to-morrow morning* by nine or ten o'clock;" and that, "in all seaports and other towns of the kingdom, all the Protestants should be killed *this night*."

In this awful crisis, what course does Sir John Temple take, to save himself and the rest of the Protestants from impending destruction? First, he sends O'Conally, who was drunk, and of course admirably calculated for such a mission, to McMahan, "*to get out of him as much certainty of the plot as he could!!!*" 2. He goes *privately*, about ten o'clock, to Lord Borlase's house, *without the town!* 3. He sends for such of the Council as were then *in town!* 4. He, and the counsellors who came *from the town*, "fell into consultation what was fit to be done, attending the return of O'Conally." 5. O'Conally being brought to them, and being too drunk to give in his testimony, "they gave him the convenience of a bed!!"* 6. When he had slept himself sober, they took his testimony, as below. 7. They then *set a watch privately* on the lodgings of McMahan *in the town*, while they remained *out of the town*. 8. Having sat up all night, *out of town*, in consultation, they sent, in the morning before day, *into town*, and seized McMahan, with his servant, at his lodgings. 9. And having, from various circumstances, "*gathered* that Lord Maguire was to be an actor in surprising the Castle of Dublin, they sent to secure him also."

The reader will probably suppose that I have been amusing him with some fabulous tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, or from the Fairy Tales—for he well knows that there is nothing more absurd in these veritable histories, than this legend. But, to remove such a delusion from his mind, I annex the narrative and the deposition, verbatim, from Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion:—

1. "The lords justices had not any certain notice of the general conspiracy of the Irish until the 22d of October, in the very evening before the day appointed for the surprise of the castle and city of Dublin.

2. "The conspirators being, many of them, arrived within the city, and having that day met at the Lion tavern, near Copper alley, and there turning the drawer out of the room, ordered their affairs together, drunk healths upon their knees to the happy success of the next morning's work.

3. "Owen O'Conally, a gentleman of a mere Irish family, but one that had long lived among the English and been trained up in the true Protestant religion, came unto the lord justice Parsons, ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK THAT EVENING!!

4. "And made him a broken relation of a great conspiracy for the seizing upon his majesty's castle of Dublin.

5. "He gave him the names of some of the chief conspirators! assured him that they were come up expressly to the town for the same purpose; and that next morning they would undoubtedly attempt, and surely effect it, if their design were not speedily prevented;

6. "And that he had understood all this from Hugh McMahan, one of the chief conspirators, who was then in the town, and came up *but the very same afternoon*, for the execution of the plot;

7. "And with whom, indeed, he had been drinking somewhat liberally; and, as the truth is, did then make such a broken relation of a matter that seemed so incredible in itself, as that his lordship gave very little belief to it at first!!!

* Borlase, a member of the council, at whose house the deposition is said to have been taken, states the drunkenness of O'Conally thus:—

"In the disturbance of which perplexity, Owen O'Conally comes, 'or, as others write, was brought,' where the lords justices were then met; sensible that his discovery was not thoroughly believed, professing that whatever he had acquainted the lord Parsons with, 'touching the conspiracy,' was true.

"And could he but repose himself, (*the effects of drink being still upon him*), he should discover more.

"Whereupon he had the convenience of a bed."

[Borlase's History, folio, London, 1680.]

8. "In regard it came from an obscure person, and one, as he conceived, somewhat distempered at that time.

9. "But howsoever, the lord Parsons gave him order to go again to McMahon!!! and get out of him as much certainty of the plot!!! with as many particular circumstances, as he could!!! straightly charging him to return back unto him the same evening!!!

10. "And in the mean time, having, by strict commands given to the constable of the castle, taken order to have the gates thereof well guarded, as also with the mayor and sheriffs of the city, to have strong watches set upon all the parts of the same, and to make stay of all strangers,

11. "He went privately!! about ten of the clock that night, to the lord Borlase's house, without the town, and there acquainted him with what he understood from O'Conally.

12. "They sent for such of the council as they knew then to be in the town.

13. "But there came only unto them that night Sir Thomas Rotheram and Sir Robert Meredith, chancellor of the exchequer: with these they fell into consultation what was fit to be done!!!! attending the return of O'Conally.

14. "And finding that he staid somewhat longer than the time prefixed, they sent out in search after him;

15. "And found him seized on by the watch, and so he had been carried away to prison, and the discovery that night disappointed,

16. "Had not one of the lord Parsons's servants, expressly sent, amongst others, to walk the streets, and attend to the motion of said O'Conally, come in, and rescued him, and brought him to the lord Borlase's house.

17. "O'Conally having somewhat recovered himself from his distemper, occasioned partly, as he said himself, by the horror of the plot revealed to him, partly by his too liberal drinking with McMahon, that he might the more easily get away from him, (he beginning much to suspect and fear his discovering of the plot.)

18. "Confirmed what he had formerly related, and added these further particulars set down in his examination, as followeth:—

"The examination of Owen O'Conally, gentleman, taken before us, whose names cause, October 22, 1641..

"Who being duly sworn and examined, saith:—

19. "That he being at Monimore, in the county of Londonderry, on Tuesday last! he received a letter from Colonel Hugh Oge McMahon, desiring him to come to Conaught, in the county of Monaghan, and to be with him on Wednesday or Thursday last!

20. "Whereupon he, this examine, came to Conaught, on Wednesday night last;

21. "And finding the said Hugh come to Dublin, followed him hither;

22. "He came hither about six of the clock this evening!

23. "And forthwith went to the lodging of the said Hugh, to the house near the Boat, in Oxmantown;

24. "And there he found the said Hugh, and came, with the said Hugh, into the town, near the pillory, to the lodging of the Lord Macguire;

25. "Where they found not the lord within; and there they drank a cup of beer;

26. "And then went back again to the said Hugh his lodging.

27. "He saith, that at the Lord Macguire his lodging, the said Hugh told him that there were and would be this night great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen of the Irish Papists, from all the parts of the kingdom, in this town;

28. "Who with himself had determined to take the castle of Dublin, and possess themselves of all his majesty's ammunition there, to-morrow morning, being Saturday;

29. "And that they intended first to batter the chimnies of the said town; and if the city would not yield, then to batter down the houses;

30. "And so to cut off all the Protestants that would not join with them!

31. "He further saith, that the said Hugh then told him, that the Irish had prepared men in all parts of the kingdom, to destroy all the English inhabiting there, to-morrow morning by ten of the clock!!

32. "And that in all the sea-ports, and other towns in the kingdom, all the Protestants should be killed this night!! and that all the posts that could be, could not prevent it;

33. "And further saith, that he moved the said Hugh to forbear executing of that business, and to discover it to the state, for the saving of his own estate ;

34. "Who said he could not help it ; but said that they did owe their allegiance to the king, and would pay him all his rights ; but that they did this for the tyrannical government was over them, and to imitate Scotland, who got a privilege by that course ;

35. "And he further saith, that when he was with the said Hugh, in his lodging, the second time, the said Hugh swore, that he should not go out of his lodging that night ; but told him that he should go with him the next morning to the castle ; and said, if this matter were discovered, some body should die for it ;

36. "Whereupon this examine feigned some necessity for his easement ; went down out of the chamber, and left his sword in pawn ; and the said Hugh sent his man down with him ; and when this examine came down into the yard, and finding an opportunity, he, this examine, *leapt over a wall and two pales !!* and so came to the lord justice Parsons.

"October 22, 1641.

WILLIAM PARSONS,
THOMAS ROTHERAM,
ROBERT MEREDITH,
OWEN O'CONNALLY."

37. "*Hereupon the lords took present order to have a watch privately set upon the lodging of McMahon, as also upon the lord Macguire !!!!!*

38. "And so they sat up all that night in *consultation !!!* having far stronger presumptions upon this latter examination taken than any ways at first they could entertain.

39. "The lords justices, upon a further consideration, there being come unto them *early next morning!* several others of the privy council, *sent before day, and seized upon McMahon, then with his servant in his own lodging.*

40. "Upon examination, he did without much difficulty confess the plot, resolutely telling them, that *on that very day, all the forts and strong places in Ireland would be taken !!*

41. "That he, with the lord Macguire, Hugh Birn, captain Brian O'Neil, and several other Irish gentlemen, were come up expressly to surprize the castle of Dublin.

42. "That *twenty men out'of each county in the kingdom !!!* were to be here to join with them.

43. "That *all the lords and gentlemen in the kingdom, that were Papists, were engaged in this plot !!!*" [Temple, pp. 18, 19, 20, & 21.]

This, gentle reader, is the history of the plot of the *Roman Catholics of Ireland to massacre all the Protestants that would not join with them*, taken verbatim from Temple's veracious narrative, as told by the accusers themselves—a plot, the reality of which has been assumed by all the historians from that time to the present, even by Lingard, who has taken the falsehoods of his predecessors on trust. And I ask you whether there ever was, or ever could be, a more ridiculous or absurd tale fabricated—and whether the folly and Bæotian stupidity of the fabrication are not fully equal to the atrocious wickedness of the object, as stated by Leland.

Can there be found, in this entire nation, a single man so ridiculous as to believe that a Roman Catholic colonel, engaged in a plot to destroy all the *Protestants* that would not join with the conspirators, would send forty or fifty miles for a *Protestant servant* to reveal the secret to him ? that after having made the appointment, he would have left the place fixed ; that the Protestant would have been able, in the dark, and fatigued with a long journey, to find out the lodgings of an entire stranger newly arrived in town ; that had Sir John Temple been informed at *nine o'clock at night* of a most murderous conspiracy to explode next morning for his destruction, and that of hundreds of thousands of his Protestant brethren, he would have sent back the informer, who

was then drunk, and whose absence from the house of the chief conspirator must have excited suspicion, "to get as much certainty of the plot as he could"—that he would then go out of town, and send for the other counsellors into town—that they should sit up all night, "deliberating what was to be done" in such an awful emergency, and not determine on seizing the chief conspirator, till morning?

He who can believe this, has a more capacious œsophagus for swallowing romance than the celebrated Jew, Apella. M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, May 9, 1834.

LETTER XVIII.

To diversify the subject, and relieve the sombre style of my communications, I shall here collect together some anecdotes of a kind which may be styled "light summer reading," and which, perhaps, may amuse some of my readers, and be more acceptable than the tales of blood, which would otherwise occupy this letter. I was traveling many years since to the South, in the stage with Joseph Gales, sen. at a time when parties ran very high throughout the United States. In the stage at Baltimore was a very gentlemanly New-England man, whom neither of us knew, and by whom neither of us was known. He had, as we found afterwards, established a violent Federal paper in some part of Maryland, Easton, I believe. We soon entered into free conversation, on various subjects, and among the rest, on politics. I asked him what was the state of politics where he resided? He replied with a rueful countenance,—“O, sir, we Federalists have no chance of success here: we are borne down by a host of foreign renegadoes.” This was obviously not very palatable to the ears of the foreign renegado who had asked the question, nor to Mr. Gales. Some time afterwards, Mr. Gales having descended from the stage, our *compagnon de voyage* asked me, “Who is that gentleman?” “Sir,” says I, with great gravity, “he is an Englishman—Mr. Joseph Gales, Editor of the Raleigh newspaper, one of those *foreign renegadoes*, on whom you have been lavishing your compliments.” “Sir,” says he, “I beg pardon; I did not mean the English. I meant the Irish.” This was completely out of the frying-pan into the fire. “Then, sir,” replied I, “the compliment belongs to me, for I am an Irishman.” It is easy to judge how unpleasantly he must have felt at the discovery. We traveled together as far as Richmond; and I several times, at the tables d’hôte, told the story laughingly, to show how guarded people ought to be in conversing in mixed companies, and how fairly this gentleman had been caught. He good-humoredly joined in the laugh.

Another time I was traveling from Salem to Boston, at a period when the horrors of the reign of Robespierre had excited the indignation of the mass of the nation. There was in the stage a very loquacious old lady, who said she wished well to all nations but the French and the Irish. “Madam,” says I, “to prevent your going farther, and saying what I know must be painful to you on retrospection, I think proper to inform you that I belong to the second of those nations, which you so pointedly reprobate.”

I once traveled from Boston as far, I think, as Kennebunk, with a Mr. Coolidge, a wild harum-scarum young Bostonian, full of frolic and

fun, who, as he told me afterwards, had the day before applied at the stage office for a passage; but finding my name on the book, had determined to postpone his journey; as, having so often seen my name coupled with bibles, testaments, and psalters, he had supposed I must be "some d——d methodist parson." He accordingly went home, but found that his business would suffer if he delayed his journey, and returned therefore to enter his name for a passage. I happened to be at that time in high spirits, as I am generally in traveling, and, before we got off the Boston pavement, convinced him how egregiously he had mistaken my character. There was an old lady in the stage, whom I persuaded that Mr. Coolidge was a bachelor, in quest of a wife. She was going to Newburyport, to visit her daughter, a widow, and also a marriageable grand-daughter; and she directly commenced the trade of "a manoeuvrer," detailing the various qualifications and virtues of both, in hopes of inducing Coolidge to stop at Newburyport, to pay attention to one or other of the ladies of the family. I need not say the lure was thrown out in vain. I passed Coolidge at most of the stage offices at which we stopped, as a deaf man, calling out at the top of my voice, "Mr. Coolidge, what will you drink?" or asking some other question, and then left him with the landlords, who would bawl out close to his ear; and he, to humor the joke, would assume a vacant stare, and ask—"Did you speak to me, sir? What did you say?" This was a source of merriment throughout our whole journey. I spoke to almost every person we met on the road—beckoned boys back to take charge of pretended letters, a foolish practice not uncommon in those days, when travelers took more liberties than they do at present. In a word, nothing was left undone that could contribute to enjoyment—and I venture to say, that few stage parties ever enjoyed themselves more completely than Mr. Coolidge and his supposed methodist parson. When I was about leaving the stage, I accosted one of the other passengers, a Mr. King, a man with a very quizzical countenance, who had been remarkably silent. "Mr. King," says I, "you are a great *cheat*." "How so, sir?" says he with great surprise. "Why," I replied, "you have a physiognomy that promises a whole volume of frolic and fun, and you have hardly said a word." "By gosh," says he, "you have fairly beat me out: I never was beat in traveling before." Mr. Coolidge is at present a sober and respectable citizen of Boston, father of a large and interesting family.

Some years since, Mr. Fitzwhylsonn, a highly respectable citizen, an inhabitant of Richmond, a long time a correspondent of mine, dined with me on a Sunday. He had been to St. Augustine's church, and took occasion to observe, that every thing there was conducted in a grand style; "but," added he, "it is all show—all ceremony. There is no religion in it." I allowed him to go on to the end of his tether, and then observed, smilingly, "I cannot, my dear sir, resist the temptation to inform you, that you are at this moment surrounded by members of that congregation." He was thunderstruck. "Good heavens!" says he, "has ever man so completely taken himself in? I had always fancied myself one of the most liberal of men on the score of religion, and behold, I have made a most miserable display of illiberal prejudice." Every time we have met since, we have had a hearty laugh at the adventure.

In traveling from New-York to Philadelphia, some years since, the slenderness of my knowledge of the French led me into a most egregious error, and excited the displeasure of a splendid French lady, who was in the stage. She had lived a long time in New-York, and yet spoke the English language very imperfectly. I told her she ought to speak English constantly, when she was in company with English or Americans; that this was the only way in which she could acquire it. "Monsieur," says she, "*j'ai honte*," I am ashamed; literally "I have shame." Reiterating her own word. I replied "*Madame, je croyais que les dames Françaises n'avaient pas de honte*"—whereas I ought to have said, as I really meant, "*mauvaise honte*." She was exasperated, and told me indignantly, that the French ladies had as much "*shame*" (meaning modesty) as the Americans; and that there was more immorality practised in New-York than in Marseilles, of which she was a native, or in Martinique, where she had long resided. It was in vain that I repeatedly pledged my honor, that I had not meant to affront her; that I was led into error solely by repeating her own word. It was equally in vain that I appealed to some of the passengers who understood French, who testified that the mistake was perfectly natural, and was justified by the imperfection of my knowledge of her language. Nothing could pacify her, and after several vain attempts, I relinquished the hope of soothing her feelings; and she scarcely spoke another word during the rest of the journey.

LETTER XIX.

SHORTLY after my arrival in this country, I went to Baltimore, where I lodged with an Acadian woman, who one day asked me what countryman I was. I replied, that I was an Irishman. She stared, opened her eyes, and appeared surprised. I asked her what was the matter? what was the cause of the surprise she expressed? She said, that she had not supposed that the Irish spoke the English language so well. I did not feel in the least degree flattered by this, as I had really believed that I spoke my native language very correctly. It is to be observed, that there are many natives of Dublin, who are persuaded that the upper classes of society in their city speak English as correctly, and the middle classes far more so, than the Londoners, with their *higgs*, and their *harms*, and their *osses*, and their *olidays*. Of this question it may be fairly said, "*adhuc sub judice lis est*." Be this as it may, I thought no more of the compliment than if she had mentioned the color of my eyes or of my hair. Some time afterwards I met with a little Irishman, who had lodged in the same house, and who had a more villanous brogue than I had ever heard in Thomas-street market, Dublin, where the inhabitants of six or seven circumjacent counties "most do congregate," to dispose of their various commodities. Speaking of his landlady in the broadest brogue, he gravely told me, "she wad ne believe I was an Irishmon, I spok the English langige so well." I burst out into one of the loudest fits of laughter I ever enjoyed, at the discovery, that this was a ruse, which the landlady played off upon all her Irish boarders, to tickle their vanity; and then, for the first time in my life, I began to doubt the correctness of my parts of speech.

When I printed the Pennsylvania Evening Herald, William Prichard, a bookseller of Philadelphia, a Welchman, a mere postaster,

handed to my partner, Mr. Spotswood, an epitaph on a friend, a schoolmaster, who had recently died. Spotswood, who was careless and thoughtless, put it into his pocket without mentioning it to me, who was the editor. By one of those *contre temps*, or rather in this instance coincidences, that sometimes queerly occur, "thinking nought" of the bookseller, or his epitaph, I inserted, that day, Dr. Ladd's humorous epitaph on an old horse:—

" Let no facetious mortal laugh,
To see a horse's epitaph;
Lest some old steed, with saucy phiz,
Should have the sense to laugh at his;
As well he might, for prove we can,
The courser equal to the man.
" This horse was of supreme degree;
At least, no common steed was he:
He scorned the tricks of sly trepanners,
And never horse had better manners.
He scorned to tell a lie, or wince
His words, by clipping half their sense;
But if he meant to show you why,
He 'd out with 't, let who would be by.
And (how can man the blush restrain?)
Ne'er took his Maker's name in vain!
A better servant horse was never;
His master owned that he was clever.
Then to his equals all obliging,
To his inferiors quite engaging;
A better Christian, too, I trow,
Than some denominated so.
In him we the good father find,
The dutious son, the husband kind;
The friend sincere—though, not to brag,—
The honest and well-meaning nag.
" Then let these fools, who vainly laugh
To see a horse's epitaph,
Go grope among the human dust,
And find an epitaph more just."

The poet was so anxious to see himself in print, that he could not wait for the delivery of the paper, but sent for it to the office. He turned it, inside and outside, and sought for his favorite lucubration in vain. He was in a most violent passion. The mere neglect or omission of his epitaph would have been sufficient to arouse his Welch blood, and set him in a flame. But to have a horse substituted for his learned friend, was an affront not to be borne. He ordered his name struck off the list of subscribers, and was with some difficulty dissuaded from sending me a challenge. His resentment did not subside for years.

The Abbe Coria, Portuguese Minister in this country, had a high reputation for wit, humor, pointed sayings, and profound remarks. But I have doubted whether he was not a man of great preparation and study, and that many of his choice sayings, which were regarded as impromptus, were not prepared for the purpose, ready to be fired off when occasion offered,—which occasion he had the address frequently to produce, without danger of detection. It is well known, that when a man's reputation for wit or humor is established, and when he knows how to give weight to what he says, by a sagacious nod of the head, a meaning shrug, or a wink, he can pass off his copper coins for silver.

All this, so far as the Abbe is concerned, is delivered with some hesitation. Let it pass for what it is worth, and no more. The following anecdote may serve to shed some light on the subject.

When Lady Morgan's France made its appearance, I was highly delighted with it, in spite of the glaring folly that pervades its pages, of the constant introduction of French, *apropos des bottes*, a folly too common with many authors of the present day, but with none to such an absurd extent as this lady.

This folly I overlooked, in consequence of the striking and exhilarating picture she drew of the melioration of the condition of the great mass of the nation, and the improvement of the morals of the higher orders of society; both of which advantages appeared prominently through the work, and inclined me to regard them as in some degree atoning for the tremendous horrors of the revolution. While I was in this mood, as regarded her work, the Abbe came one day into my store, and I asked him what he thought of it? "Why, sir," says he, with that dictatorial air which he well knew how to assume, on all questions of literature, "it is a mere catch-penny. She had a basket of names on one side of her desk, and a basket of anecdotes on the other—and she picked up a name and an anecdote, and tacked them together pretty much at random." Indignant at this absurd criticism, I observed how very extraordinary it must have been, that a lady so long before the public, and with a respectable character as a writer, notwithstanding the affectation by which her writings were occasionally disfigured, should thus commit herself, being so immediately open to detection, if guilty of such outrageous imposture; having given the names of persons and places well known to the literary world. "Pray, sir," says I, "will you be so good as to point out one or two of those cases? as I am really anxious to satisfy my mind respecting a work which has afforded me so much gratification." This was a poser. The Abbe took the book—tossed over some of its pages for three or four minutes—took out his watch—pleaded an engagement—went off without stating one instance in proof of the correctness of his ill-natured criticism—and I never saw him more. A *tete-a-tete* conversation, which I had had with him some time before, was not calculated to induce me to subscribe to the general opinion entertained of his intellectual powers. I believed, and still believe, that a nice tact, great address, skillful management, and a commanding tone, had accomplished for him, what they have effected for thousands before him; that is to say, operated with the effect of a microscope on the endowments bestowed on him by nature.

A man of sense may artifice disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.

The true Pathos. To an importunate mendicant, whom I had sometimes relieved, I said one day, on giving him a trifle—"Do not let me see you again for a long time." He conformed to the direction, and refrained from applying for seven months. At length he ventured to bring and hand me a billet, of which I annex a copy, verbatim et literatim:—

"Sir—You desired me, last time you relieved me, not to call for a long time. It was a few days after Easter. To a wretch in distress "it is a very long time!"

Yours, gratefully,

Nov. 14.

R. W.

I had been five or six years writing on the subject of Cotton Crops, Cotton Manufactures, Cotton Tariffs, and Cotton Prices Current, when, about nine or ten years since, traveling through Maryland in a stage with Mr. J. Gales, jun. and several members of Congress, I saw a plant, of a species that I had never seen before, and asked Mr. Gales what it was. He satisfied my curiosity by the information that it was the very plant which had furnished matter for so many of my lucubrations.

M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, June 12, 1834.

MY LODGINGS.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. SHAKESPEARE.

"BLESS me! what a world it is!—all ups and downs, and downs and ups." Such was a sample of my cogitations as I reached the last step of the fourth flight leading to my Attic—my quiet, sublime Attic, commanding a noble view of the Hudson river, and sundry small sloops,—which view, by the way, is greatly improved by the church-yard, which lies *vis à vis* in melancholy repose.

I have always had a dash of philosophy about me, and Heaven knows how many fine reflections I might have made, had my foothold not given way as I touched the threshold of my aerial paradise, and had not I, by the force of rotary motion, and to my entire inconvenience, been sent to the shades below,—for it was pitch dark.

"Are you hurt much, Mr. B——?" said Timothy Vocal, issuing from his narrow cubby-hole, which he, to the utter violation of truth and plausibility, denominated his "room," and sometimes, in virtue of a small closet where his three shirts were deposited, his "apartments."

Timothy was a clever fellow, after his fashion,—but Timothy was, beyond controversy, an insufferable bore—he had caught the epidemic too, and was eternally buzzing into your ears, "Rise, gentle moon," or, "Mild as the moonbeam," without regard to time, place, or presence. I hate a mere musical character, with a most sincere inveteracy—from the bottom of my soul, I do detest and abhor him—and more than once did I threaten Timothy with a petition to the Corporation, to have him abated as a nuisance. "Rise, gentle moon," quoth Tim—the musical puppy!

Well, says Tim, "Are you hurt *much*?" Should I confess it to him, thought I, though I were murdered?—Never.

"Hurt!" cried I; "a good joke, to be sure, if a gentleman can't roll down stairs for his amusement, without exciting the tender solicitude of all his acquaintance;" and here I rubbed my shin, under the pretence of adjusting my strap.

Timothy opened his eyes; the divertisement I had chosen must have seemed somewhat unique. I hate to be questioned about facts, so I bade Tim a good night, and pleasant dreams, whilst he reluctantly retreated into his box, with a stave of "Rise, gentle moon," rising to his lips.

I reached my room, lighted my lucifer, and communicated the flame to an especial tallow candle. Now, thought I, for a little quiet. In a

moment the key was turned, and, with my flannel dressing robe about me, I threw my battered body into an antique arm chair, and, after lighting a cigar, took up the Anatomy of Melancholy, by way of soothing my spirits.

Murder! murder! there's that horrid woman, the mistress of the house, scolding at her Irish handmaiden, from the head of the stairs, and, of course, at the top of her voice. I wish the devil had all the scolding women in the universe.

"Fire! fire! fire!" cries a croaking vagabond, just under my window; "fire! fire! fire!" echo a hundred voices at once, catching the favorite and familiar sound. Good heavens! how the fire, the cry, I mean, spreads in all directions; every watchman is bawling, every urchin is yelping, "fire! fire!" "Go ahead, 23." Curse 23, I wish 23 and her whole company were in the ocean. Well, at last all is quiet once more.

What impertinent scoundrel, can that be, knocking at my door? Down goes the Anatomy, round goes the key, and in walks Mr. Massachusetts Smith, a species of exquisite and would-be *litterateur*.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Smith; (God forgive me,) pray be seated."

Smith is horribly *tonguey*, but his words are like water, spread over a wide surface: he was never guilty of a pointed remark in his life; he is my fellow-lodger, however, and I must treat him with decency. I draw the cork of some particular hock of '22; the green glasses are filled to the brim. Mr. Massachusetts Smith, does n't smoke, it makes him sick, *tant pis*; so much the less chance of arresting the volubility of his tongue. At first the scene stands thus—

Smith, loquitur,—no matter what he says.

B—, drinks.

Smith, loquitur.

B—, smokes,—puff—puff.

"Apropos," cries Smith, "did I ever read you a story of mine, called Lionel the Lawless?"

Heaven forbid! I inwardly ejaculated. "No, my dear Sir, you never did; but I have no doubt, that I shall see it soon in print, and I should lose half the pleasure of reading it, by hearing it read."

"Oh! you need n't mind that; I want your opinion of it, I'll go and get it."

Worthy reader, with honest sincerity, I can put my hand upon my heart, and declare, by all my hopes of heaven, that I envy no man the feelings which I experienced, during the little space which intervened between the departure and return of my torture. A cold perspiration burst over my frame, and my very hair bristled at the thought of what I was about to endure, and that too in my own citadel, my chosen sanctuary: it was too, too abominable. Sorrow is vain, however, and I was forced to "screw my courage to the sticking point," *nolens volens*, for the thing was past praying for. I had one consolation left, my cigars, and I did not spare them. All things must have an end,—so Smith's story had, though my recollection does not go so far back as its beginning. I approved it highly, deplored that it had been kept so long from the world, and joined the gifted author in regrets, that another story of his had been lent out, to my damage, I suppose, of another evening,—the deuce take it. (Exit Smith.)

Let me see,—what shall I read,—a chapter in Job, or a few pages of Priestley's Autobiography?—bah! I shall never get over this shock. Striking twelve, eh! well, I'll go to bed, and try to sleep it off.

"Dingle, dingle, dingle!" Now what can that little bell mean? it can't be breakfast time yet. I rub my eyes, yawn, stretch, rush to the window. A rainy morning, delicious climate, charming May, exquisite Spring. Fire and fury! what a dull, scraping, tearing apology for a razor. I shall certainly see-saw all the skin off my chin. What democratic linen! it might pass for bombazine. I wish I knew who invented shirts; I would burn him in effigy every morning.

Here I am, at last, seated at the breakfast table, as it is called. "Very sorry," squeaks my landlady, for the three hundred and sixty-fourth time, during the last year, to my certain knowledge, "very sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that the coffee is burnt, especially as I have nothing but Graham bread in the house."

Merciful Heavens! was ever such an imposition heard of. *Coffee!* quoth a'—three kernels of burnt rye, to a gallon of Manhattan water, is the modest beverage before my landlady, if *that* may be styled *Coffee!* But *n'importe*; she was once (alas!) in better circumstances, and my mother insists upon my starving with her, in common with the rats and mice of the family. This system of starvation is no joke, though I never relished the idea of erecting the empire of the mind over the deserted caverns of the stomach it makes me feel pathetic to think of it.

O! let those cities, that of plenty's cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!

Pericles.

Just hear Bellamy, at the other end of the table, attempting a witticism: it is enough to make a man melancholy for a month, to hear wit squandered before such sorry fare; the very fact is *prima facie* evidence of the want of wit. Observe that dirty fellow opposite, picking his teeth, with all the *gusto* of enjoyment: he subsists on Graham bread, and would not eat cake at his own wedding, for fear there should be brandy in it. His motto, he says, is, "No alcohol, tea, or coffee;" and his coat of arms is, probably, a skeleton rampant, quartered on his favorite loaf.

I am the most miserable dog in creation. I go about my business with an aching heart, and shudder at the return of nightfall.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits, that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrowed coat secured,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;—
Afflictions great!

J. Phillips.

New York, June, 1834.

B.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

VALLEY OF THE RHONE. JOURNEY OVER THE SIMPLON.

On a beautiful afternoon in August, I left Geneva, in company with a Tuscan lady, who was on her way to Florence. We followed the road along the northern shore of lake Lemán, and, going by easy journeys, reached the little village of Aigle, at the close of the second day. We had now lost sight of the lake; inaccessible mountains rose up on each side, leaving a narrow, but fertile valley, through which the Rhone flows. We traveled along the banks of the river, crossing and recrossing several times, till we reached Brieg; where the road begins to ascend. On the way, we passed many beautiful and romantic spots; the bridge of St. Maurice, a single arch of two hundred feet, thrown across the Rhone, the cascade of Pissevache, which falls from the alps, into the valley beneath, displaying a thousand rainbow hues in the sunlight, and the Tourtemagne, another cataract, less lofty, but even more picturesque, tumbling over the mountain side, and hurrying to the valley.

One afternoon, we halted at the little city of Sion, one of the most remarkable places I ever saw. It is situated in the valley, about midway between the Alps on one hand, and the continued chain of the Jura on the other; it has the appearance of the greatest antiquity; a lofty wall, with indented battlements, encompasses it entirely, so that the only approach is through a few gateways, whose time-worn stones seem tottering to their fall. It is an aristocratic little city, the residence of a Bishop; and the houses have an air of grandeur rarely to be met with in the towns of Switzerland.

On the eastern side, two hills, entirely distinct from each other, yet not more than half a mile apart, rise suddenly from the plain, to the height of four or five hundred feet, and apparently inaccessible except on the side towards the city. The summit of each of these hills, or rather mountains, is crowned with the ruins of an immense castle. With much ado, we mounted up to one of these ruins by a footpath, which winds along the side of the hill. We had toiled upward for some time, but still, as we looked up, there was the immense castle far, far above us, the formidable walls resting on the very verge of a perpendicular rock, and apparently an eagle's flight alone could reach them. My companion, fatigued with having already mounted to a great height, sat down on the grass in despair; but I determined to look a little farther, before I gave up the point. Ascending somewhat higher, I came to the eastern side of the hill, where I found myself on a small platform, which looks down upon the valley and terminates in a precipice of several hundred feet, perpendicular, at the foot of which, the stormy Rhone sweeps furiously by. Still I found no access to the castle which stood far above me, the rocks of its foundation setting hope at defiance. At length I spied at the foot of the rock, a low, narrow gateway, which I passed, and, turning to the left, and then to the right, saw before me a stairway, so long that it seemed to mount up to the very heavens. The steps were formed of rude stone, yet broad; and the ascent was so gradual, that a horse might easily pass up and down. Satisfied that this was the only entrance, I returned for my companion, and we ascended together. A large and strong gate, seemed anciently

to have defended this passage, about half way up ; but the portals had long ago decayed and fallen from their hinges. Having reached the summit, we found ourselves on a sort of esplanade, surrounded on three sides by small houses, and an ancient Gothic church. On the west it is defended only by a parapet, which, however, in looking over it, was found to rise from another platform, lower down the hill, and defended in the same manner.

The view from this elevation was very fine. Beneath us, was the city with its venerable fortifications, its large square houses, and the fine cathedral ; farther on we saw the beautiful valley, we had traversed, while the Alps and the Jura closed the scene. All about us had the appearance of extreme age ; the few low houses constructed of the fallen stones, contrasted mournfully with the remains of Gothic splendor, which marked the ancient castle ; immense windows closed up, remains of towers and battlements, all the magnificent paraphernalia of a feudal residence, were blended curiously with the more recent and humble dwellings, inhabited by a few peasants, and half savage priests. The church appeared little injured by time, or the ravages of war ; a dark, heavy Gothic pile, lonesome and desolate. It seemed like burying ourselves alive, when we entered ; and, shuddering at the dreadful solitude, we hastily withdrew, and breathed more freely, when we had departed from the lonely walls of this abode of strength and terror.

The other castle, upon the neighboring hill, is still more picturesque. On three sides, the hill rises perpendicularly from the plain, and the castle walls touch the very brink ; the only approach is from the city, and this is defended by a strong wall, at some distance from the castle, the path conducting through a lofty arched gateway. The walls of the castle seemed to be still perfect, and nothing indicated ruin, save that windows, doors, and roof, had fallen away. Seen at evening, the effect was very fine ; the whole form of the castle, the pointed windows, the battlements and towers, every part complete could be traced against the back-ground of the sky. It was one of the most sublime objects I ever beheld : perfect solitude prevailed ; no sound issued from those desolate haunts, where ruin had made her abode ; no living thing was there, all was silent as the grave ; and the scene reminded me of the wildest fictions of romance.

These two castles, with another at a considerable distance, are said to have been possessed anciently by three brothers, who commanded the valley, to the great annoyance of all travelers. Descending from their strong-holds, they attacked unarmed caravans, robbed the travelers, and sometimes carried them to the dungeons of their castles, from which, they were only liberated upon the payment of an exorbitant ransom.

There is a story, that one of these castles having been taken by stratagem, a Spanish Bishop was found in the dungeon. Returning from an embassy to Rome, he was made prisoner with his suite, who were all put to death by the marauders. The Bishop, refusing to pay the ransom demanded, had suffered three years severe imprisonment, when he was found there.

At Brieg, we began to ascend the Alps by the Simplon ; the road resembling that, by which I had crossed the Jura, being a narrow shelf cut in the side of the hill, a precipice on one hand, and a high wall of

rocks on the other. The scenery, however, is much more beautiful; the mountains, which approach the road, are more verdant, while their summits are far more lofty, and often covered with snow. At times the road passes through long galleries, hewn in the solid rock, of which there are five or six on the Simplon. The bridges are very beautiful, some of them joining two opposite mountains at their nearest approach, and consisting of a single arch, thrown over a chasm of some hundred feet. Little streams, formed on the mountain tops, fall in glittering cascades over their craggy sides, and rush down the valley, to offer their tribute to the "arrowy Rhone." Occasionally glaciers extend even to the road side. Here and there might be seen a peasant's cottage, and at regular stations on the way, are comfortable houses for travelers, who should be overtaken by the storm. But in general, nature alone holds sway; we seemed to have entered her own temple, where she had fixed her abode among the everlasting hills, secure from the defiling hand of man. What, in comparison with the surrounding majesty, is the Simplon, the boasted work of the conqueror of Europe! a slender path hardly discoverable, often torn and washed away by the sporting elements, where the wayfarer creeps silently and almost breathlessly along, regarding with dread the impending crags, and the yawning abyss, and hurries on his way, awe-struck by the solitude and vastness of the scene.

We reached the highest point about noon. A spacious convent, established there, offers food and lodging to the weary traveler, free of expense. We were most cordially received by the monks, who conducted us over the whole building, and invited us to dinner; we were pressed for time, however, and obliged to decline their hospitality. We now began to descend with one wheel in the drag, so that the horses trotted easily down. The scenery on the Italian side is much the finest, the mountains approach nearer to each other, and are more bold and striking, than upon the side toward Switzerland; the narrow ravine allows only room for the road, and the torrent, which tumbles over its rocky bed; beautiful waterfalls of an hundred feet, descend from the mountains, one of them so near the road, that it is constantly wet with the spray. On each side rise, abruptly, the awful walls of the Alps, almost shutting out the day from the narrow cleft, through which the road passes.

As we proceeded, the mountains again left a considerable valley between them; the softness and richness of the scenery, the shady nut-trees, the clustering grape-vines, the snow white cottages, scattered on the hill-side, announced that we were now entering the garden of the world. At night-fall we had reached the plain, and I slept, for the first time in my life, in Italy.

DRIVING A COACH.

SAYS the Landlord to Whip, as he saw him approach,
"Your 're the driver, I find, of the Rockingham coach."
"Not I," replies Whip, "for at all times my course is
To sit on the box, and drive forward the horses."

THE HYMN IN THE DESERT.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JUN.

"We broke the silence of the desert by singing an English Hymn, with which our native companions were highly delighted." *Key's Caffrarian Researches.*

BENEATH the spreading Afric wood,
The native and the stranger stood—
It was a wild and savage scene,
Where ne'er before had Christian been;
The towering Yellow-tree on high
Waved its green branches to the sky,
And, thick with pendant lichens hang,
From which the chattering parrot swung.
Around, the deep Mimosa grove
Its wild impervious covert wove;
The coral tree bloomed thick o'er head;
The bean-tree its red blossoms spread;
While herds of gnoses—the swift gazelle—
The jackall, with its startling yell—
The antelope, than wind more fleet,
When nearer sounds the hunter's feet,
All ranged the wide savannahs round,
And filled the desert plains with sound.
'T was noon—and 'neath the forest's arch
Savage and Christian ceased the march.
Each Caffré warrior cast away
His battle-axe and assaga,
And each dark girl threw down her freight
Of corn and milk, a weary weight,
And listened, with attentive ear,
The pilgrim's rising Hymn to hear.

They sang a strain of other days,
A hymn of gratitude and praise;
Such they had heard from humble choirs
Of, in the country of their sires,
In many a rural church at home,
Far, far beyond the heaving foam.
And, as they sang the well-known strain,
They thought of that dear home again;
They thought, each one, of early years—
Of boyish joys and boyish tears,
When each one, as the village bell,
Sent its deep summons down the dell—
With cheek all bloom, and forehead fair,
Walked to the lowly house of prayer.
They thought of that old holy man,
With locks of snow and features wan,
That in the neat small pulpit stood,
And gave them precepts wise and good,
And read the very hymn, which they
Were singing in the wilds that day.
The glistening tear, that filled each eye,
Showed feeling's fountain not yet dry;
And e'en the savage of the plain
Was moved by the unwonted strain.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Poems, by Cynthia Taggart.

This little volume comes from the press, commended to the humanity of the public, by a tale of the deepest distress. The amiable author has been afflicted many years by an excruciating disease, for which she has sought relief in the consolations of poetical composition. These poems were written at intervals, running through several years. They were not composed with a view to the public taste,—they are not published with a view to public applause. They contain a plaintive and most melancholy record of a heart worn down by constant suffering, compared with which the ordinary calamities of repining men are trifles light as air. Yet they show a fine eye for the beauties of the outer world, a delicate ear, and a most exalted moral sense. Had the usual advantages of health, and education, and society, been within the reach of this suffering lady, her name would ere this have stood high among the noble daughters of America to whom our literature owes many of its choicest gems. As it is, her works will excite sympathy in every breast that is capable of feeling for another's woes. Faults in abundance might be pointed out. Her verse is not always smooth—her thoughts are not always clearly expressed—her epithets are not always in good taste. But, what genius can overcome the torture of a never-ceasing pain? What critic would not be disarmed by the sight of suffering—hopeless, ceaseless, remediless?

In some pieces there is much merit. The sentiments are pure, simple, and natural. The language flows with an agreeable fullness and harmony. Her range of observation is necessarily small; her illustrations, therefore, are obvious, and never far-fetched. But, from beneath this load of affliction and depression, the true poetic spirit beams forth, occasionally, in unsullied beauty. The following poem is taken almost at random:—

THE TWIN SISTERS.

Sweet blooming babe!
Now gentleness thine every action wears,
And winning sweetness with a charm unnamed.
What beauties wrap thy little form around,
And glow resplendent in thy beaming face!
And playful frolic in those laughing eyes
Darts its enlivening influence to the soul.
And thy fair sister, gentler than thyself,
Twin-born with thee, with pleasing aspect smiles,
And with a calm confiding glance of love
Steals the fond heart away; tho' yet unfelt
Each pleasing power and winning trait within.
These ever growing charms, this dawning grace,
And fascinating play and loveliness endear.
But soon the infant state will pass away,
And richer treasures ripen and unfold,

And intellectual pleasures thrill the soul ;—
 Their forms in beauty's bright perfections swell.
 Then, oh how fondly, will these darlings love !
 Whom the same period gave to life and light,
 And the same cradle rocked to rosy rest,
 And the same arms in tender office bore.
 Sweet, lovely babes, may kinder arms than those
 That now support you, be your guardian strength ;
 Embrace you with immortal love, and bear
 You safely to your Savior's breast,
 When this vain transitory life hath passed !

We sat down to read this book with a strong prejudice against it. We rose from its perusal with a fervent admiration of the more than heroic constancy and strength of character displayed by its excellent author. Such noble examples of female fortitude ought to be snatched from oblivion. They raise our nature above the earth on which we dwell. They rebuke the spirit of discontent, which is ever and anon breaking out from the healthy, the rich, the great, and the powerful. They show the truth of our religion in brighter colors than all the pomp of public worship, all the ostentation of saintly display, all the donations "for the education of pious young men for the ministry," all the zeal of flaming sectaries, and all the fury of controversial theology.

Letters of John Randolph, to a Young Relative ; embracing a Series of Years, from early Youth, to mature Manhood.

The editor of these letters says, "I shall make no apology for giving them to the public ; neither have they a right to require, nor shall they receive, any explanation of motives, that may be personal to myself, in making the publication." Amazing ! One would think, from this conceited declaration, that John Randolph's letters to his nephew, were of a nature to set the world in a blaze. What the editor's motives may be, we neither know nor care. He is evidently a very silly man, and seems to think the celebrity and acknowledged genius of his uncle belong, by right of blood, to himself. He shows that he possesses an abundant share of that most ridiculous thing in the world—Virginia pride. The Old Dominion, as that respectable state has been sometimes inappropriately called, is making herself the laughing-stock of the rest of the Union. Her great men are thought to be the only great men ; her petty, local politics the absorbing interest of all creation ; what she says, and what she thinks, is to be received the world over ; what other people say and think, is of no consequence. A Virginian cannot understand that his own state is not the most important object of contemplation and wonder ; that the eyes of mankind are not, in fact, riveted on her doings, and the fate of mankind, is not entirely dependent on her nod. The exaggerated antics of this ludicrous vanity are perfectly harmless, nay, perhaps, of some use, inasmuch as they gratify the feeling of fancied consequence belonging to the actors. And while the Virginian is strutting, and declaiming, and making heavy drafts on the world's wonder, other people are laughing in their sleeves and enjoying the joke. So, perhaps, the dream of self-importance had better not be interrupted.

The *Virginia Gentleman*, too, is a thing talked about and vaunted to an astonishing degree. A well-bred man in that state, like well-

bred men in other states, is entitled to the appellation of gentleman. But what magic there is in chewing tobacco, spitting, drinking mint julep in the morning, and toddy at noon; horse-racing, fisticuffing, and other like genteel accomplishments, to bestow on a Virginian, by eminence, the patent of a *gentleman*, is not so clear to others as to these *gentlemen* themselves.

Mr. John Randolph's nephew must not be surprised, considering the barbarism of all the world outside of Virginia, to find that these letters are not looked upon with extatic wonder. In point of fact, there are not half a dozen pages in the whole volume worth reading. They consist chiefly of personal and domestic details, directions about horses, fillies, colts; notices of Jupiter, Quasha, Juba, and his nephew's bad spelling, and complaints of the ingratitude of mankind. In regard to the latter, if it be not high treason against the majesty of Virginia grandeur, we might ask, What claim has Mr. John Randolph to the gratitude of any body? but, as the question might be deemed impertinent, we forbear. As to the nephew, he must have been an exceeding blockhead—it having apparently cost him some twenty years hard work to learn orthography; and this is the only fact of any importance communicated to the public in this wonderful volume. Strange and surprising though this be, the world at large will not probably say much about it, seeing that sundry great revolutions are going on, and many great writers are absorbing public attention, in spite of the superior claims of Mr. John Randolph's nephew's bad spelling, and Mr. John Randolph's puppy's broken leg.

After all, we fancy, Mr. Randolph's fame will be merely traditional. A man of his cast of mind rarely leaves any thing of the slightest value to posterity. His talent in satire made him dreaded and hated during life—his literary remains, these letters, surely, will not redeem his fame now that he is dead. Unless his papers contain something better, and unless they fall into the hands of a more sensible editor, the name of John Randolph will only serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

The following two extracts are almost all the volume contains that deserves even a passing glance:—

Do not, however, undervalue the character of the *real* gentleman, which is the most respectable amongst men. It consists not of plate, and equipage, and rich living, any more than in the disease which that mode of life engenders; but in *truth*, courtesy, bravery, generosity, and learning, which last, although not *essential* to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentleman. Tommy Merton's gentlemen were no gentlemen, except in the acceptance of innkeepers, (and the *great* vulgar, as well as the small,) with whom he who rides in a coach and six, is three times as great a gentleman as he who drives a post-chaise and pair. Lay down this as a principle, that *truth* is to the other virtues, what vital air is to the human system. They cannot exist *at all* without it; and as the body may live under many diseases, if supplied with pure air for its consumption, so may the character survive many defects, where there is a rigid attachment to *truth*. All *equivocation* and subterfuge belong to falsehood, which consists, not in using *false* words only, but in conveying false impressions, no matter how; and if a person deceive himself, and I, by my silence, suffer him to remain in that error, I am implicated in the deception, unless it be one who has no right to rely upon me for information, and, in that case, 't is plain, I could not be instrumental in deceiving him.

To form good habits is almost as easy as to fall into *bad*. What is the difference between an industrious, sober man and an idle drunken one, but their respective habits? 'T is just as easy for Mr. Harrison to be temperate and active, as 't is for

poor Knowles to be the reverse ; with this great difference, that, exclusively of the effects of their respective courses of life on their respectability and fortunes, the exercises of the one are followed by health, pleasure, and peace of mind, whilst those of the other engender *disease, pain, and discontent*—to say nothing of poverty in its most hideous shape, *want, squalid misery, and the contempt of all the world*, contrasted with affluent plenty, a smiling family, and the esteem of all *good men*. Perhaps you cannot believe that there exists a being who would hesitate which of these two lots to choose. Alas ! my son, vice puts on such alluring shapes, indolence is so seducing, that, (like the flies in *Æsop*.) we revel whilst the sun shines, and for a few hours' temporary pleasure pay the price of perishing miserably in the winter of our old age. The industrious ants are wiser. By a little forbearance at the moment, by setting a just value on the *future*, and disregarding present temptation, they secure an honorable and comfortable asylum. All nature, my son, is a volume, speaking comfort and offering instruction to the good and wise. But "the fool saith in his heart, There is no God:" he shuts his eyes to the great book of Nature that lies open before him. Your fate, my dear Theodorick, is in your own hands. Like Hercules, every young man has his choice between *pleasure*, falsely so called, and *infamy*, or laborious virtue and a fair fame. In old age, indeed long before, we begin to *feel* the folly, or wisdom, of our selection. I confidently trust that you, my son, will choose wisely. In seven years from this time, you will repent, or rejoice, at the disposition which you make of the present hour.

The Pilgrims of the Rhine. By the Author of *Pelham*, *Eugene Aram*, &c.

This book contains much fine description and beautiful sentiment. The ground-work of the whole is a simple and pathetic story of a lady and her lover, who travel through the romantic country of the Rhine. The beauty of the heroine is described in the most vivid and delicate colors. The character wins the interest and touches the deepest feelings of the heart. She has all the warm sympathies and affections of noble-hearted woman, and is yet free from every affectation, every low tendency, every ridiculous weakness. She is a being of earth, with almost no earthly imperfections ; a being not of *real*, at least not of *daily* life, and yet not above our comprehension, not impossible, not improbable. In such conceptions, the bright fancy of Bulwer shines pre-eminent and alone. In such description, his masterly English, selected from the choicest parts of our multifarious language, rich, expressive, poetical, and harmonious, surpasses all other writers of the age. If his writings had all been such, the reading world would have been spared an immense mass of trash and slang, which have done much to pervert the morals and spoil the style of his cotemporaries.

The heroine is suffering in an advanced stage of consumption, and, in company with her lover, and father, travels in search of restoration of health. The gradual progress of the disease, the anxious cares of the lover and the beauties of the country, are described with feeling, truth, and power. To amuse the languor of illness, and to lighten the fatigues of the journey, a variety of stories are introduced, and ingeniously designed to illustrate the character and superstitious notions of the dwellers in that poetical region. The "Maid of Malines," is admirably told ; so is the "Life of Dreams."

It is hardly worth while to analyze a book which every body has read. It has more just thought, more beautiful description, and more excellent sentiment than any one of Bulwer's other works, perhaps than *all* put together. But we think the effect is somewhat injured by the underplot of the Fairies. This is designed both to illustrate a favorite

fancy of the English and German popular mind, and to convey a variety of satirical allusions to the politics of the day. The former may be in keeping with the general design, but the latter seems to be a useless excrescence. Even the former is not called for. It is too late in the day to use such machinery; and as to fairies in general, we entertain for them a cordial detestation, regarding them like monkeys, as an odious imitation of humanity. We recommend to the reader a liberty which we have not ourselves taken,—to skip over all this part of the book, in the assurance that he will not only finish it the sooner,—an important thing in these days of a teeming press,—but that he will escape a most annoying and impertinent interruption, from beings, who excite an interest in very nearly the manner of gnats and musquetoos.

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Sketches. By Mrs. Sigourney.

The praise of criticism is not necessary to commend the writings of Mrs. Sigourney to the favor of her countrymen. Her reputation has been growing for several years, as an author of sound sense, a correct moral tone, and of very considerable literary powers. As a poet, she has met with great applause; in the volume now before us, her talents, as a prose writer, are favorably exhibited. It contains six sketches, of nearly equal degrees of excellence. "The Father" is a highly-wrought picture of paternal love for an amiable and accomplished daughter. It is founded on natural feelings, and those among the most sacred of the human heart. In the main, it is true, but not wholly so. The characteristic feelings of the Father are sometimes exaggerated and not well discriminated. The reader feels that the picture is worked up by labor, and not rapidly and delicately traced from observation, with the versatile hand of true genius.

The "Legend of Oxford" is a well-written description of the early settlement of that town. The troubles of the Huguenots, and their peculiarly bland and generous character, are related and exemplified in a very interesting manner. The account of the captivity, the massacre, and the final desolation of the village, contains many pathetic touches. "The Family Portraits" is a simple tale, in which the heroine fancies herself in love with an Irish pretended captain, and plots an elopement, with the aid of a treacherous French waiting-maid. There is no distressing intricacy in the story; but the conflicts in the mind of Mary, between her imaginary passion and her sense of duty, are well described. The elopement is prevented partly by accidental circumstances, and partly by the timely interference of a sagacious uncle. The swain, who had sighed after the fortune of our heroine, proves to be the husband of a wife in Ireland, and the lord of a potato patch. In due course of time, the lady is soberly married to a worthy young Huguenot, and becomes an exemplary matron in the infant colony. The author has attempted to paint a voluble waiting-woman; but has not, in the slightest degree, succeeded. The speeches she puts into the mouth of Madelaine Dubelde, are utterly out of character; and the language is such as no mortal would or could ever use, under the circumstances of the case.

The story of "Oriana" is the best in the book. The picture of female loveliness and wife-like devotion, is true and touching. The

scene is laid in the Revolution, and the period is one, which the American heart looks upon with never-ceasing interest. The close of this story is marked by some of that elaborate exaggeration, which we have spoken of before. But Oriana herself is a beautiful creation. All the circumstances of her life, her long, wasting illness, and her death, are naturally and feelingly described.

The "Intemperate" is too true to nature, in its horrid details of a loathsome vice, to be subjected to literary criticism.

The "Patriarch" is a singular description of an insulated community in North-Carolina. Whether it is fiction or fact we know not. It has a little too much Arcadian perfection for the latter, and a little too much circumstantial and local detail for the former. But it is an excellent description of simple, patriarchal life, under the influence of pure religion.

Mrs. Sigourney's style is marked with strong sense, but is wanting in versatility. She treats a grave subject with propriety and dignity, but has little or no grace in attempting a lighter theme. Her words are commonly forcible, and her sentences correct; but her imagination never overflows with the exuberant richness, the fervor, and life of high poetical genius. When she aims at wit or humor, her aim misses its mark. Her turn of mind is serious, not by nature sportive. She discourses eloquently on virtue more frequently than she embodies a virtuous character. She describes the force of passion; but rarely draws from the life and true to the life, a man or woman, under the power of passion. For common reading she has a little too much sentiment: the moon shines *rather* more than is requisite, and the eye fills with tears, and silver locks hang down from aged and venerable heads, more than the actual state of things will warrant. Perhaps these things are natural to her, in her capacity of authoress. We have been struck with this, among other peculiarities of female writers.

But the moral character of Mrs. Sigourney's work is of the best and highest sort. An unceasing vein of the purest religious feeling, runs through all her writings. Not a sentiment can be found in them, which the most virtuous heart should not cherish; not an expression, which the most fastidious delicacy may not utter. She refers constantly to the Christian Faith as the source of high courage, true greatness, and as the only firm support in sorrow, sickness, and death.

Journal of a Residence in Scotland and Tour through England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, with a Memoir of the Author, and Extracts from his Religious Papers. Compiled from the Manuscripts of the late Henry B. McLellan. By I. McLellan, jun.

This is a work more interesting as an indication of what its lamented author would have accomplished, had his life been spared, than for its intrinsic merits, though these are by no means inconsiderable. The principal part of it consists of familiar letters, addressed to his friends, describing objects and persons in the old world, and written without the most remote thought of publication. This fact, as well as the melancholy bereavement which led to its being published, would disarm the severity of criticism, and lead one to overlook its faults of omission and commission, were they ten times more numerous than they are. We do not make these remarks by way of apology or excuse

for this volume ; for it by no means needs any. The letters have merit enough of their own to abide a judgement upon that merit alone. They are written with spirit, animation, and good taste, and evince habits of observation and powers of reflection, of no common order. The fact, that they are published as they came from the writer's pen, while it excuses some carelessness of style, renders them more interesting as a natural and unstudied picture of his mind and character. He was a young man of uncommon promise, and his early death is a subject of sorrow to all who value sincere piety, moral worth, and intellectual activity. He gave assurance of the highest usefulness in the sacred profession to which he was destined, and to a preparation for which he devoted himself with untiring assiduity. His high character and agreeable manners secured him the friendship of many distinguished persons in England and Scotland, whose approbation and confidence alone would be proof of uncommon merit. No one can read this volume without sharing in the warm interest which he inspired while living, and in the affliction which his premature death has awakened in his friends and relatives.

Letters from the Canary Islands, by D. J. Browne.

Mr. Browne lately made a voyage to these islands, for the sake of scientific observation. This little volume is the result of his travels and researches. It gives evidence of an active mind, and of considerable power in observing. It is written in the form of letters, beginning with some general remarks on the Canaries, and then a particular account of his voyage, followed by his researches after his arrival. As soon as he had landed at Orotava, he began, with great activity, the task for which his voyage had been undertaken. His inquiries were devoted chiefly to the physical condition of these islands, in the course of which he ascended the Peak of Teneriffe three times. The descriptions of these ascents are very interesting, and the facts observed are, probably, valuable, in natural history. Besides these ascents, Mr. Browne made excursions to Chasna, and Candelaria,—made a trigonometrical measurement of the Peak, which he found to be about twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-seven English feet in height, and recorded a great variety of observations taken in these several excursions. There is, also, a short topographical description of the Canary Islands, and a particular account of their natural history.

Common readers will be more pleased with Mr. Browne's sketch of their social condition, and perhaps with the somewhat apocryphal history of the Guanches. Mr. Browne's speculations on the fabled Atlantis of antiquity do not amount to much ; nor is the story of the man more than a dozen feet high a valuable addition to our *anthropological* stores.

Mr. Browne's language shows but little practice in writing. His sentences are often awkward and involved, and his phrases ill-chosen. On page 103, for instance, he says, " It is hardly necessary to remark, that in all Spanish provinces, *the Catholic religion is universally tolerated,*" &c. To talk about the Catholic religion being *tolerated* in a Spanish province, is altogether absurd. He might as well say the Catholic religion is tolerated in Rome, or Episcopacy in England. We must give our author the praise of being an industrious observer, and the blame of being a credulous compiler and a clumsy writer.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

CONGRESS. Before this number of the Magazine can reach our subscribers, Congress will have adjourned,—both Houses having passed a joint resolution for adjourning on the 30th day of June. Perhaps there has never been a session of this body, during which so little has been effected. Important subjects have been before it, but few of them have been brought to maturity. On every topic introduced, susceptible of a political bearing, the different parties have availed themselves of the opportunity to introduce their partizan politics. Discussions, all but endless, have ensued; and thus seven months have passed away, with no benefit to the country, and probably but little profit to individuals.

Among the most prominent incidents connected with the proceedings of Congress, not recorded in our last, are the Reports of the Committee, appointed to investigate the affairs of the Bank of the United States, made to the House of Representatives, and those made to the Senate by the Committee which had in charge certain resolutions relating to the affairs of the Post-Office Department. A majority of the committee last mentioned, reported a statement, of which the following is an abstract:—

The report sets out with stating, as the result of the investigations by the committee, that the Department is largely insolvent. In addition to which, the committee report that the Postmaster General has, from time to time, borrowed large sums of money for the use of the Post-Office, without any authority of law. Some of these loans, it is stated, were made during the last session of Congress, at the commencement of which the Postmaster General had reported the Department to be in possession of a considerable surplus of funds. The report goes on to state the debts and credits of the department, as nearly as can be ascertained, whereby it appears that the General Post-Office is insolvent by eight hundred and three thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars beyond all its resources.

Comparing the expenses of the Post-Office establishment for four years preceding the commencement of the present administration, with the four years following them, it is stated by the Committee that the expense of the last four years, exceeded that of the preceding four years, by three millions three hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars. Within the last term of four years, it is true, some few mail routes have been established; but their aggregate expense bears but a very small proportion to the amount of the excess thus ascertained. This

excess of expenditure, and consequent insolvency of the Post-Office, is mainly attributed to mal-administration and favoritism in the making of contracts and extra allowances, of which the Report goes on to spread out in detail a number of particular cases, as a sample of the whole.

The Report declares the reports, statements and estimates of the officers of the Post-Office to be so erroneous and defective as little to be relied upon; so little, that unfavorable as are the conclusions which the committee arrives at, it is more probable that they fall far short of, rather than exceed, the reality. In proof of which, among other circumstances, it is stated that in the number of miles in a year traveled by the mails, as detailed in the annual report of the Postmaster-General, there is, by accurate computation, error to the amount of no less than seven millions two hundred thousand miles. The report points out also many discrepancies between the statements in the *Blue Book* (thus designating the biennial report of official expenses made to Congress) and official and other statements, as to the amounts of contracts, extra allowances, and contingent expenses, showing great inaccuracy and confusion in the accounts and administration of the Department.

The report also condemns the practice, which is proved to have prevailed, of pledging the Department for loans obtained by contractors, and in turn making use of the names of contractors to obtain money for the use of the Department. In connection with which, the committee allude to certain money transactions between contractors and individuals in office in the Department, which have come out in evidence before the committee, and which they particularize, but submit without comment to the Senate.

The contingent expenditures of the Department, the allowances of money to traveling agents, the payment of money to printers in various shapes, the employment of printers as contractors, &c. and other matters which "bring the patronage of the Government in conflict with the freedom of election," are handled with great force and some severity by the committee; and the Report ends, with a series of resolutions declaratory of errors, abuses, and defects, mostly imputable to the administration of the Post-Office, but in part also inherent in the system itself, which, in the opinion of the committee, have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished.

The minority of the committee at the same time, submitted a counter-statement, giving a view of the affairs of the department somewhat different from this, but admitted a deficiency in the finances of about \$300,000.

The Bank Reports, so called, submitted to the House of Representatives, from their peculiar character, will not admit of an intelligible abridgement. The report of the majority attributes to the Directors of the United States Bank a variety of illegal and improper acts,

and closes with resolutions, declaring the charter to be forfeited, and instructing the Speaker of the House to issue his warrant, to bring the President and Directors to the bar of the House, to answer for a contempt of that body. The minority Report justifies the Bank, declares the proceedings of the House and Committee inconsistent with the Charter of the Bank, and the constitutional and legal privileges of the institution.

The discussions, which have grown out of the Removal of the Deposites of Public Money from the United States Bank, either directly or indirectly, have consumed more than half the time actually spent in debate, in both Houses. The Memorials and Petitions, from various parts of the Union, having reference to the same topic, have been almost innumerable. Two Resolutions passed the Senate, the one declaring the reasons of the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the Public Deposites from the Bank of the United States to be unsatisfactory and insufficient, and the other requiring the deposites of public money to be hereafter deposited in the Bank of the United States. These, on coming up in the House of Representatives, were ordered to lie on the table.

AMERICAN TONNAGE. From the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury recently made to Congress, the registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage of the United States amounts to one million four hundred and thirty-nine thousand four hundred and fifty and 21-95 tons, divided among the states and territories as follows:—

Maine,	192,714	63-95ths.
New-Hampshire,	17,196	54 "
Massachusetts,	395,924	33 "
Rhode-Island,	40,607	22 "
Connecticut,	52,878	79 "
Vermont,	1,531	04 "
New-York,	319,909	80 "
New-Jersey,	33,143	53 "
Pennsylvania,	88,162	11 "
Delaware,	13,965	64 "
Maryland,	80,709	70 "
District of Columbia,	17,925	03 "
Virginia,	43,877	55 "
North-Carolina,	32,149	17 "
South-Carolina,	15,560	75 "
Georgia,	8,651	45 "
Ohio,	9,683	79 "
Tennessee,	3,047	01 "
Michigan,	1,753	74 "
Alabama,	7,940	31 "
Mississippi,	7,926	43 "
Louisiana,	61,171	74 "
Florida,	1,911	38 "
Key West,	1,091	72 "

It will be seen that New-England owns nearly one half of the whole tonnage of the country. Massachusetts

owns more than one quarter, and has the largest amount of tonnage of any state in the Union, having upwards of seventy-six thousand tons more than the state of New-York. [Morning Post.]

NEW-HAMPSHIRE. The Legislature of this state convened at Concord, on the first Tuesday in June. It appeared, on counting the votes for Governor, that the whole number given in was 30,173, of which the Hon. William Badger had 28,542. Jared Williams was chosen President of the Senate, and Charles G. Atherton Speaker of the House of Representatives. Governor Badger communicated a message to both Houses, which gives an encouraging view of the social, civil, and financial affairs of the state. The agency of the legislature in improving the literary and charitable institutions, and in equalizing the duties of the militia, is strongly recommended.

VERMONT. An Anti-Masonic State Convention, consisting of about two hundred delegates, assembled at Montpelier, in the month of May. One of the resolutions censures, in very animated terms, the conduct of the Federal Executive. On the question of adopting this resolution, a spirited debate arose. In opposition to the resolution, it was urged, that the purpose of the party was not to put down the National Administration, but Masonry; and that the consideration of National politics was foreign to the object of the Convention. On the other hand, it was urged that the party, acting in accordance with the great principle of maintaining the supremacy of the laws, must rebuke all infractions of them, from whatever quarter they may proceed. Motions to lay on the table and to recommit the resolution were rejected, and it was adopted with few dissenting voices. Another resolution declared that the Convention could not consider Masonry as abolished, until all the Masonic bodies in the state shall have followed the example of those which have surrendered their charters, with the intention of entirely dissolving their connexion with the institution.

BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. The anniversary of the Boston Academy of Music was celebrated on the last Wednesday in May. The exercises consisted of the reading of the Annual Report, and the performance of several pieces of music by about two hundred of the pupils. The report embraced a view of the comparative estimation in which vocal music has been held in this and

other countries and ages; the causes of the generally low condition of the science among us, and the remedies. In discussing these subjects a striking view was presented of the inaptitude of the style of singing commonly practised in our churches to produce the effect for which it is designed. Early instruction upon correct principles is chiefly to be relied on to reform this evil. The Academy has aimed to promote the knowledge and practice of vocal music among the young, and to make it a branch of common education. Its kindly influences upon the character of children, the aid which it lends to their progress in other studies, by affording an agreeable relaxation, while it trains them to habits of order, obedience, and union, have been proved, by the experience of the past year, in the schools into which it has been introduced; and from whose instructors ample testimonials to this effect were referred to in the report. The professors of the Academy have instructed 2200 pupils during the year, of which 1700 were children. The Academy have expended more than six hundred dollars in the support of schools for gratuitous instruction, in which sum no estimate is made of the time and labor of the professors.

PREMIUM ESSAYS. Notice was some time since given by John C. Spencer of Canandaigua, N. Y. Benjamin F. Butler of Albany, and Philo C. Fuller of Genesee, that a deposit had been made with the Life Insurance and Trust Company of the city of New-York, subject to their control, for the purpose of procuring essays or lectures, on various subjects connected with scientific education, to be read in the common schools of the state. For the best series, on the application of science to the useful arts, they offer a premium of \$200; on the principles of legislation, of \$100; on the intellectual, moral and religious education of youth by common schools, the duty of affording such instruction, and the improvement of which the system is susceptible, of \$250; on agriculture and horticulture, of \$100; on political economy, of \$100; and on astronomy, chemistry, mechanics, electricity, and magnetism, of \$200. The time, within which these essays will be received, is now extended to the 1st of June next. The object is to obtain such as will excite attention and inquiry on the part of youthful minds, by striking and plain illustrations, dwelling rather on general principles and results than entering into minute details.

NEW ARTICLE OF TRAFFIC. The inhabitants of two or three of the lower towns in Barnstable county, Ms. have been engaged, for some time past, in collecting the bark of the root of the bayberry or wax-bearing myrtle, and deriving from the sale of it, a very handsome profit. The bark of the root, is valued by the druggist and compounder of medicines, for various uses, but principally for what are called *hot medicines*. The manner of preparing it for the market is very simple. The root is dug from the earth, and the bark cleaned of all filth, when it is removed from the stock, and perfectly dried. It is valued from two to three cents per pound; and, on reasonable calculation, it is presumed that Harwich, Chatham, and Orleans, have realized nearly one thousand dollars from its sale.

There are several species of this shrub, and it is to be found in almost all parts of North-America. The favorite soil for its growth, is light sandy land. The species above mentioned is generally known by the name of bayberry.

AMERICAN MAMMOTH. Professor Siliman of Yale College has recently delivered a course of lectures on geology, at Hartford. In the course of one of them he exhibited to his audience one of the joints of the back-bone of a huge Mastodon, or American Mammoth, recently discovered in excavating a race-way, in the western part of Berlin. The Connecticut Courant states that "the bone was in fine preservation, the principal change being in the color. It was probably one of the joints near the loins, where the back-bone (from this specimen) must have been about eighteen inches in circumference. This joint has a bone rising from the top of the vertebral column, about fourteen inches, and sloping backward at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees. From the perfect condition of the bone thus accidentally discovered, there is reason to believe that a complete skeleton may be recovered, by a persevering and diligent search in the morass where the specimen in question was found. Such a skeleton would be a noble memorial of the vast animals which once roamed through New-England."

LEAD. The Galenian furnishes a table of the quantity of lead annually made at the lead mines of the United States, from their first opening in 1821 to 1833 inclusive. The statement contains a remark, that the lead is less abundant this spring than at any preceding time, and that, comparatively

speaking, little will be made this year. The whole quantity made during the twelve years mentioned, is set down at 63,845,740 lbs. of which 7,941,792 lbs. were made during the year 1833. The mining business during that time seems by the table to have fluctuated without any perceptible law of increase. The quantity of lead raised in 1828, was more than twelve millions of pounds, and the next year more than fourteen millions and a half. It fell, in 1832, to little more than four millions. This variation arises, probably, from the want of a regular plan of operations, a deficiency of capital, and the uncertain tenure for which the lead mine lands are held.

OBITUARY.

Just as this sheet was prepared for the press, intelligence was received of the decease of GENERAL LAFAYETTE. This heroic asserter of civil, political, and religious freedom—the early and constant friend of our country—the companion of our country's Father and Savior, WASHINGTON—died at his house in Paris, on the morning of the twentieth of May, at a quarter before five o'clock. It is stated in the Paris papers, that he "incurred the local attack, which terminated in his death, by following, on foot, to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, the remains of M. Dulong." Immediately on receiving the intelligence of his death, the French Chamber of Deputies voted to attend his funeral solemnities, and then adjourned its sitting. A general sentiment of sorrow pervaded the whole city; for, notwithstanding he had political adversaries, he was the general idol of the French people.

Gen. Lafayette was born on the first day of September, 1757; consequently, had he lived to the next anniversary of his birth, he would have attained the age of *seventy-seven*. An account of the funeral solemnities and tokens of respect and affection, following the intelligence of his death in this country, as well as a more extended tribute to his private and public virtues, must be postponed to a succeeding publication. We close this brief and hasty record with the remark of Galigani's Messenger:—"The wondrous scenes, in the New World and the Old, in which the name of Lafayette was prominently distinguished, are among the most remarkable in the annals of mankind; and we may safely aver, (without entering into abstract opinions on political doctrines,) that history does not, in all her records, possess a name, which has passed through the searching ordeal of public opinion, even in the darkest and most tempestuous times, more pure and unswayed than his, whose death his country is to-day called upon to deplore."

THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

COURTEOUS READER!

We are ill at dedications; Hamlet was not more so with his love-sick verses; else we would have given you, on the first sheet of this volume, an epistle inscribed to your good-natured liberality, instead of this macilent compliment, pushed forward to the verge of our monthly boundary, and taking refuge on the page which separates our duodecimal periods. If you have been our reader from the commencement of the Magazine, let not our three-year-old acquaintance be now broken off. Bear with us, we pray you, for another term, and our intercourse may grow into a familiarity, that may at length ripen into an affection, which the destruction of existence only shall terminate. If the birth of our connexion be of more recent date, its continuance has been too brief to enable you to decide on its utility—a reason fair, why you should accompany us on another stage of our journey. We do not know that our power of entertaining you improves; we make no boast of our progress in the art of pleasing. But our good will is unabated. Age has not cooled our ardor in the cause which set us in motion; partial success has not weakened our resolution to persevere, nor our confidence in the triumph that awaits the cause of our ambition—THE LITERARY REPUTATION OF OUR COUNTRY.

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS. We repeat the conditions on which we solicit original communications—ONE DOLLAR A PAGE;—a small sum, indeed; but, we believe, as much as any other publisher of a Magazine has paid, or found it convenient to pay. We mean this for *original* contributions,—not for compilations, epitomes, and abstracts, manufactured from books, which are on the counters of every bookseller, and which have been read by every moderate devourer of modern literature. A “printer’s devil” can fabricate such abridgements, and embellish them occasionally with a sentiment from Johnson, or a joke from the author of Waverley, at a cheaper rate, and make a profitable investment of his talents. Selections, abridgements, reviews of English novels, &c. &c. &c. however good in themselves, are not embraced in our plan, and will always be set aside to make room even for tolerable originals. Our object is to publish an American Magazine, embracing topics that come home to the business and bosoms of American readers; and to effect this purpose the aid of writers who think that American History, American Character, and American Scenery are worthy of note and illustration, is respectfully solicited.

OUR FILE.

The next number will contain

“Statesmen—their Rareness and Importance;”

“Remarks on the Eloquence of Debate;”

“Things which I like not;”

“The Genius of the Library;”

“Associations,” &c. &c.

“Demonology, Witchcraft, and Popular Superstitions,” is an essay on a subject, which has been recently discussed and illustrated by several authors of notoriety in Europe, and by some of the most popular Lecturers in New-England. The topic seems to be exhausted. At least, we do not perceive that the author of the essay before us has stated any *new* facts or incidents, or embellished *old* ones with original thoughts.

We shall be pleased to hear again from the gentleman, who writes from Burlington, Vermont. He can write better verses than “The Student to his Mistress;”—which none but his Mistress would ever care to read—and we are not sure that she is a subscriber to the Magazine.

If “The Invocation,” written at “Stafford Springs,” be an inspiration of the waters, they are as unlike the waters of Helicon as the afflicted damsels who visit them are to the daughters of Jove.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters. The text notes that without clear documentation, it becomes difficult to track expenses and revenues, which can lead to misunderstandings and disputes.

2. The second section focuses on the role of technology in modern record-keeping. It highlights how digital tools and software solutions have revolutionized the way data is stored and accessed. These technologies not only improve efficiency but also reduce the risk of human error and data loss. The document suggests that organizations should invest in reliable digital systems to ensure their records are secure and easily retrievable.

3. The third part of the document addresses the legal and regulatory requirements surrounding record-keeping. It outlines various laws and standards that govern how records must be maintained, stored, and disposed of. Compliance with these regulations is crucial to avoid legal penalties and ensure the integrity of the organization's data. The text provides a brief overview of key regulatory frameworks and offers practical advice on how to stay up-to-date with changing legal requirements.

4. The final section discusses the importance of regular audits and reviews of records. It explains that periodic audits help identify any discrepancies or areas where records may be incomplete or inaccurate. This process is vital for maintaining the overall health and accuracy of the organization's data. The document recommends establishing a clear schedule for audits and involving relevant personnel to ensure thoroughness and consistency.



the same post.

London 1850.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

For the New-England Magazine

CONFIDENTIAL

SECRET

ORIGINAL CASE

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to poor scan quality. It appears to be a detailed report or document.]

and the tendency of any, that is being... Under such circumstances it might well be supposed, that we should have, in



— 1120 —

For the New-England Magazine

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1834.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

STATESMEN—THEIR RARENESS AND IMPORTANCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER. *My father's story.*

ONE of the first reflections, which occurs to an intelligent observer of the actual political condition of the United States, is, that we have few, very few statesmen. We have party men and party leaders in abundance; we have politicians of all sorts and kinds, who make a trade or a pleasure of the vocation; and we have demagogues of every rank and degree, from those who guide, direct, and control the political arrangements of a city, down to those, who become the humble echoes of their masters at the village inn, or the village post-office, near the cross-roads. We are a most busy, inquisitive, and, one might almost say, meddling people in all public affairs, state and national, public and municipal. We discuss them; we form opinions; we vote in masses at the polls; we insist upon a voice in all matters; and we are quick to act, and slow to doubt upon any measure, which concerns the Republic. Many are eager for office; few, comparatively speaking, decline it; and, in the course of a moderately long life, multitudes are called to political offices and duties.

This is all very natural, nay, almost unavoidable, considering the popular character of all our institutions. The people are entrusted with all the leading powers of legislation and government. They frame their constitutions; appoint their rulers; select their representatives, and through them carry on the whole business of government, from that of the smallest municipality to that of the whole nation. It is, therefore, not only wise, but it is necessary, that they should bestow much time upon public men and public measures, and inquire into, and sift the tendency of all, that is done, and all that is said. Under such circumstances it might well be supposed, that we should have, in

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every part of the land, crowds of men deeply versed in public affairs. And yet one of the most lamentable truths, which meets us on every side, as we turn, is, that we have had, for many years past, but few statesmen. By statesmen, I do not, of course, mean men, who can speak fluently, or even eloquently, in the occasional debates in Congress, and in the state legislatures. There is certainly no lack of these, as our long debates and over-loaded presses abundantly establish. Indeed, it is probably true, (as has been often asserted) that no people exceed the Americans in facility and exuberance of speech; and no people use this facility and exuberance upon more public occasions, from the stump orator, at home, to the representative in the national legislature. But by statesmen I mean men, who have profoundly studied the nature, science, and operations of governments in general; men, who intimately understand our relations with foreign states and foreign policy; men, who have taken a large survey of all our national interests, agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, political; men, who have not only acquired some knowledge of the theory of statistics and political economy, but who have had a thorough experience in public business and public measures; men, in short, who may safely be entrusted with public affairs, because they have high talents and solid acquirements, and unite with these a liberal spirit, a thorough acquaintance with the details, as well as with the principles of government, and a lofty ambition, as well as an honest purpose, to serve their country, and to give permanence to its institutions and interests. Such men, and no other men, are entitled to the character of statesmen.

Of such men no country on earth has so much need as our own. In despotic governments, where all power is concentrated in a single sovereign, such men are of occasional use, when important changes in policy are contemplated, or great emergencies call for extraordinary resources and arrangements. But, in the common course of things, in such governments, few innovations are proposed or sanctioned. The stream of public policy moves on within its old and accustomed banks, sluggishly or rapidly, according to the times and the seasons. But the embankments are sufficient for either; or if there be an occasional inundation, it does little more than create a temporary and silent sympathy for the sufferers; and then all moves on again as before. In a limited monarchy, such, for instance, as the government of Great-Britain, there is great use for statesmen; and, it may be added, that great use is made of them. In former times, indeed, court favorites and court cabinets, "the power, behind the throne, greater than the throne itself," could do much. But, even then, in perilous times, there

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was always need of pilots, who could weather the storm ; and, if they could not be purchased upon the ordinary terms of court favor and patronage, the crown was compelled to take them upon their own terms. And, in our day, they have become indispensable parts of the public machinery. If war is to be declared, or peace is to be concluded ; if there is to be a reform in Parliament, or in the law, or in the revenue, or in foreign policy ; statesmen must lead the crown, and not the crown lead statesmen. The rights of the people must be guarded and maintained ; and they must feel themselves to be fully represented in the House of Commons. The members of the latter will not now suffer themselves to be dragooned into measures at the mere beck of the crown. They require reasons, and satisfactory reasons, from ministers, who are statesmen ; and they scruple not to advise the crown to dismiss ministers, when they are incompetent, or they do not possess the confidence of the nation. And, what to Americans may sound strange, the crown listens to the advice. The interests of the whole nation are not to be sacrificed to the wishes or passions of the king and his courtiers. They, who hold the purse, will regulate the sword, and the patronage, and the measures of the government. Earl Grey and Lord Brougham (who are now veterans in the public service) are as necessary to William IV. as Mr. Canning, and Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington were to George IV. in the main purposes of carrying on the government of the empire.

What is true in the limited monarchy of England, as to the necessity of statesmen, is far more true of a republic. There, they are indispensable to carry on only a portion of the machinery. Here, they must guide and manage the whole. There, the people are a part only of the government. Here, the people are the whole, or rather control the whole. There, with some impulses from the people, through the House of Commons, the king can keep every thing in its own place. Here, every thing that is done, daily, nay, hourly, for better or for worse, must be done by the people through their chosen agents. There is, therefore, a perpetual necessity for watchfulness, intelligence, activity, public spirit, and, though last, not least, of integrity and virtue to keep the country in the track of its true interests. Folly or ignorance, rashness or recklessness, the pride of power or the corruptions of office, may endanger our rights and liberties, and cut us adrift from all that is safe and suitable to our condition.

Besides these general considerations, there are others peculiar to us, calling for various and extraordinary abilities in our statesmen. Our form of government, however excellent and admirable in its structure, is confessedly new. It is a great experiment in the history of nations.

Its success will cover us with glory, as well as secure us in happiness; its failure will spread a gloom over the human race, as well as involve our own ruin. In such a state of things, all the sagacity, experience, coolness, and prudence, belonging to the wisest and best heads, are indispensable to us. We have our all at risk in the voyage without insurance; and we must always keep on board the ship of state, not only a competent crew to work the ship, but the most cautious of the skillful, as well as the truest of the best, to keep her in good trim, and secure her from shipwreck on the new coasts of the ocean, which we traverse without experienced pilots, upon a voyage partly of discovery, and partly of profit.

We have a most complicated government, composed of different sovereignties, in many respects independent; connected with, and to a limited extent controlled by, a national sovereignty. The boundaries between the powers of the states and those of the nation are undefined; and, perhaps, in some degree, must forever remain undefinable; for they almost necessarily run into each other. The lights and the shades are infinitely blended, and the dividing points between them are evanescent. No administration on earth is called to the performance of so many delicate duties, where there are so many diversities of interests, of institutions, of employments, of feelings, of local jealousies and attachments, and of sincere and irrepressible differences of opinion. No where are there so many occasions for mutual sacrifices of opinion, for enlarged notions of public policy, and for a wise and moderate course of general legislation.

That, under such circumstances, we should have comparatively few statesmen, is a seeming paradox, since occasions so constantly arise, in which their importance and usefulness must be severely felt. It seems a contradiction of the well-known doctrine in political economy, that the supply should not always be proportional to the demand, or rather that they should not reciprocally produce each other. But the truth is, that it is, when thoroughly examined, rather an illustration of, than an exception to, the doctrine. The demand, in order to create the supply, must be general, not local; it must be uniform, not casual; it must be permanent, and not merely temporary and capricious. It must justify, if one may so say, the outlay of time and capital, and bring sure returns, if they are distant, and the growth is slow, and the arrangements previously required are extensive.

Now, in the first place, it needs scarcely be said, that statesmen are not the growth of a day, or of a year, or even of several years. There must be a rare combination of eminent qualifications, genius, judgment, extensive knowledge, various experience, a devoted industry,

and even an enthusiasm for public affairs. There must be honesty and disinterestedness of purpose, a purified ambition, great firmness, and, at the same time, great flexibility of mind. And, above all, there must be a long and severe training in public life, an intimate familiarity with its various duties, and a ready tact in seizing upon all the proprieties of the occasion to get rid of dangerous and critical excitements, and to forward wise measures, without shocking popular prejudices. A statesman must, in some measure, be master of the past, present, and future. He must see what is behind, as well as before. He must learn to separate the accidental in human experience, from that which constitutes the cause or the effect of measures. He must legislate for the future, when it is, as yet, but dimly seen; and he must put aside much, which might now win popular favor, in order to found systems of solid utility, whose results will require ages clearly to develop; but still, whose results are indispensable for the safety, the glory, and the happiness of the country. It has been said, that confidence is a plant of a slow growth; but it may be said, with still more truth, that statesmanship is a plant of the slowest growth. It requires a hardy and vigorous soil, and it must stand many a tempest of icy coldness, and of blasting heat. How few, then, can afford to take such risks, to encounter such chances, to submit to such discipline, and to expend life in pursuits, which, after all, may yield nothing but disappointment? Have republics, in ancient or modern times, been renowned for their constancy and affection towards patriots? Has Athens been alone tired of hearing Aristides called the just, or Demosthenes the eloquent, or Socrates the wise, or Aristotle the great?

In the next place, it is a common, though most mischievous error, that a popular government does not require even high, much less the highest talents to administer it. And in no country has this notion been more extensively believed and acted upon than in America. The people here have been so long and so often told, that they could never mean wrong, and, therefore, could never act wrong, that they were too wise not to choose competent rulers, and too watchful ever to be betrayed or injured by them, that to doubt their infallibility in choice or in judgement is, in the present times, no ready passport to popular favor. Nothing is more familiar now, than the remark, that there is no mystery in our government. That all lies clear and on the surface. That honesty of purpose, and reasonable intelligence, will secure the just operations of all our public institutions. That the machinery of our constitution has been so well constructed and so skillfully arranged, that it will go on steadily with very little help; and that the most we want

is the attention of industrious minds to repair small breaches, and put oil on the friction wheels. Nay, this is turned into a matter of public boast; and it is boldly asserted, that it is a proof of the weakness and mal-adaptation of any government, that high talents and long experience are required to administer it. Few persons have visited Washington, of late years, who have not heard very audible declarations of this sort in the rank and file of parties; and, even nearer home, it is no bad topic for a college declamation, or a speech at the hustings.

In the next place, in all popular governments, and especially in one like our own, a confederated republic, there is always a very numerous body of men, who, from various causes, are ever on the alert for office, or for popular favor. Some desire it from super-abundance of leisure; some from the desire of profit, and a distressing poverty of means; some from a stirring and ill-directed ambition; some from the pride of consequence; and not, to enumerate more, some from the solid power of patronage, which it confers or exhausts. Now, it cannot be disguised, that with such hosts in the field, the highest candidates in the race have little chance of success, and find obstructions on every side, from rivals or enemies, from the arts they disdain to practise, or the pretensions they decline to put forth. The real statesman is willing to win public favor only by fair means; by high character, inflexible virtue, fixed principles, and a liberal and enlightened policy. He is conscious of his own humiliation and dishonor, when he rises by subterfuges and intrigues. But the demagogue, like the courtier, can unscrupulously employ all means, which subserve his main purpose. He looks steadily to the end. The triumph is to be secured; fairly, if it may, but at all events it must be secured. In such a contest, with such unequal means of influence, what chance is there of success for those, who are best qualified for public honors? They know their fate, and they often withdraw from the canvass.

And, not to dwell upon many other grounds, in the rear of these causes comes the overwhelming spirit of party, which substitutes devotion to the party for the good of the country; and which neither acknowledges, nor respects any candidates but those, who are found close wedged in its own ranks. Such combinations are the natural growth of all free governments. They are founded in the very nature of man. They are the most facile means to gain and to perpetuate power without merit, in the same hands. They rally under their standard, all the ambitious, and restless, and disaffected, who have encountered disappointment, or insist on public office, as well as ready materials of many other sorts. The few are thus enabled, gradually, but irresistibly, to secure to themselves the monopoly of public office

and patronage ; and the many are drilled in the ranks with the privilege to vote for those, who have already been selected for them, and with a certainty of political denouncement, if they dare to doubt, much less to act, in opposition to the voice of the party. If the party constitutes, at the moment, the majority of the state or nation, it assumes the imposing name of "the People," and all its acts are the acts of the people. If, unluckily, it should sink into a minority, it is compelled to submit to the less grateful appellation of being "a faction."

How far this has been, or is likely, hereafter, to be true, in our country, it is unnecessary to say. It is a dangerous topic for comment or examination. *Incedimus per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* But it will be easy to see, that in the same proportion, that party spirit obtains a predominance in any free government, and secures its own steady triumph, just in the same proportion it will suppress or dispense with the services of statesmen. If it needs them, it will unwillingly grudge the proper reward ; and it can scarcely secure them long without bringing the favored man down to its own level, or surrendering its own sovereignty. The latter must be a moral miracle. The former has but too often proved a melancholy truth, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

But it may be asked, for what purpose are these reflections made, and to what object do they tend ? They are made to excite my countrymen to the importance and value of rearing and perpetuating a large class of statesmen,—real, pure, effective statesmen. If our republic falls, it will, probably, fall from a general imbecility, brought on by its powers being entrusted to incompetent rulers, or being wielded by corrupt ones. We have no permanent rewards to bestow upon statesmen for their services. They cannot become the founders of great families, or the possessors of hereditary rank. It is wise, that it should be so. But we can promote them to public honors, when they deserve them ; we can cheer them for their labors and their sacrifices ; we can protect their reputations from unjust censure ; we can exercise a generous candor in scanning their actions ; we can evince towards them a lively gratitude ; we can bear them on our lips while living ; we can embalm their memories when dead, if not in costly monuments, at least in our affections and our public records. These are rewards best suited to elevated minds ; and they have been those, which patriots in all ages have been most solicitous to acquire and to hold.

I have been led to these remarks, however, not so much by any general views of the subject, as by the immediate contemplation of the character and services of a great statesman now living. I mean

DANIEL WEBSTER. I do not propose to write his life, or his eulogy; that duty will belong to abler hands, at some future day, after he shall have passed from the present scenes of action, and shall have become the appropriate theme of the historians of his country. Nor do I propose to sketch his biography, or his rise and progress from the comparative obscurity of private life, to the wide circle of his present fame. That has been already done, so far as it may now be fitly done, by one of the ripest scholars of the age, and in a manner which cannot be surpassed. What I propose is, rather to bring before my countrymen a slight sketch of some of the prominent features of his political life, as an incitement and admonition to the young and ambitious, and a consolation and hope to the old and the contemplative.

Mr. Webster is now about fifty-two years of age; and his first entrance into public life was about twenty-two years ago, as a Representative in Congress from New-Hampshire, the state in which he was born, and received his education, and of which he is, and has long been, one of the proudest ornaments. Whether the state has duly appreciated or thoroughly felt the full value of such a distinction, is a matter, which her own citizens must decide for themselves, and constitutes no point for examination in the present remarks.

At the age of thirty, in a most trying and critical period, just after the commencement of the late war with Great-Britain, Mr. Webster came into the public councils. With the exception of a few intervals he has ever since been engaged in public affairs. His reputation, therefore, such as it is, is not of a mushroom growth, the sudden production of the hot-bed heats of popular favor, or the stunted and unhealthy upstart of the way-side. He has had a large survey of public cares and public duties, in times of war and of peace, in minorities and majorities, as a leader with, and as a leader against, administrations. His political studies have been nourished and matured by the lucubrations and practice of more than twenty years, a period assigned by the great masters in his own profession, as that fit for a lawyer, who seeks and would secure eminence. How he has borne himself through all these various scenes, is matter, not merely of curiosity, but of intense interest. Has he been consistent? Has he been firm and frank? Has he been true to his friends and his principles? Has he been true to his country and its institutions? Has he been devoted to the mere objects of party, or to sectional and local interests? Or has he,—as public duty required,—represented the nation, and maintained the integrity of its interests at home and abroad? Has he been the advocate of a broad and comprehensive

policy, fit for the North and the South, the East and the West? Or has he contented himself with patronizing and enforcing the exclusive claims of his own state, or district; or narrowed himself down to the more facile and familiar ambition of less gifted minds,—the support of mere private claims and private projects,—as if he were the retained counsel of his constituents? In short, has he been the ready and staunch advocate of national measures, national rights, constitutional principles, and liberal systems? Or the flexible supporter of every project, enjoying a temporary popularity, and fluttering for its hour in the sunshine of executive patronage? These are questions, which naturally occur with reference to the characters of all public men; and they acquire extraordinary importance in estimating the merits of statesmen.

Consistency is, doubtless, a quality of no inconsiderable value, as a test of character, and often rises into a high virtue. He, who is ever veering about with every wind of doctrine and opinion, is possessed of feeble judgement, or feeble principles, or both. He wants constancy or clearness of mind, and may often be open to the stronger reproach of a deficiency of morals. As a guide or an example, he is equally unsafe; and it is difficult to say, whether he does most injury as a friend or a foe, as a supporter or as an opponent of government. But consistency of character and consistency of opinion are not necessarily identical. Never to change an opinion, would be as remarkable, nay, as unworthy, in a wise man, as never to be stable in any opinion. Inflexibility in maintaining opinions once taken up, whatever may be the change of circumstances, and without regard to them, degenerates into mischievous obstinacy and wrong-headed perseverance. It would be strange, if a man should never profit by his own experience, or by that of others; that he should learn nothing, and forget nothing; that, at twenty, he should be as ripe and correct as at forty. And, to bring the case home, that when he begins political life, he should be so wise, that there should be nothing to learn, and that, in the most complex and difficult of all human transactions, the constant permutations and new combinations of society should introduce no new elements of opinion or action. The statement of such a case carries its own refutation along with it. Human wisdom is the aggregate of all human experience, constantly accumulating, and selecting, and re-organizing its own materials.

It would be little praise to Mr. Webster to say, that he has always entertained the same opinions upon all political subjects. Like other great minds of his own and former times, like Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and Wellington, and Canning, he has, doubtless, modified some,

and changed other opinions. But this change has been the result, not of accident, or interest, but of enlarged knowledge and comprehensive genius acting upon ample means of study and practice! It has been a slow and silent growth, and, therefore, vigorous and solid. It has gradually mixed in with the great principles upon which he began life, and has not superseded them. The friends to whom he was attached in his youth have never deserted him, nor he them. He may have differed from them on many occasions; but it has been a difference, which created no hostility and lost no confidence. It was merely the exercise of that candid judgement, which claims the right to decide for itself, and freely concedes the same right to others. Perhaps few men, in so long a career, in so critical a period, have ever maintained so general a consistency of opinion. None, certainly, have maintained more consistency of character. If the cause of all this be sought, it will be found in the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Webster's mind. It is marked by sagacity, caution, accuracy, foresight, comprehensiveness, laborious research, and untiring meditation, as well as by various genius. In short, he possesses that undefinable quality, called wisdom, in an eminent degree, the joint result of the original texture of his mind, and its severe use and discipline in accurate observations of public affairs.

Let us look a little more closely into his political life, and see if it does not justify these remarks. He came into public life during a period, when his country was at war; and he was chosen as an opponent of the then administration, and as an advocate for peace with Great-Britain. Did he launch into an indiscriminate hostility to the government? Did he support the claims of Great-Britain and repudiate our own? No. He was ready to give his aid for all public measures, useful, and, in his judgement, effective, to carry on the war and to secure peace. He was against land hostilities, upon the Canadian frontiers, as at once perilous and exhausting. But he was for some defence throughout the land, and for active warfare, where it might be formidable, upon the ocean. He was for a navy to protect us at home, and to carry on retaliatory operations upon the most vulnerable points of our enemy, her commerce and shipping. The main object of the administration seemed to be to maintain the warfare on land. He held it the truest policy to wage it at sea. Was he wrong? Will any man now coolly say, that this was not the best and the safest course? Is it not now a fact in history, which could then only be conjectured, that Great-Britain was mainly pressed to peace by our successful depredations upon her commerce in every sea? Premiums rose, at Lloyd's Coffee-House, from five per cent. to thirty-three per

cent. on maritime risks; and the merchants and ship-owners, who were most clamorous for war in England, became anxious for peace.

The American administration were exceedingly distressed for revenue, the very sinews of war. The credit of the government was sunk to the lowest ebb; its own paper currency and treasury notes, payable in one year, with a fair interest, encountered the enormous depreciation of *fifty* per cent. Under such circumstances, a resort to a national bank seemed indispensable to save the government from bankruptcy. It was, accordingly, proposed by the friends of the administration. Mr. Webster, on that occasion, acted with the patriotic spirit, which a regard to the public welfare demanded, and without reference to party. The bank, proposed by the government, was with a capital of fifty millions, nine-tenths of which was to be depreciated paper of the government itself. To such a moneyed institution, on such a basis, Mr. Webster was opposed, because it would essentially aggravate all the evils of a *paper* currency, and would render a return to specie payments, then suspended by many of the state banks, absolutely impracticable. But he avowed himself the firm friend of a national bank, both as constitutional and expedient, nay, as indispensable to the operations of the government. And he pledged himself to support a proper national bank, which should be brought forward upon a money basis, and gave the outline of a plan in proof of his sincerity. That plan, upon the defeat of the paper bank scheme, was brought forward by the friends of the administration, and was steadily and successfully supported by Mr. Webster. It passed both Houses of Congress, and failed afterwards solely by the negative of the then President. In this respect, he followed out the doctrine, which, in a speech made but a short time before, he avowed as his leading principle of action. "The humble aid (said he) which it would be in my power to render to measures of government, shall be given cheerfully, if government will pursue measures, which I can conscientiously support." Peace soon followed, and with it the project of a national bank was for a time laid aside. When, however, it was again revived in 1816, Mr. Webster adhered to his former doctrines; but the plan, containing some features, especially as to the appointment of government directors,—a measure most questionable in its use, as well as in its abuse,—which he disapproved, he refused to give it his support. But as soon as it became a law, he took every measure to give it efficiency and strength, so that it might afford a solid and secure currency to the whole country. He, therefore, brought forward a resolution requiring all duties and revenues, payable to the government, to be paid in specie, or in the notes of

banks, whose paper was equal to and convertible into specie. At this time the depreciation of the bank paper of the state banks, which had suspended specie payments, was enormous. The paper of the banks in New-York was about eighteen per cent. below par; that of the banks of Philadelphia about twenty per cent.; that of the banks of Baltimore about twenty-five per cent. In New-England, there had been no suspension of specie payments; and the consequence was, that duties and revenues, collected in Massachusetts, were twenty-five per cent. higher than in Baltimore, where the local depreciated currency was received at par. This was a flagrant breach of the constitution, in its just spirit; for that required all duties to be uniform, and without preference of states. But in this manner the most important advantages were given to the ports of those states, where the depreciation was greatest. The resolution of Mr. Webster passed; and to that resolution, and the existence of a national bank, we are indebted for the sound, uniform, and excellent currency, which has ever since pervaded the whole country.

Soon after this period Mr. Webster removed to Boston, and for a time retired from the public councils, devoting himself to the arduous duties of his profession. It is not my design to enter upon this subject, or to speak of his distinguished services at the bar, various and interesting as they have been, which have long since placed him among the first, if not the very first in the country. If he is not before all others, it may truly be said, that he is not behind any one in forensic powers and fame, in the general estimation of the profession.

When Mr. Webster again resumed public life, about the year 1823, other duties and other measures of great magnitude agitated the public councils. Among other topics of great interest was that of the arrangements of the Tariff, a subject, which has since become the foundation of some of the most heated controversies in Congress, known to our public annals. Upon this subject, it has often been suggested, that the opinions of Mr. Webster have undergone some modifications. It is, probably, true, that they have so. But these modifications are far less extensive, than is commonly, though erroneously supposed. They are modifications of opinion, connected with and derived from essential changes, not only in our foreign and domestic policy, but in the commercial and political policy and intercourse of the whole world. A statesman, who should disregard such changes, and omit to provide for them, who should refuse to adopt measures to prevent foreign inequalities, or the sacrifices of domestic interests, from an obstinate adherence to theory, or to measures,

which had ceased to be practicable, or if practicable, were constantly working mischievous results, would be unworthy of the name. He would be a bigot, and not a patriot; not "too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient;" but too indifferent to human sufferings to make any effort to redress them, or too wise in his own conceit to gather wisdom from general experience. Such a man would suffer a city to be inundated by a ruinous flood, rather than have an embankment of his own construction doubted in its sufficiency. When, at an earlier period, Congress were pressed to give a preternatural energy and encouragement to domestic manufactures, to the apparent injury of our commerce, then just recovering from the heavy blows inflicted on it by the war with Great-Britain, Mr. Webster, though a decided friend to manufactures and agriculture, as well as to commerce, was unwilling to try the experiment at such a time, and under such circumstances. All Europe had then ceased to be belligerent, and was struggling in an uncompromising rivalry with our crippled commerce. He thought that manufactures, under the existing state of things, would rise as fast as they could be permanently sustained; that a quick growth might be mischievous to their ultimate prosperity; and at all events, that any sudden change of policy afterwards might involve them in sudden ruin; a change, in a government like ours, always to be feared, and always to be provided against. Who, looking to all the intervening difficulties, which have since arisen, can say, that there was not much of political foresight and sagacity in all this? At that time, Mr. Webster shared the opinion in common with many of the ablest and best statesmen in the country.

But the system was adopted. Immense capital was embarked in manufactures; and new embarrassments arose from foreign competition, to an extent which no one had previously imagined could possibly exist. Mr. Webster then acted as a statesman should act. He determined to sustain the interests, which had been thus created by the public patronage. He would not consent to destroy, what Congress had pledged itself to support. His object was to give relief where it was needed, and to frame a tariff upon principles adapted to our necessities, our interests, and our permanent pursuits. That he did not accomplish all that he desired, is true. But whoever reads his printed speeches upon this subject, will find them full of profound reasoning, and accurate knowledge of political economy. Indeed, one of the peculiarities of Mr. Webster's character is, that he draws practical materials freely from all other minds and sources, to give more clearness and certainty to the operations of his own thoughts. Guided by the results of the same enlightened experience, he is now known

as one of the firmest and most active friends of the domestic system, as one embedded in the vital interests of the country.

It was about this period, while in the House of Representatives, that Mr. Webster performed one of the most meritorious and valuable labors of his life, a labor, which few can duly appreciate, because it carries with it no general applause; but it, at the same time, deserves the highest praise, from the unostentatious and silent good, which it confers upon the whole community. I speak of his revision of the criminal code of the United States, which makes provision for the numerous defects and omissions, which must be found in a code made in the year 1790, in the infancy of the national government, and left, without any substantial amendments, until the year 1825. The amendatory act of 1825, which was carried through Congress by his steady and manly devotion to it, though it consists of twenty-six sections, is but a part of the plan which he had sketched of a criminal code. But it contains all, which he then thought could be obtained, without putting at risk the success of the whole revision. In truth, so little interest do the members of Congress feel in mere civil or criminal legislation, applicable to judicial tribunals, that the very circumstance, that any proposed system is comprehensive and full, ordinarily furnishes a fatal obstacle to its passage. It requires too much time to examine; it catches no popular feelings; it engages no ardent supporters. It is a matter of dry duty, to be postponed to some more convenient season, which never does and never can arrive. To many persons, who may read these pages, it will, probably, be new, that the thing has been done at all, much more, that it has been done by Mr. Webster. Yet it may be told them truly, that their persons, and property, and rights on the broad ocean, as well as on land, are rendered far more secure than they were before, by his untiring industry. He, who has so often and so eloquently defended the rights of the government and the people, in the halls of legislation, has performed not less important duties in the committee room, in maturing measures, and collecting facts, and suggesting inquiries.

But the field of Mr. Webster's labors, in which his great talents are best known, and have been most successful, are, beyond all question, the struggles he has maintained, at all times, for the constitution in its true, broad, and genuine spirit. On all occasions, he has stood forth, through evil report and good report, its champion and its friend. He has never approved any other exposition than its own text, read by the lights of common sense and historical illustrations. He has had no ingenious theories to support, no paradoxes to display, no local glosses to interpret, and no little expedients to expand or contract it

according to the interests of party. As he read it, when he first came into public life, so he reads it now, with those more comprehensive means of exposition only, which a more intense study and a profound reverence for it naturally produce in great minds. He is not among those, who seek to enlarge its text beyond its fair import. Neither will he consent to cripple it, by stripping it of powers clearly defined, or necessarily implied. In these doctrines, Mr. Webster has been uniform and inflexible, at all times and in all places. Take him, for instance, in the forum, in one of his earliest and proudest efforts, the Dartmouth College case, or in the National Bank case, or in the Steam-boat Monopoly case ; or take him in the Senate, in his magnificent speeches in answer to Col. Hayne, or in support of the Force Bill,—as it is called ; or in any of his later struggles, still fresh in our memories, upon great constitutional controversies. Every where, you will find the same principles of exposition, the same luminous course of reasoning, the same compact and irresistible logic, the same commanding eloquence and energy of expression. His thoughts and opinions upon the constitution run in the same channel with those of its great authors and earliest interpreters. He belongs to the school of Washington, and Jay, and Hamilton, and Madison, and Marshall. He argues, like one in earnest, and determined to maintain constitutional powers and duties ; he defends, like one, who believes the constitution to be the last refuge and hope of our political liberty ; and he places himself in the breach, to meet every attack, and to surrender nothing to party assaults from without, or to discontented murmurs from within. It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that in the general estimate of his countrymen, as a constitutional lawyer and statesman, he has no compeer in the present day, save only the excellent Chief Justice of the United States,—*clarum et venerabile nomen*. To him, if one may so say, Mr. Webster seems silently to appeal in all his constitutional arguments, as one able to comprehend and analyze them, and with a consciousness, that what he asserts, can scarcely fail to receive his decisive approbation.

But it is time to conclude these hasty and imperfect sketches. To Mr. Webster, for his public services, his country owes a debt of gratitude, which it cannot easily repay,—a debt of gratitude, not merely for what he has done ; but (what is little understood by the people at large,) for what he has silently or openly prevented from being done. Half the labors of a great statesman consist in silently averting public calamities, intentional or accidental ; the other half, though more attractive, as positive and active good, is scarcely more important or more permanently useful. To such a man, a public station is not

only a post of observation and responsibility, but also of enormous sacrifices of private ease and private interest. Who can estimate the loss of professional practice and emolument of Mr. Webster, acknowledgedly at the head of his profession, during his long attendance at Washington? If he should now retire, how could his place be adequately supplied? I hope, earnestly hope, for the honor of my country, nay, for its honest interests and permanent prosperity, that he may long remain in the public councils. But I will not disguise my conscientious opinion, that, in so doing, he puts at hazard some of the pecuniary inheritance due to his talents, and those solid consolations of property, which add to the dignity of old age a sense of personal independence, and a sweet and tranquilizing freedom from anxiety, which all men covet and few obtain. What motive can such a man have, with his hard-earned honors, now thick about him, to remain in Congress, but a strong sense of public duty, and a pure and exalted patriotism? No station can add substantially to his fame, though there is no station which would not be illustrated and sustained by his talents.

THE WORLD.

THOUGH this is called a world of care,
 To me a pleasant one it seems;
 Not only what I see is fair,
 But I have, ever, goodly dreams.

Asleep, awake, such forms I see,
 As make me love it passing well;
 Now, is not that a noble tree?
 And is not this a charming dell?

That bird minute, which flutters round
 And dips its bill in every flower,—
 Has it the world a sad one found?
 Has it a sad, a heavy hour?

Up through the clustered leaves of green,
 Look out upon that silent sky;
 What clouds of glory there are seen,—
 A splendid pageant sweeping by.

Perhaps, when I am older grown,
 I shall be wise as others are;
 But I the lore would now disown,
 That shows the world less good and fair.

REMARKS ON THE ELOQUENCE OF DEBATE.

Is no other nation, either ancient or modern, have the opportunities for the cultivation of eloquence, especially the eloquence of public debate, been so numerous and favorable, or the inducements to aim at excellence in it so strong and inspiring, as in the United States. Our schools for improvement, in this noble and splendid art, at once the instrument of ambition, and the defender of right, the prop of power, and the awardee of fame, are almost countless. Congress,—our great national school of eloquence,—the legislatures of four-and-twenty states and three territories, and the courts of justice, of every rank and description, with which the country is abundantly studded, constitute, perhaps, less than a moiety of our institutions, whose administration is carried on, and whose business is transacted chiefly by the delivery of set orations or extemporaneous addresses, and the practice of debate. In all our grammar-schools, academies, colleges, and universities, the art of speaking is cultivated as a regular exercise. Our large cities abound in lyceums and institutes, where lectures are delivered and discussions held, in debating and declaiming clubs of every imaginable sort, and in Bible, Tract, Missionary, Emancipation, Temperance, Colonization, and Education Societies and Conventions, whose spirit is maintained and their ends promoted by the delivery of addresses, if their very existence does not depend on it. Nor is this all. There is scarcely in the Union a town, of a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants, where some nursery of public speaking does not exist. Add, our innumerable political meetings, where harangues are as necessary and as much in vogue, as the sound of the trumpet and the drum in battle, and our thousands of stationary and itinerant divines, most of whom preach twice or three times, and a large proportion of them five or six times a week,—contemplate this unparalleled and soul-stirring display of practical elocution, and who can deny that the Americans are the most "talking and speech-making" race, that the world has produced! Nor are reasons wanting to account for this eager discipline in the art of address. We are proverbially enamored of *place* and *power*—much more so, *as a people*, notwithstanding our *professed simplicity and republicanism*, than any other now existing, or that ever has existed. And it is by eloquence, in its various forms, that these honors are perhaps most certainly attained. The liberal spirit of our institutions, laying open to all the high places of distinction and trust, renders them objects of aspiration to all; and the art of popular oratory often secures them. Hence the high estimation, in which that art is held by us, the ardor and assiduity, with which it is cultivated, and the extensive scale of our arrangements for becoming accomplished in it.

Nor have our labors been fruitless. True; we have not yet produced a Demosthenes or a Cicero; nor did Greece and Rome, until after many centuries of toil and trial. Perhaps our orators have not yet reached the standard of Chatham or Burke, Sheridan, Fox, or Canning. Yet this is a point not altogether settled. Sundry causes have hitherto existed, to prevent a fair comparison, in this respect, between England and the United States. There is good reason, however, to believe, that the ascendancy of the British orators over some of the American, if indeed they had any, was much more in *report* and *fancy*, than in *reality*. But, be this as it may, one thing is certain; the United States contain a much greater number of good second and third-rate speakers, as well in debate, as in forensic, pulpit, and popular oratory, than any other nation now in existence, or known to history, whatever may be the amount and condition of its inhabitants, or the character of its institutions. Notwithstanding the rude gibes and impudent calumnies of certain foreigners, signalized more by ignorance and self-conceit, than by taste or judgement, America is already an eloquent nation. And, if it be true to its own interest, fame, and fortune, it will not only bear away the palm from modern rivals, but will eclipse the glory, and humble the pride, of antiquity itself, in the art of speaking. Though this is but prediction now, and may perhaps be accounted, by some persons, as probable and boastful, time will turn it to fact, and history record it among the triumphs of mind. The ground of the prediction has been already stated. While the people of the United States are unsurpassed in their native fitness for oratory, they are unrivaled in their opportunities and motives to excel in it. Calculating, therefore, on the well-known connexion of cause and effect, as relates to human events, the belief that they will thus excel rests on a fair inference.

Eloquence, like other arts, is but the application of settled principles, its object being to enlighten and convince, move and persuade. Those principles are founded in the constitution of man; and unless the art be studied and practised in conformity to them, it cannot be brought to the perfection it is susceptible of, or be made to turn human nature to wax, and mould it, for the time, in feeling, sentiment, and action, to the purposes of the speaker. Had not the orators conformed, in their speeches, to these principles, neither would Demosthenes have impelled the Athenians to "march against Philip,"—Cicero, though of an origin comparatively obscure, have risen and ruled the Roman Senate, humbled the hardened audacity of Cataline, and driven that bold conspirator from the city,—Pitt, the elder, have made a corrupt and packed ministry quail under his rebuke,—nor John Adams, when speaking as man has rarely spoken, in behalf of Independence, have "raised the members of Congress from their seats." Our present design is to notice some of the leading principles of eloquence, according to which, the art, to be successful, must be studied and practised, to make it appear that those principles constitute a part of the philosophy of mind, without a correct knowledge of which they cannot be understood, and then to show how far certain speeches, recently delivered in Congress, conform to them.*

ELOQUENCE is the appropriate expression of the condition and operations of the mind, and constitutes the means, by which one mind acts on another, and, more or less, assimilates the condition of it to its own. More technically, eloquence might be defined, the language or manifestation of the mental faculties, by which the state of the faculties of one individual is made to conform to the state of those of another. The design of public eloquence is to make the minds of an audience harmonize, in all respects, with the mind of the speaker; to make them feel with him, think with him, resolve with him, and, if necessary, act with him, and thus surrender themselves entirely to his control. But, for the production of this effect, it is requisite that the expression of the faculties, which the orator wishes in particular to excite and control, in his audience, be made clear and forcible by himself, in substance and manner, no less than in language. His address must be not merely a personation of those faculties; it must be a living incorporation of them instinct with their spirit. Nothing short of this will insure to him the influence, at which he aims. Does he wish to inform and enlighten his audience, and send conviction to their minds, respecting any point he is discussing? He must present appropriate and relevant truths to them, fully, perspicuously, and forcibly. He must state facts to them, without equivocation or disguise, arrange them in their natural order, exhibit the relations they bear to each other, draw legitimate inferences from them, and express himself coolly but energetically, in the accurate language of judgement and reason. Does he wish his audience to be grave? He must be himself grave, in matter, manner, and diction. Is he desirous that they should be solemn? He must be solemn himself, and they will follow his example. Merry? He must be facetious. Sorrowful? He must remember the maxim, *si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi*. Does he wish to soften, melt, and persuade them? His words must distil on them with a dewy mildness, and his look and deportment be soft and assuasive. But, if his aim be to render them indignant at criminality or wrong, or to rouse their resentment against injury, insult, or oppression, his expression must change, in correspondence with his purpose. He should assume the air and attitude of detestation and defiance, or even of assault; his eyes should flash, and his countenance gleam with the outbreathing of his inward fires; his voice should be stern, deep, and sonorous, and should pour forth the burning and resolute language of passion and resistance, if not of battle and vengeance. Thus should he, in all cases, as far as possible, render his words and his utterance of them "an echo to their meaning," and make his look and action a mirror to reflect the feelings he would awaken. But we find it impossible to express ourselves with definiteness and perspicuity, on this subject, unless we avail ourselves of the principles, and adopt the language, of the only scheme of mental philosophy, whose tenets we either believe

* We shall select for our purpose the four following productions:—

Speech of Mr. McDuffie, on the subject of the Removal of the Deposites, December 19, 1833.

Remarks of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the subject of the Removal of the Deposites from the Bank of the United States. January 13, 1834.

Speech of the Hon. Horace Binney, on the question of the Removal of the Deposites. Delivered in the House of Representatives, January, 1834.

Report of Mr. Webster, as Chairman of the Committee of Finance, to the Senate of the United States, on the question of the Removal of the Deposites, February 5, 1834.

or understand—we mean PHRENOLOGY. Begging the kind indulgence of the reader, therefore, and soliciting his unprejudiced consideration of the matter we may offer, we shall enter on our task, without further remark.

It has been already observed, that the object of the orator is so to act on the human mind, as to excite and mould it at pleasure, and thus control it to his purposes. This, however, he cannot do, unless he possess a knowledge of its constitution; its constitution consisting in an aggregate of many faculties, can be understood, like other compounds, only by analysis; and in the principles and manner of that analysis Phrenology alone instructs us. Did our space permit us, we should be gratified to avail ourselves of the lights of that science, in giving such an exposition of the constitution of the mind, as might be useful both in preparing and understanding this discussion. Instead, however, of entering into any details on this point ourselves, we must refer the reader for the information required, to the works of Spurzheim and Combe, which are now circulating extensively through the country, and which should be studied by every one, who is anxious to attain a correct knowledge of man, as a moral, intellectual, and social being. Legislators, in a special manner, should be thoroughly informed on this subject. Unless they possess a competent knowledge of the mental machinery of their fellow-men, it is impossible for them either to make on them the requisite impressions, in their debates and addresses, or to prepare suitable laws for their government.

Phrenology teaches us that the human mind is composed of three classes of faculties, differing from each other in their grade no less than in their character. These are the animal, the intellectual, and the moral; the two latter of which, being of the higher order, are designed to direct the former, and control it in its action. This they should be made to do, in all cases, and in none more strictly than in the business of debate in deliberative assemblies. In this way alone can wise and salutary measures be devised and adopted. That the higher faculties should control the lower, is a law of nature. Whatever practice conforms to this law, is sure to succeed, and become productive of something useful, while non-conformity and opposition to it fail, or do mischief. Legislators, therefore, neither appear in a dignified and becoming attitude, nor serve effectually the interests of their country, by indulging their animal faculties, and allowing them to take an ascendancy in parliamentary contests. But that this is too often done, to the breach of order, and the injury of the best interests of the commonwealth, the practice of our legislative bodies sufficiently proves. Nor is this all.

The newspapers and many of the pamphlets of the day do immense mischief, on the same ground. By an exercise of *Secretiveness*, deeply culpable, they abound in falsehood; and, uniting that faculty with *Combativeness* and *Destructiveness*, they inundate the country with floods of the foulest defamation and abuse. On subjects of a political nature, their columns and pages are too rarely marked with matters of unperverted intellect, or unsullied morality. Even when the substance is sound, the coloring is too high, or the shape distorted. In some way truth is distorted, the credulous and undiscerning multitude are misled, society is demoralized, and the country suffers. And such will inevitably be the case, until public men shall have been so far improved in their character, as to exercise their higher faculties instead of their lower—their moral and reflecting, in preference to their animal. Nor can any thing but sound and efficient education, commenced in infancy, and continued until manhood, insure the result. Without this, neither the principles and operations of government or the church, nor of both united, can produce the effect. Unless those principles be planted in a mental soil, prepared for their reception, by sound education, they cannot take root, and produce the fruit that the unreflecting expect from them. The truth of this is proved by experience, and amply testified to by the history of our race.

Such are the principles, to which debate in legislative and other deliberative bodies should conform, and to which it must conform, or fall short of the benefits that might otherwise be derived from it. Let us now ascertain, by a brief examination of them, how far this conformity attaches to the productions already referred to. That they are all the offspring of powerful and disciplined minds, it would be superfluous to assert, because it will not be denied. Nor is it either our province or our purpose to endeavor to show, which of them bears the impress of the higher genius. We shall limit our remarks chiefly to their greater or less fitness for the occasion, on which they were delivered, and to the stronger or weaker probability of their promoting the object, for which they were intended.

If, in opening his discourse, it be the true policy, and, therefore, the duty of an

orator, to awaken in his audience kind feeling, allay their prejudices, soothe their dislikes, and thus conciliate their favor, the more certainly to pave the way to their final approbation, Mr. M'Duffie was any thing but happy, in his exordium. The very first shaft he discharges, is from the full quiver of his barbed invectives. And it is brought to its mark, with all the force of his vigorous arm.

"The whole public treasure of the United States has been removed from the depository established by law, by an arbitrary and lawless exercise of executive power. I affirm that the act has been done by the President of the United States, not only without legal authority, but, I might almost say, in contempt of the authority of Congress."

"I maintain that the President of the United States is the author of this whole proceeding, and shall proceed to show that, notwithstanding the devices by which this assumption of power is covered over and disguised, he has 'assumed the responsibility,' or, more properly speaking, *usurped the power*, of removing the depositories." * * * * "It has not been long since a King of France lost his crown, and narrowly escaped the loss of his life, for a violation of a charter not more flagrant than this we are considering."

This withering strain of accusation and invective the orator follows up, with taunts of sarcastic irony, no less cutting and embittered.

"So, it would seem that the President has exercised this power from the sheer necessity of the case—a case of great public emergency that admitted of no delay, and that he has assumed this high responsibility with the utmost pain and reluctance! To be sure, sir, every body knows that executive power, especially that high order of executive power which rises above the law, is always assumed with great and unfeigned reluctance. It would have been exceedingly painful to Cæsar to have been constrained to assume the kingly office; but Cæsar put by the crown. It was no less painful, as it seems, to Richard the Third, to accept the bloody crown of his murdered relatives, when urged upon him by the clamor of his own partizans, and by his own procurement; but he, like the President, could not resist the call of his countrymen, saying, as Shakspeare has it,

"I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind intreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul."

The speaker holds on, untiringly, with the same terrible weapons and unsparing blows, with which he commenced the conflict. His cuts, if possible, become deeper and bloodier.

"Sir, it is too apparent to be disguised by these *banqueting devices*, that the President of the United States is the officer, by whose sole and *despotic will* the treasures have been removed from the Bank of the United States. He alone is the responsible agent in this transaction. It is an utter perversion of language to say that the Secretary of the Treasury has removed the depositories. It is *absolutely false*; (I speak in a legal sense;) he had no more agency, moral or legal, than the iron pen, by which the order of removal was written. The Secretary of the Treasury remove the depositories! He refused to remove them! and has paid the penalty of his honest independence, by being discarded from office."

"In what manner, and for what purpose, was the present Secretary of the Treasury brought into office? Sir, he came into office *through a breach in the Constitution*; and his very appointment was the means of violating the law and the public faith. He was brought into his present station to be the instrument of executive usurpation. And yet, Sir, because his name is attached to the order, we are gravely told that the Secretary of the Treasury removed the depositories. *It is as untrue to the common sense of the nation to say so.*"

The orator's invectives against the Secretary of the Treasury are no less bitter, and even more indignant and scornful.

"There could not have been selected a time for performing this act (the removal of the depositories) better calculated to show the President's defiance of the Legislative authority. And yet, Sir, the Secretary of the Treasury comes here with the miserable—I had almost said *impudent* pretence—that he was constrained to do it by the necessities of the country. Sir, it is not true."

We are far from saying that these charges and denunciations are either unfounded, unmerited, or, in any respect, too deep and dismal for the occasion. We believe the wisest and purest statesmen and patriots of the nation hold them just. We only call in question their *expediency*, considering that the orator had a mighty object to attain—no less than the preservation of the liberties and Constitution of his country, and of the *spirit* of freedom throughout the world—and that his success depended on the will of many, who were then opposed to him, and listening to his discourse. We are compelled to believe, (and we derive our evidence from our views of the constitution of man,) that, had policy and prudence been calmly consulted, they would have prescribed to the speaker a different course. They would have directed him to temper the intensity of his southern fire, and either waive his sarcasms, or dilute and moderate their bitterness and causticity. By pursuing such a course, he *might* have multiplied the advocates of his cause. We are no strangers to the deafness and unbending nature of the spirit of political

party; nor are we settled in our belief, that its ranks could have been broken, or its movements arrested, by the missiles of reason, however abundant or skillfully directed. Its numbers *might*, however, have been diminished, by the arguments of the speaker, which were sound, and urged with uncommon ability—*might*, we mean, had they been unaccompanied by any thing exceptionable to the opposite party. But they carried their antidote along with them, in the deep censure with which they were blended.

We intend no unmerited praise, in saying, that but few men of the age could have delivered Mr. M'Duffie's speech; so lofty are its qualities, and so rare the characteristics of genius that mark it. Nor do we mean either disrespect or condemnation, in adding, that the performance was, notwithstanding, much better calculated to produce temporary effect, than lasting benefit; to animate and encourage the speaker's friends, than to conciliate and *practically convince* and proselyte his adversaries. It is a *party* production; admirably fitted to cheer to the combat; but not well adapted to insure success. With all its cogency, boldness, and eloquence, (and it is distinguished in each,) we doubt whether it gained to the great cause of right and law, the Constitution, freedom, and our country, a single vote. Perhaps it even left the matter worse than it found it—friends not increased, and opponents irritated, mortified, and more confirmed in their course. We remember not, at present, where to find, in parliamentary debate, denunciations so stern, invective so vehement, or strokes of sarcasm so incurably wounding. Whether search be made in the Philippics of Demosthenes, the Orations of Cicero against Verres and Clodius, Antony and Cataline, or in the speeches of Chatham, Burke, and Sheridan, nothing, we think, can be found to equal it in severity—certainly nothing to surpass it.

On the intellectual character of Mr. Calhoun's speech, it is difficult to bestow extravagant praise. In some respects the address is unrivalled by any contemporary production, on the same subject. In its searching acuteness, its wide philosophical grasp, and close compression of matter, as well as in the strictness and accuracy of its dialectics, it is pre-eminent in the midst of the other great efforts of the occasion. Unencumbered with details, it is a compact incorporation of political principles, selected and brought together with a degree of sagacity, and compounded with a dexterity of statesmanship, that have rarely been equaled. Dwelling briefly on each topic it embraces, yet, with a single touch, illustrating and settling each, it is characterized by the terseness and strength of the writings of Aristotle and Bacon, and, as far as it extends, is one of the soundest epitomes of constitutional philosophy, and political logic, we have ever perused. It is directed chiefly against the reasons rendered by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the removal of the deposits; and, wherever the champion of the Constitution strikes, he overthrows and shatters, in the very onset, and, scarcely deigning to look on his fallen victim, passes proudly on to another triumph. Throughout the whole conflict, his blows are so irresistible, and his march so haughty and desolating, that we fancy we see the Secretary cowering and writhing beneath him, like the bleeding quarry beneath the falcon. There is reason to imagine, that he exhibited, while delivering his address, more of the Roman Senator, in his air and manner, than we are accustomed to witness, in modern times.

The speech, however, has some faults, mingled with its high and numerous excellencies. Its abstractions are too subtle, and its generalizations too deep and comprehensive, for the common mind; and the sternness of its rebukes must have offended, while it mortified. Though it does not inveigh and denounce, in express terms, to the same extent, and with the directness and pungency of the speech of Mr. M'Duffie, it is scarcely less blighting, in its matter and tone. It *proves*, substantially, what the other sometimes but boldly *asserts*. A single extract from it will confirm our remarks. The extract is long, but cannot be divided without injustice; and it will amply compensate the time spent in its perusal. In the form of an ascending climax of charges, it exposes the successive assumptions or *usurpations* of the Secretary of the Treasury, arrogant if not insulting toward the legislative and judicial branches of the government, but in truckling obedience to the will of the Executive.

"The Secretary having established, as he supposes, his right to dispose of the deposits, as, in his opinion, the general interest and convenience of the people might require, proceeds to claim and exercise power with a boldness commensurate with the extravagance of the right he has assumed. He commences with a claim to determine, in his official character, that the Bank of the United States is unconstitutional—a monopoly—baneful to the welfare of the community. Having determined this point, he comes to the conclusion that the charter of the Bank ought not to be re-

renewed, and then assumes that it will not be renewed. Having reached this point, he then determines that it is his duty to remove the deposits. No one can object, that Mr. Taney, as a citizen, in his individual character, should entertain an opinion as to the unconstitutionality of the Bank; but that he, acting in his official character, and performing official acts under the charter of the Bank, should undertake to determine that the institution was unconstitutional, and that those who granted the charter and bestowed on him his power to act under it, had violated the constitution, is an assumption of power of a nature which I will not undertake to characterize, as I wish not to be personal.

"But he is not content with the power simply to determine on the unconstitutionality of the Bank. He goes far beyond—he claims to be the organ of the voice of the people. In this high character he pronounces that the question of the renewal of the Bank charter was put in issue at the last Presidential election, and that the people had determined that it should not be renewed. I do not, (said Mr. Calhoun,) intend to enter into the argument whether, in point of fact, the renewal of the charter was put at issue at the last election. That point was ably and fully discussed by the Hon. Senators from Kentucky (Mr. Clay) and New-Jersey (Mr. Southard) who conclusively proved that no such question was involved in the issue; and if it were, the issue comprehended so many others, that it was impossible to conjecture on which the election turned. I look to higher objections. I would inquire by what authority the Secretary of the Treasury constitutes himself the organ of the people of the United States. He has the reputation of being an able lawyer; and can be ignorant, that, so long as the Constitution of the United States exists, the only organs of the people of these states, as far as the action of the General Government is concerned, are the several departments, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial; which, acting within the respective limits assigned by the Constitution, have a right to pronounce, authoritatively, the voice of the people? A claim on the part of the Executive to interpret, as the Secretary has done, the voice of the people, through any other channel, is to shake the foundation of our system. Has the Secretary forgotten that the last step to absolute power is this very assumption which he claimed for that department? I am thus brought, (said Mr. C.) to allude to the extraordinary manifesto read by the President to the Cabinet, and which is so intimately connected with the point immediately under consideration. That document, though apparently addressed to the Cabinet, was clearly and manifestly intended as an appeal to the people of the United States, and opens a new and direct organ of communication between the President and them unknown to the Constitution and the laws. There are but two channels known to either, through which the President can communicate with the people—by messages to the two Houses of Congress, as expressly provided for in the Constitution, or by proclamation, setting forth the interpretations, which he places upon a law, it has become his official duty to execute. Going beyond, is one amongst the alarming signs of the times, which portend the overthrow of the Constitution and the approach of despotic power.

"The Secretary having determined that the Bank was unconstitutional, and that the people had pronounced against the recharter, concludes that Congress had nothing to do with the subject. With a provident foresight, he perceives the difficulty and embarrassment into which the currency of the country would be thrown on the termination of the bank charter; to prevent which, he proceeds deliberately, with a parental care, to supply a new currency, 'equal to, or better' than that which Congress had supplied. With this view he determines on immediate removal of the deposits; he puts them into certain state institutions, intending to organize them, after the fashion of the empire state, into a great safety-fund system, but which, unfortunately, undoubtedly for the projectors, if not for the country, the limited power of the state banks did not permit him to effect. But a substitute was found by associating them in certain articles of agreement, and appointing an inspector-general of all this league of banks! and all this without law or appropriation! Is it not amazing, that it never occurred to the Secretary, that the subject of a currency belonged exclusively to Congress, and that to assume to regulate it, was a plain usurpation of the powers of that department of the government?

"Having thus assumed the power, officially to determine on the constitutionality of the Bank; having erected himself into an organ of the people's voice, and settled the question of the regulation of the currency, he next proceeds to assume the judicial powers over the Bank. He declares that the Bank has transcended its powers, and had therefore forfeited its charter; for which he inflicts on the institution the severe and exemplary punishment of withholding the deposits; and all this in the face of an express provision, investing the court with power touching the infraction of the charter; directing in what manner the trial should be commenced and be conducted, and securing expressly to the Bank the sacred right of trial by jury, in finding the facts. All this passed for nothing in the eyes of the Secretary, who was too deeply engrossed in providing for the common welfare, to regard Congress, the Court, or the Constitution.

"The Secretary next proceeds to supervise the general operations of the Bank, pronouncing with authority, that at one time it has discounted too freely, and at another, too sparingly, without reflecting that all the control which the government can rightfully exercise over the operations of the institution, is through the five directors, who represent the government in this respect. Directors! (Mr. Calhoun exclaimed,) did I say, (alluding to the present.) No; *spies* is their proper designation.

"I cannot, said Mr. Calhoun, proceed with the remarks, which I intended, on the remainder of the Secretary's reasons; I have not patience to dwell on assumptions of power, so bold, so lawless, and so unconstitutional: they deserve not the name of argument, and I cannot waste time in treating them as such."

One short extract more shall finish our notice of Mr. Calhoun's speech. We cannot doubt, that, while the reader shall give his entire approval of its substance, he will be delighted with the Senator's dignified style, and lofty bearing, in pronouncing it.

"But it is attempted to vindicate the conduct of the Secretary on the ground of precedent. I will not stop to notice whether the cases cited are in point; nor will I avail myself of the great and striking advantage that I might have on the question of precedent; this case stands alone, and distinct from all others. There is none similar to it in magnitude and importance. I waive all that; I place myself on higher grounds,—I stand on the immovable principle that, on a question of law and constitution, in a deliberative assembly, there is no room,—no place for prece-

dents. To admit them, would be to make the violation of to-day the law and constitution of to-morrow; and to substitute in the place of the written and sacred will of the people and the legislature, the infraction of those charged with the execution of the law."

The speech of Mr. Binney possesses a spirit not merely dissimilar to that of the two speeches just examined, but, in some respects, its opposite. It is as bland and courteous, as they are acrimonious and stern. Whilst it displays occasionally somewhat of the attractive hues, and diffuses around it not a little of the perfume of the rose, they present the naked branches, bristling with thorns. Its mildness, however, does not, in any degree, lessen its force. With its ample stock of the *suaviter in modo*, it has an equal amount of the *fortiter in re*. Its exordium, with a blush of modesty sufficiently deep for so celebrated a speaker, is peculiarly mild and conciliatory; and the professions made, and the principles and manner of debate avowed in it, were faithfully adhered to, to the end of the discourse.

"I mean (said the orator) to discuss the great question, Sir, as I think it becomes me to discuss it, on my first entrance into this House; as it would become any one to discuss it, having the few relations to extreme party that I have, and being desirous, for the short time he means to be connected with the station, to do or omit nothing that shall be the occasion of painful retrospect. I mean to discuss it as gravely and temperately as I can; not, Sir, because it is not a fit subject for the most animated and impassioned appeals to every fear and hope that a patriot can entertain for his country,—for I hold, without doubt, that it is so,—but because, as the defence of the measure to be examined comes to this House under the name and in the guise of 'Reason,' I deem it fit to receive it, and try its pretensions by the standard to which it appeals. I mean to examine the Secretary's paper, as the friends of the measure say it ought to be examined,—to take the facts as he states them, unless in the same paper, or in other papers proceeding from the same authority, there are contradictions; and then I must be allowed the exercise of private judgement on the evidence,—to take the motives as the Secretary alleges them,—to add no facts, except such as are notorious or incontestible, and then to ask the impartial judgement of the House upon my answer."

Such are the fair and honorable rules of combat, under which Mr. Binney enters the lists; and, in no instance, we repeat, does he depart from them. Even when most excited in the contest, he observes them with a chivalrous punctiliousness rarely witnessed. In proof of this, when he overthrows his adversary, which he does as often as he closes with him, he adopts some generous expedient to soften his fall. In pursuing this course, under a display of knowledge, talent, and eloquence, of the highest order, while he justly secured the confidence and brightened the hopes of his friends, he necessarily commanded the admiration of his opponents, without giving them the slightest pretext for offence. His appeal to the House, therefore, must have had its effect—if not on the members who listened to him, at least, on such of the community, not seared and hardened to callousness by the heat of party, as may read his address.

In another respect, Mr. Binney's speech differs very materially from the others we have examined. It is rich, almost to exuberance, in details. It contains much more information on the business and influence of banking, and on the several moneyed interests of the country, than any other speech delivered in Congress. Did it possess no other trait of excellence, that alone would give it great value, as a repository of facts, and a document for references. But it has other merits, of higher standing. It shows its accomplished author to be as much of a statesman and constitutional lawyer, as of a banker and financier. It exhibits him also in the capacity of a disciplined scholar, a polished speaker, and a dextrous and powerful debater. We owe it as well to the reader as to Mr. Binney, not to withhold the following fascinating specimen of eloquence:—

"Mr. Speaker, the change produced in this country, in the short space of three months, is without example in the history of this or any other nation. The past summer found the people delighted or contented with the apparent adjustment of some of the most fearful controversies that had ever divided them. The Chief Magistrate of the Union had entered upon his office for another term, and was receiving more than the honors of a Roman triumph from the happy people of the Middle and Northern States, without distinction of party, age, or sex. Nature promised to the husbandman an exuberant crop. Trade was replenishing the coffers of the nation, and rewarding the merchant's enterprise. The spindle and the shuttle, and every instrument of mechanic industry, were pursuing their busy labors with profit. Internal improvements were bringing down the remotest west to the shores of the Atlantic, and binding and compacting the dispersed inhabitants of this immense territory, as the inhabitants of a single state. One universal smile beamed from the face of this favored country. But, sir, we have had a fearful admonition, that we hold all such treasures in earthen vessels; and a still more fearful one, that misjudging man, either in error or in anger, may, in a moment, dash them to the ground, and break into fragments the finest creations of industry and intelligence."

Mr. Binney's speech is characterized by much of the regular order and dignified march, which contribute no little to the splendor and effect of the orations of

Cicero. Indeed, in many respects, especially in richness of matter and felicity of illustration, copiousness, harmony, and polish of language, it is a Ciceronian production. The following exposition of the general character of the document he was discussing, is strong, clear, and beautiful, abundant in matter of the deepest concern, and fearfully ominous, as to the destinies of our country:—

“The letter of the Secretary consists of certain general propositions, by which he endeavors to sustain his authority, and of certain particular reasons or arguments of fact, by which he endeavors to justify its exercise. The general propositions upon which all his particular reasons depend, he has not condescended to argue at all; and I have listened with all due attention to the gentleman who has preceded me, the honorable member from Tennessee, without being able to perceive that his course has, in any respect, differed from that of the Secretary. The Secretary asserts, Sir, that by the removal of the deposits, by and through his absolute and unconditional power, whether the act was in itself right or wrong, with or without cause, the Bank of the United States is put out of court, and the nation discharged from the contract, without any violation of faith. He further asserts, that while his own power was absolute, that of Congress over the same subject was gone, having been alienated to him; that the Legislature were, as to the treasure deposited in the Bank of the United States, in a condition of impotency and imbecility; that they had bound themselves, hand and foot, by the charter of the Bank; and that, while they had given unlimited authority over the subject to him, they had reserved no power whatever to themselves or to the people; and, consequently, that in no event, not even if the deposits were unsafe, or the ultimate law of all governments—the safety of the people—should imperiously have demanded the removal of the deposits, was it in the power of Congress to touch them, without a violation of the public faith. He further asserts, that the rightful exercise of this power is not, even in point of responsibility to Congress, dependent on the safety of the deposits, or the fidelity of the Bank, in its conduct to the government; but that it was his right and duty to remove them, if the removal tended in any degree to the interest and convenience of the public. He finally asserts, that, as it was his right to remove the deposits, so it was his right, as a consequence, to select the places of new deposits; and he did so. *Sir, these are startling propositions.*”

The orator's reply to these novel, and, we must say, despotic and alarming propositions, which, as far as they reach, trample under foot every semblance of legislative independence and public right, and make a mockery of the freedom and privileges of the people,—to these propositions, which, if true, would be the death-knell of representative republican government, the reply of the orator is every where triumphant. The following is a specimen of his argument and manner, not selected on account of any peculiar excellence it possesses, (for where all is excellent, selection is scarcely possible,) but taken, at random, from the body of the discourse:—

“The Secretary is not the head of an executive department, in the performance of acts which concern the custody and security of the public moneys in the treasury. His department is not, in this respect, a Presidential department. To have placed the custody of the public treasury within the executive department, would have been a constitutional incongruity, a solecism, to say nothing of the enormous mischiefs to result from placing the power of the sword and the purse in the same hand. It would have marred the harmony and simplicity of the whole scheme of the Constitution, by leaving to Congress the duty of paying the debts and providing for the common defence and welfare, while the money collected for these objects was not under their control, but in the hands of a different department. It would make, and the adoption of the doctrine does make, the power of appropriation entirely public; because the public money is, by force of it, as little under the control of Congress before appropriation, as it is afterwards; and it gives the control of the public treasure, so far as the position and distribution of it can give such a control, to a department that can wield the whole force of the revenue, against the legislative department and the people.”

Having conclusively shown, in his discussion of the first reason rendered by the Secretary of the Treasury for his removal of the deposits, that the scheme proposed by that officer must necessarily reproduce a depreciated paper currency, with the well-known irregularities and evils connected with it, Mr. Binney passes judgement on that scheme, and warns of its issue, in the following bold and eloquent remarks:—

“Sir, the project of the Secretary of the Treasury astonishes me—it has astonished the country. It is here that we find a pregnant source of the present agony,—it is in the clearly avowed design to bring, a second time, upon this land the curse of an *unregulated, uncontrolled State Bank paper currency*. We are again to see the drama, which already, in the course of the present century, has passed before us, and closed in ruin. If the project shall be successful, we are again to see the paper missiles shooting in every direction through the country,—a derangement of all values—a depreciated circulation,—a suspension of specie payments; then a further extension of the same detestable paper,—a still greater depreciation,—with failures of traders, and failures of Banks, in its train,—to arrive, at last, at the same point, from which we departed in 1817. Suffer me to recall to the recollection of the House a few of the more striking events of that day. The first Bank of the United States expired in March, 1811. Between the 1st of January, 1811, and the close of the year 1814, more than one hundred new Banks were established, to supply this more *uniform and better currency*. For ten millions of capital called in by that Bank, twenty millions of capital, so called, were invested in these. In the place of five and a half millions, about the amount of circulation in notes of that Bank withdrawn, twenty-two millions were pushed out. Then came a suspension of specie payments, in August and September, 1814. As an immediate

consequence of this suspension, the circulation of the country, in the course of fifteen months, increased fifty per cent. or from forty-five to sixty-eight millions of dollars; and the fruit of this *more uniform currency* was the failure of innumerable traders, mechanics, and even farmers; of one hundred and sixty-five banks, with capitals amounting to thirty millions of dollars; and a loss to the United States alone, in the negotiation of her loans, and in the receipt of bankrupt paper, to an amount exceeding four millions of dollars."

But we can dwell no longer on this great and successful effort of the Philadelphia orator,—a performance which rends asunder, and scatters to the winds the flimsy cobwebs of the Secretary of the Treasury, as the tempest shakes the dew-drops from the bramble; and which, had its author never pronounced a previous speech, and were he never to deliver a subsequent one, would entitle him to a place among the foremost debaters and statesmen of the day, and give him an undeniable claim to the gratitude of his country, and of the friends of freedom throughout the world.

Of the Report of Mr. Webster, it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. The name of its author is ample surety of its soundness and strength. Being a written document, it is, of course, more calm and unimpassioned, than it would have been, had it been spoken. But the simplicity of its language, and the unruffled tone of its manner, are even beyond what is usual in productions of the kind. It contains neither a word nor an allusion to agitate or give offence, except the agitation of *dismay* from its overwhelming power. And this plainness shows it to peculiar advantage. It lays bare the massiness of its materials, and the compactness and strength of its structure, as the removal of the cloak from the shoulders of Hercules astonishes the more, by exhibiting in full relief the dimensions of his frame, and the swell of his muscles.

The Report is one of the purest emanations of intellect we have ever examined. It would seem as if, in the composition of it, Reason had stood by and dictated, while the Senator wrote, and Wisdom put her seal to the instrument when finished. It is, on every point it touches, unanswerable and conclusive; and it traverses the whole ground occupied by the sophistical fabric of the Secretary of the Treasury, overthrowing his scaffolding and all that rests on it, and grinding them to powder. And this it does with so little apparent effort, that we feel surprise at the havoc it produces. Touch and demolition, as if magic were employed, seem indissolubly associated in the progress of the work. Mr. Webster's distinction from his powerful colleagues does not consist in his doing more than they do, (for each completes his task,) but in his doing it with greater apparent ease. To have recourse again to classical imagery, while others *work* with the club of Hercules, he *plays* with it; and still the sweep of destruction goes on. We shall only give a few extracts from the Report, as specimens of the style and manner of the Senator, the length our article has already attained forbidding us to do more. As the document does not contain a loose or superfluous thought, an attempt to condense, or in any way abridge it, besides doing it injustice, would eventuate in a failure. Its very perfection prevents us from availing ourselves of it, to the extent we might do were it less compactly put together. In reply to the claim set up, by the Secretary of the Treasury, to an unlimited control over the bank deposits, Mr. Webster observes,—

"The opinion of the Secretary is, that his power over the deposits, so far as respects the rights of the bank, is not limited to any particular contingencies, but is absolute and unconditional. If it be absolute and unconditional, so far as respects the rights of the bank, it must be absolute and unconditional in all other respects; because it is obvious if there be any limitation, that limitation is imposed as much for the benefit of the bank, as for the security of the country. The bank has contracted for the keeping of the public moneys, and paid for it, as for a privilege or benefit. It has agreed, at the same time, that the Secretary shall possess the power of removal; but, then, it is also agreed, that whenever this power is exercised, the reasons therefor shall be reported to Congress; Congress being thus constituted the final judge as well of the rights of the bank, in this particular, as of the good of the country. So that if the Secretary's power be in truth absolute and unconditional, it restrains Congress from judging whether the public good is injured by the removal, just as much as it restrains it from judging whether the rights of the bank are injured by the removal; because the limitation, if any, is equally for the security of the bank and of the public.

"If the bank be interested in retaining the deposits, then is it interested in the truth or falsity, the sufficiency or insufficiency, of the reasons given for their removal. Especially is it so interested, since these reasons are to be rendered to a tribunal which is to judge over the Secretary, and may form a different opinion on the validity of these reasons, and may reverse his decision. It clearly has an interest in retaining the deposits, and therefore is as clearly concerned in the reasons the Secretary may give for their removal. And as he is bound to give reasons, this very circumstance shows that his authority is not absolute and unconditional. Because, how can an appeal be given from the decision of an absolute power; and how can such a power be called on to give reasons for any instance of its exercise? If it be absolute, its only reason is a reference to its own will.

"The committee think, therefore, that no absolute and unconditional power was conferred on the Secretary; that no authority was given him, by which he could deprive the bank of the custody of the public moneys, without reason; and that, therefore, his opinion is not to be admitted,—that, in no event, can any order for the removal of the deposits impair the right secured to the bank by the charter. If removed without good cause, the Committee think the removal does impair the rights of the Bank."

Another quotation shall close our consideration of this great state paper.

"The last charge preferred against the Bank, is, that it has used its means with a view to obtain political power, and thereby secure the renewal of its charter.

"The very statement of this charge, as a reason for removing the deposits, is calculated to excite distrust in the wisdom and propriety of that measure; because the charge, too general to be proved, is too general, also, to be disproved; and since it must always rest mainly on mere opinion, it might be made at any time, by any Secretary, against any Bank. It would be always, therefore, a convenient cloak, under which to disguise the true motives of official conduct.

"If proof be made out that the funds of the Bank have been applied to illegal objects, the proper mode of redress and punishment should have been adopted; but what has this to do with the deposits? As in the case of the French Bill, the Secretary cannot justify the removal of the deposits on any such ground as this, unless it be conceded that he may use the power of removal as a punishment for any offence, of any kind, which the Bank, in his opinion, may have committed. The Committee have already expressed their opinion that no such latitude of power belongs to him; and the assertion of such a power, for such a cause as is now under consideration, shows that the power ought never to belong to any Secretary; because the offence, on account of which it is here proposed to be exercised, is a political offence, incapable of definition, depending merely on the Secretary's opinion, and necessarily drawing into its consideration all the exciting controverted topics of the day. The Bank, it is said, 'has sought to obtain political power.' What is the definition of such an offence? What constitutes it? How is it to be tried? Who is to be the judge? What punishment shall follow conviction? All must see that charges of this nature are but loose and vague accusations, which may be made at any time, and can never be either proved or disproved; and to admit them as sufficient grounds to justify the removal of the deposits, would be to concede to the Secretary the possession of a power purely arbitrary."

Having thus bestowed on the Speeches and the Report, all the attention that circumstances admit, yet much less than is due to their high merit, and the all-absorbing subject, to which they relate, we shall close our paper with a few general remarks. As already stated, our object has not been to give a full analysis of the productions we have examined, but to employ them in illustration, and as examples of different forms of eloquence and public debate. Nor, from the passages extracted, can the reader have failed to perceive, that the difference in their tone, manner, and general character, is striking. With a Demosthenic vehemence and abruptness, the two first are stern and accusatory, as well as argumentative, and dashed throughout with sarcasm and invective of unsparing severity. They are calculated, therefore, to wound and give offence, and, so far as irritated feelings may avail, to weaken their own effect, and defeat the purposes of the speakers. For it should never be forgotten, that when men are under the influence of deep resentment or strong dislike, they are as impulsive to reason, as if they were drunk or insane. For the sake of their own standing, therefore, as public debaters, to say nothing in behalf of the interests they espouse, members of deliberative bodies should, as far as possible, avoid, in their speeches, every thing that may prove a ground of resentment or prejudice, on the part of their opponents. The late Lord Castlereagh carried ten points by his good humor, courtesy, and personal influence, where he carried one by his logic. Had he excited, in any way, the dislike of the House, he would have been driven from office. And, if we mistake not, the suavity of temper, and the dignity and winningness of manner of Mr. Lowndes gave him infinitely more weight than the opposite style of eloquence and deportment could have conferred. By cultivated, and even by untutored minds, a courteous request is rarely refused; a stern one rarely granted. Might we adduce another example, it would be that of Dr. Priestley, who, in all his verbal controversies, and, we believe, in his written ones also, never gave offence by an allusion or a word; and he gained much by his *civility*. We use the term *civility*, not inadvertently, but with a meaning. We submit to qualified judges, whether, except under deep provocation, or other peculiar circumstances, severity and harshness in public debate, either in matter, words, or manner, be not a violation of that courtesy and well-bred observance, which should mark the collision, no less than the friendly intercourse, of cultivated and polished minds. Why do gentlemen avoid violence of every description, in the presence of ladies? Because it is unbecoming in refined society. And we again submit, whether such manners and habits as are discarded from the drawing-room, should find a place in the council-chambers of the nation?—those halls of wisdom, which should set an example, to our own country,

at least, if not to the world, of cultivated intellect, dignified deportment, and refined breeding?

The two latter productions, possessing a milder spirit, and a less offensive tone, are so far preferable, as samples of discussion. They could not, during delivery, have awakened the resentment of opponents, and had, therefore, no personal passions to encounter, whatever they might have had of party prejudice, feelings of self-interest, and love of power. There was nothing in them to fan the fire of discord among us, which, yet only smouldering, threatens to burst into a consuming blaze, if it be not allayed by reason and wisdom, and a sacrifice of selfishness on the altar of patriotism and public good. It is, therefore, that we would earnestly recommend to our statesmen the adoption of their tone and manner, or of something analogous, without meaning to pass a censure on the other two, which rank, in their kind, with the finest efforts of modern eloquence. Another argument of some weight in favor of such adoption, is, the proneness of passion to exaggerate and discolor, if not to pervert. When a public speaker, therefore, vents against his opponents or their opinions a deluge of angry feeling, he rarely receives credit for the entire truth of his remarks. He is suspected of hyperbole, if not of intentional misrepresentation.

This suggestion, we make neither thoughtlessly nor dictatorially, nor from an overweening belief in our fitness to advise. It is the result of some reflection, and of a deep and abiding sense of what we owe, in common with our fellow-citizens, and our contemporaries at large, to our country and our race. Nor, without other views than now present themselves to us, can we resign the opinion, that, if adopted and acted on, it might be productive of good. It would, at least, suffer passions to sleep, which, under the influence of the present style of debate, are too often roused to obstinacy and the work of mischief, and thus open a wider and fairer field for the operations of reason. And this would surely be something gained. It would be, so far, a victory of the higher over the lower faculties of the mind, in our public men, without which the existing scene of turbulence and confusion must become more turbulent and confounded, until it shall end in some catastrophe, which it may require ages to remedy.

It would be gratifying to us if, waiving all considerations of their justice or injustice, and regarding them merely as matters of taste, we could speak approvingly of the language and imputations that issue abundantly from a still higher source; we mean the Executive branch of the Government. But a regard for truth forbids us to do so. The terms and phrases "Monster," "Mammoth corporation," "Moneyed aristocracy," "Sink of corruption," and other like expressions, habitually indulged in by the Chief Magistrate of the Union against the Bank of the United States, estranged alike from intellect and morality, are gross manifestations of *animal passion*. They bespeak a deplorable ascendancy, in him who practises them, of the lower over the higher faculties of the mind. Totally inconsistent with the dignity and decorum of high station, they lower the occupant of it to the level of the mob. If, for no other reason, they are worthy of all reprobation, on account of the coarseness and vulgarity of the example they set, and the style of degradation, in which they present the manners of the American Government to the eyes of foreign nations. We venture to say that, for nearly two centuries, civilized communities have witnessed nothing equal to them in so high an officer. It is with mortification we add, but truth demands the addition, that they tend not only to vitiate public manners, and render them offensive, but to fix a stain, also, on morals, and indicate among us the commencement of a retrogradation toward feudal barbarism. To him, who might engage in a dissertation on this subject, *O tempora! O mores!* would be a suitable motto. Nor is the worst yet told.

It is more than a century since the most sage and philosophical of poets told us,

"For forms of government let fools contest;
That which is best administered is best;"

and the lapse of time, and the accumulation of experience, have but served to confirm the truth of the maxim. That the form of our own government is the best that has been devised, because most in accordance with the constitution of man, cannot be doubted. The wise and parental administration of it heretofore, and the unexampled prosperity enjoyed under it, have given proof of the fact. But our Chief Magistrate was then the *head of the nation*; and the government was administered on *national principles*. The interest of no one class or body of the community was sacrificed to that of another. Hence all interests flourished,

and all classes were happy. Is it so now? Would to God we could answer affirmatively. But truth forbids us. Distress sufficiently deep is already in the land, accompanied by gloomy apprehensions that it will yet be deeper.

Nor is the cause of the evil concealed. Our Chief Magistrate (we speak it with grief and humiliation as Americans) is now the *head of a party*, and administers the government on *party principles*. Their extent and ruinous influence excepted, there is now nothing national in the measures of the Executive. They centre exclusively in the gratification and aggrandizement of the dominant party. Their manifest object is, to *reward friends*, and *punish enemies*; the "spoils of victory" and the *public purse* being the instruments in the former case, and vetoes, manifestoes, proscriptions, denunciations, protests, and expulsions from office, in the latter. But the measure most portentous of mischief, and, therefore, alarming beyond all others, is the open effort, on the part of the Executive, to render himself the *officer of the people*, or rather of a *part* of them, and not of the *Constitution*,—to degrade the Senate, render it odious to the populace, and excite against it the jealousy and dislike of the House of Representatives,—and to pamper the hatred of the poor toward the rich, and array them in settled hostility against them. We must not trust ourselves to speak of this effort, and the spirit that prompts it, in the terms our feelings might impel us to use. We need not say, because the fact is already on record, that the same sanguinary and detestable project erected the guillotine in revolutionary France, and supplied it with victims, and has reddened the fields and the streams of Ireland and other countries with the blood of their inhabitants. And such is its natural tendency, wherever it may be set on foot. Nor need we add,—for history has proclaimed it,—that the worst of all despotisms is the despotism of party. The reason is plain. The despot is shielded from personal responsibility, and pursues his course without danger or dread. Added, moreover, to the impulse of his own evil passions, he is urged to mischief by the worst and wickedest portion of his party, to whose counsels his ears must be always open, and who are usually as covetous of power, as they are profligate in principle and practised in crime. Nor are other causes wanting to add to the evils of party despotism. Through the hosts of its supporters, all of whom are virtually *spies* and *informers*, and many of them official directors of public affairs, it is so intimately incorporated with society, and amalgamated with its very vitals, as to reach, with its malign influence, in undiminished vigor, the dwelling of every one, who dares to oppose it; and, by bringing political feelings to bear on judicial proceedings, it obstructs or turns aside the streams of justice and equity, or adulterates them in their course. But we must forbear, and take leave of the subject, that we may not be seduced into the same intemperance we have condemned in others. We shall first, however, subjoin, as a corollary from the whole, that the most fearful and demolishing chastisement we have ever known a sophist to receive, is that inflicted on the Secretary of the Treasury, by the champions of Congress. If he be a man of deep sensibility, priding himself on his intellect and professional standing, death would have been preferable; for, as a reasoner and a constitutional lawyer, he is hung up to irretrievable derision, if not to something worse. The manner in which his antagonists have handled him, reminds us of the treatment sometimes bestowed on a lion or a tiger, that has the hardihood to assault a party of elephants. Having first disabled the monster, by a blow, three or four of the most powerful of those noble and sagacious animals, stationing themselves in suitable positions, toss him indignantly from one to another, striking him with their trunks, as in a game of battledoor, and trampling on him, until he is dead, his bones crushed, and his carcass reduced to a mass of gore and jelly—*Sic semper tyrannis! O! sic, sic inimicis reipublica patriaque proditoribus!*

THINGS WHICH I LIKE NOT.

THERE is an account, in the Spectator, or somewhere else, of a good woman, who, at her trial before Rhadamanthus, being asked how she had employed the seventy years of her life, replied, that she had been so taken up with the faults of others, that no time was left for the improvement of her own character. Unless the world has since degenerated the judge was wrong to reject the excuse. I take no pains to search out follies. I dislike to come in contact with them. Yet they meet me at every turn. There is no avoiding them. They have no respect for times, persons, or places. In the market-place and senate-chamber, on 'change and in the hovel, in highways and in by-ways, public houses and private houses, their silly faces are seen. My own room is no sanctuary. "Even Sunday shines no sabbath day to me." At church, the prude before me, and the sleeper at my side,—would that he slept silently!—with fans, and airs, and grimaces, in all quarters, are more than I can bear with perfect composure. In my dealings with the world all sorts of follies assail me. There is

Pedantry : I do not like it. Yet how keep out of its reach ?

R—, an impudent young man, of considerable talent, has just been reading Brown's Philosophy. "I think," says he, to the first friend he meets, "that Brown has done more for philosophy, than any man since Bacon." "I have not examined the works of all who have written upon the subject since Bacon," replies the friend, "and therefore cannot decide." The implied reproof was felt ; but did little to reform the young man's character. "I think Descartes decidedly a greater man than La Place," said he, pompously, while I was near him at a small party, shortly after the conversation just stated. The ladies, to whom the remark was made, were admiring his knowledge. Reader, did you ever feel an irresistible inclination to do a mischievous thing ? Such, I confess, was my feeling at that moment. I could not bear to see a young upstart decide in that way upon the merits of two such men ; and, turning to him, I quietly asked, whether he had read the *Mecanique Celeste*, in French, or in Bowditch's translation ? It was a wicked question—he had never seen either ; but, fortunately, business at the other side of the room called him away before he could answer me. To this hour the offence is not forgiven.

This species of fault is particularly common in young men just from their studies. Some, in the community, are ignorant enough to believe, that students, fresh from the seat of Minerva and the Muses, should know nearly every thing ; and few are willing to lessen the respect in which they see themselves held by their friends at home. I was once sadly caught in this folly, and have, therefore, been the more cautious since. Myself and companion—both students and about equally wise—were in a stage-coach, full of spirits, as students generally are when going home to see their friends, hear compliments, and show their learning. Not suspecting that any one present had half the knowledge, that we possessed, our opinions were given, in a decided, off-hand manner, upon any subject, whether in literature, religion, politics, or philosophy. After a time, I observed that almost every topic was suggested by an elderly gentleman, in the corner of the

coach, who, however, took no other part in the conversation than to ask, now and then, a question. For a while we dashed on, nothing daunted, though several times brought to a stand by his simple, yet pertinent inquiries. At last, he himself began to talk upon the same subjects on which we had been engaged, and, without the least assumption or air of superiority, went through with questions and remarks, in so clear, so manly, and, at the same time, so unpretending a manner, that, while delighted with his spirit, clearness, and intelligence, I could not but feel that the extreme diffidence and forbearance, which characterized his manner, were a severe and intentional satire upon our own presumption; and I could plainly see, that the same thought was running through the minds of our fellow-passengers. Yet not a word either of ridicule or asperity escaped him. What, then, must have been our mortification, when, in addition to this, we learned, that he was one of the ablest scholars in the nation! It has been my fortune to meet him several times since; but to this day I have not been able to summon courage enough to be introduced, lest, by some unlucky accident, he might be led to recognize in me the cidevant literary coxcomb of a stage-coach—a distinction which I covet not. Why is it, reader, that, for years after such an exposure, we cannot think of it without shame and mortification, while moral delinquencies, and even crimes, if once confessed and thoroughly repented of, often cease, in time, to give great pain in the remembrance?

I do not like a mode of extorting Praise, which is not uncommon in the world. Farmer B—— has a better field of corn than any one else in the town. He wishes to hear it praised. Accordingly he contrives to take a neighbor, whose corn is very poor, through the field. "I don't know how it is," says he, in a complaining tone, "but my corn is miserable this year." "Yes, I see it is," carelessly replies the other, who, seeing through the trick, is determined to disappoint craving vanity. "Well, if it is miserable," rejoins the first, in a passion, "it is better than any of my neighbors'."

Paternus is an aged man, and verging upon second childhood. His foibles, therefore, are pardonable. Besides, he is a good man, and I respect even the failings of such an one. Thomas, a man of uncommon merit, is his favorite son; and no incense can be offered so grateful to the father's heart as encomiums upon the son. He is visited by an old friend. They had set out together upon the journey of life, and together had breasted many a storm, at times when trials and dangers were something more than a name. "You," says he, to his friend, "are fortunate in your children. Mine have all left me but Thomas, and he—I am full of fears—he is not what I could wish. He is an unpromising man." "Yes, I understand that he is very much of a spendthrift." "No, no. He is no spendthrift. He has always been prudent. Say what you may of him in other respects, he is certainly not a spendthrift." "But, if I mistake not, he is indolent." "Not at all. He is as industrious a man as the town contains." "It gave me great pain to learn that he was intemperate." "Intemperate! Who said so? A more temperate man never lived." "Now I remember that he is irregular in his habits." "What, sir! My son irregular! Where have you been to hear such stories? or what induced you to believe them? He has been with me from a child, and

I have never known him guilty of an irregular, vicious, or immoral act. No man has greater influence in the town, and no man more faithfully performs all the duties of life." "Then I see not, my friend, why you should complain of him." "Indeed, I was wrong," says the father, as if awakening to a sudden consciousness of his situation, and of his son's true character.

This way of seeking praise is not a peculiarity of the aged. Do you see that young man talking to a detachment of ladies in the further corner of the room? Note how careful he is, that no one of his own sex should hear him. What a look of modesty he puts on! I will lay any wager, that he is striving to elicit their praise. He has just come from a public meeting, at which he made a very tolerable speech of some ten minutes. The ladies were there. The points, on which he plumes himself, and in which he really excels, are a deep, full voice, and great distinctness of enunciation; and in this speech he had taken considerable pains, not without success, to make a beautiful cadence at the close. Hear what they are saying. Miss A——. "We have had a delightful meeting. Much of the speaking was excellent." Florio. "Yes, very good, except one thing. I am sorry that I took any part in it. I was not at all prepared. Yet no one else was disposed to speak, [four persons started to get the floor at the moment when he arose] and silence, at such times, is worse than bad speaking." Miss B——. "I must differ from you in that. An occasional silence gives to us ladies the privilege of exercising *our* tongues. But really, you need not regret your effort so much. You succeeded admirably." Florio. "No. My voice was so high and shrill." Miss A——. "Why, I thought your voice deeper and more clear than any other there. But, Mary, did you observe the gentleman who ——" "I wish I could have had time to collect myself. My enunciation must have been bad." Miss F——. "I was as far from you as any one, and yet heard every word. I wish I could find out who that ——" "Did you not see how abruptly I ended?" Miss B——. "You are certainly mistaken. It will not do for you to have so low an opinion of your own abilities. As I was coming from the house I met ——" "I wish I had known, before going in, that I should have to ——" Shall we listen longer, or shall I reveal the secret? "Mr. Florio, I think you succeeded much better in public, especially at the close of your speech, than when I heard you rehearsing in private." His room is next to mine, and for three days he had done nothing else than rehearse, times without number, the *extempore* speech, which had been written down and committed to memory.

If, reader, you should doubt the truth of this relation, listen to the conversation of almost any young man, whom you see disposed to talk in an under tone to ladies, after an exhibition which he has made in their presence. Or, if you remember the proverb, and fear the fate of a listener, keep an eye to your own conduct, and see if you detect nothing of the kind. It is by conversations of this kind, that so many young men, of respectable talents and attainments, are spoiled. O ladies, you little think what feeble creatures we are in your hands,—how fond of compliments, and how easily puffed up by them. We confess to you, only that our confessions may be thrown back with encomiums. We are humble in your presence, only that our humility

may, by your approbation, be swollen into vanity. He, who appears before you a plain and sensible young man, may go away a conceited, intolerable fop. His studies or his business will be neglected, and the very qualities, which you have commended, will be swallowed up in an overweening, all-pervading conceit. We talk much of the love of approbation in ladies. But I have seen beautiful young ladies not quite spoiled by a succession and an array of compliments more than sufficient to ruin any ten young men in the land. This is no fancy sketch. I have known pious young men to be sadly injured by the encomiums, which pious young ladies seriously bestowed upon their prayers. More than one young minister have I seen in the pulpit with an air and a manner which showed too plainly that he was a favorite with the ladies. Men, at the bar, and in all the walks of life, might be named, if it were decorous, who have been made intolerable to their own sex by the attentions, which they have received from their female acquaintances. I am sorry to acknowledge our weakness, but a prudent regard to our safety requires it.

I do not like men who deal in wholesale vituperations against particular pursuits, or sciences. We respect all classes and orders of men. From the judge, who purges society of its impurities, to the miserable being, who purges chimneys of their soot; from the magistrate, who fills the highest chair of state, to the private individual, who fills the street-lamps, all are useful and honorable. All contain good men and bad men. But here is a man remarkable for his benevolence. He would not, for the world, utter a syllable against a fellow-being. But he will tell you that the law is a dishonest profession—that the unavoidable tendency of the pursuit is to make men hard-hearted quibblers; and that, from the nature of the calling, no man can practise law without being depraved in mind and heart. "Ah," says a youth, to whom he has been talking in this strain, "What say you of your neighbor, on the other side of the way? Is he ——?" "I beg your pardon. I said nothing about my neighbor. I made no allusion to him or to any man. I scorn personal calumny. But can we not discuss principles, and condemn abstract doctrines, and anathematize studies, without throwing any imputation upon persons?" "I am no dialectician," replies the youth, "and readily yield to your superior judgement. But when it is shown that certain principles are of such a character, that none but a knave or a fool can maintain them, the inference in my mind is, that, if your neighbor avows those principles, he is a knave or a fool." "The inference, in your mind, young man, is altogether wrong. There is a wide difference between what *must be*, and what *is*. General assertions cannot be applied to particular persons." A refinement this, which I have never been able to understand.

A characteristic of these fault-finders is, that they usually know nothing about the subjects they calumniate. In academies and colleges, those who never get a lesson in Greek or Mathematics, are the scholars, who cry out against those studies. And, in manhood, those who are superlatively ignorant of a particular science, are loudest in their exclamations against it. I was lately reading a benevolent book—benevolent I suppose it was; for its object was to praise every person by finding fault with every thing in which the person mentioned at

any one time did not excel. I have too much respect for the author to mention his name. As a sample of the work; a good lady is praised for endowing a hospital for the poor,—an act worthy of all praise. But how is she praised? In language something like this. We quote from memory. “She had not studied Political Economy to learn that it was sinful to provide for her suffering fellow-creatures. She had not learned that ‘nature’s table is full,’ and that he, who moves aside to make room for a new comer is only aggravating the misery of want.” Now I will venture to say, that this man never, in his life, read understandingly a single work on Political Economy, from the formidable quartos of Stuart to the childish duodecimoes of Miss Martineau; else he never would have used such language. He may, in some vituperative review of Malthus, have seen something about nature’s table being full; but he never read the work in which the phrase originally occurs, or he never would have made such an application of it. With some of the doctrines of Malthus I have no sympathy. But his works contain not a word against the judicious exercise of private charity, or the provision of hospitals for the poor. Indeed, he earnestly and eloquently recommended both. We find no fault with a treatise on farming, because it does not instruct the merchant in book-keeping; and a dairy woman would be hooted at, if she were to condemn a tract on commerce, because it contained no directions about making butter. Yet it is a common thing to calumniate Political Economy, because it is not filled with charity sermons; and no more acceptable way can be found to praise a distinguished friend of humanity, than by pouring out vials of wrath upon this important science. I like it not. The good may receive the rich reward of approbation, which they deserve, without impoverishing those, who, in different spheres, have been as useful as themselves. Paul’s energy may be praised without decrying the mildness of John. Yet one half the eulogiums in the world, from the time when the daughters of Israel with singing hailed the return of Saul and David from the battle, to the funeral oration that was yesterday pronounced over the senseless remains of some unknown cottager, have consisted more or less in decrying those, whose usefulness shone forth in other stations or employments.

Hints I do not like. They are unerring marks of a dastardly mind, or a vulgar education. I once had an ungainly habit of shrugging up my shoulders, of which I was by no means conscious. An acquaintance wished me to know it, but had not the manliness to tell me plainly. In order, however, to guide me into a knowledge of my ways, he would often make it the subject of remark, and ask me, if I did not think it a vile habit. For his own part, he would add, he knew of nothing that had a more awkward appearance. Every one would be laughing at it. And yet he thought the habit might easily be cured. All this was Greek to me; and it was matter of great astonishment, that, of all the subjects in the world, he should so often select this. It had no charms for me. At last I met a friend whom I had not seen for years, and almost his first words were, “How came you to get that vile trick of shrugging up your shoulders at such a rate?” This was intelligible, and the habit was cured at once.

Mrs. Jameson's children are brought up in a rational manner. By kind and judicious treatment the rod is rendered unnecessary. Mrs. Grimalkin has different notions of education, and thinks these little ones all going to ruin. She visits Mrs. Jameson, and, instead of openly avowing her object, gives a sly lecture over another's shoulders. "My cousin has a pack of unruly children, and it is right enough they should be so. She is so mighty tender-hearted, that I do n't believe she ever struck one of them in her life. Now, for *my* part, I can't endure such silly fondness. Spare the rod, spoil the child, *I* say; and I told her last week, that, when *my* children did wrong, I whipped them. But she could n't find it in her soul to touch the poor things. And many is the one that's just like her." This, with the accompanying looks and nods, could only disgust a sensible woman.

"Mr. G——, how did you like them are apples, I brought you?" said a dirty boy to a gentleman, who had bought a bushel of apples of him the week before. "I beg your pardon, James; but really I have done wrong not to pay you before." "O, I was n't thinking any thing about that," says James, sheepishly, with a lie in his mouth. "It is exceedingly warm, to-day," says Miss C——, on a morning call, one cool day, while half suffocated by the close hot room, in which she found herself. "Is not the room too hot?" asks the lady of the house—"I will open the window." "Not on my account. I am not too warm. I did not think of the room when I spoke." This is not a lie; it is politeness. "Those jewels are very beautiful. Do you know how much they cost?" The lover takes the hint and buys them. "I am very much obliged to you; but hope you did not buy them on account of any thing that I said. I did n't once think of your purchasing them." There is no lying in this! "I wish my brother was here to ride with me this afternoon." "Will you allow me that pleasure, madam?" "I thank you—shall be very happy—but fear that I have forced you to make the offer." "No, no. Nothing could be more agreeable." The gentleman, however, takes good care not to be in the way of such a hint a second time. There is a great want of ingenuousness in all this, and a mournful lack of honesty. It is low, paltry, groveling. Hints can never be used with propriety except as preconcerted signals.

I do not like to hear the importance of any one thing magnified beyond all bounds. "Intemperance," says one, "is the cause of nine tenths of the poverty, wretchedness, and crime in the world." "War," says another, "is the source of every evil under heaven." "Slavery," says a third, "is the mighty incubus, that paralyzes the nation's efforts." "The Tariff," cries one, "The Bank," cries another, "will be the ruin of our government." "Mercy on us," cries an old lady, on board a steam-boat, her eyes filled with tears, and her whole frame tremulous with agitation; "mercy on us; we shall all perish." "Why, good woman? What makes you think so?" "O, we shall surely be blown up. The day of judgement is coming." A trifling derangement in the machinery had caused the alarm. "We are all ruined, horse and foot," cries the miser, when he misses fifty cents that have been taken from his hoard. "La," ejaculates a lovely creature, as she finds the pink ribbon of her bonnet slightly stained, "what *shall* I do? I am the most unfortunate creature living. Every thing, that I

value, is ruined. Life is full of misery." And Venus, weeping over her fallen Daphnis, presented not a more moving spectacle. "What! is the devil in you, and no good?" cries a choleric old man to a boy in the act of climbing one of his favorite trees. "You will mount the gallows, unless your course is changed. Get down, you little imp." "Our government cannot continue ten years longer," exclaims a disheartened politician. "Hoot, toot, toot," cries an impatient beldam, "at this rate we shall have nothing to eat or wear. The very house will come down about our ears. Do n't you see the turkeys eating the cabbage, boys?" "Gentlemen, unless this bill shall pass, the prospects of liberty are forever shrouded in impenetrable darkness." So says a Congressional speaker. "Shall we suffer ourselves to be trampled into the dust? Shall we tamely yield and permit the government to impose upon us three pages at a lesson, when no class before ever got more than two and a half, or, at the utmost, two and three quarters? If so, farewell liberty, farewell independence." Thus declaims the embryo orator of national rebellions. "Gentlemen, the amount in this cause is not great. Twenty shillings are not much. But the principle is much—is every thing. Once admit the right to take twenty shillings unjustly, and you admit the right to take forty, eighty, any amount. So, gentlemen, upon your decision of this cause, will depend the security not only of your fortunes, but your lives. Were it not for this, I should not, I could not, so far degrade myself, and the honorable profession to which I belong, as to engage in this matter." So pleads the man of law in an obscure corner of the state. "I remember," says the puppet-show man, to Tom Jones, "when I first took to the business, there was a great deal of low stuff, that did very well to make folks laugh, but was never calculated to improve the morals of young people, which certainly ought to be principally aimed at in every puppet-show." "But," replied Jones, "I should have been glad to see my old acquaintance, Master Punch, for all that; and so far from improving, I think, by leaving out him, and his merry wife Joan, you have spoiled your puppet-show." "Very probably, sir," replies the dancer of wires, "that may be your opinion; but let others do as they will, a little matter shall never bribe me to degrade my own profession."

"Our country *will* stand. Our liberties *will* be preserved. Such a glorious review as we have had! Every man in his place. I am willing now to lay down my commission, as did the great Washington, when the war of independence was over. Soldiers, remember that our fathers did but acquire liberty; on you devolves the more arduous duty of preserving it." Thus the colonel exhorts his regiment. "A glorious muster!" cries a candy-merchant, as he retires full of patriotism from the exhibition; "a glorious muster! I never saw the like of it. It was calculated, that there were ten thousand sticks of candy on the field."

My readers undoubtedly remember the story, with which Sir Philip Sidney, as true a knight as ever lived, begins his "Defence of Poesy." It relates to the groom, who instructed him in the art of horsemanship, and whose arguments, in favor of his own profession, were so strong and so plausible, that, says Sir Philip, "if I had not been a piece of a

logician, before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to wish myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words, he drove into me, that self-love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties." Who, that has been conversant with man, does not feel as well as see, the truth of this? Why does the fop spend four hours in adjusting his cravat, and the rest of the day in adorning the rest of his person, but that he is sure that all eyes will be turned upon him? It has never occurred to him, that his life is more useless, and his pursuits more trifling, than those of a painted butterfly. He and his companions will spend hours—I have heard them—in discussing the advantages of this or that cut for the shirt collar; whether a bow should be made in this or that manner; whether the hat should be left in the entry or taken into the parlor; and then the momentous question, whether it shall be put upon the floor, held behind the back, or used as a fan? These

"Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'."

or at least nauseating to a sober mind, are subjects, which engross the thoughts—if thoughts they have—of young men, who feel that they are perched too high to be amenable to the common laws of justice and humanity, and who, whatever proofs they may show to the contrary, have minds, to which is annexed the fearful attribute of immortality! And their counterpart—the ladies whom they fascinate, who practise, and are practised upon by, the same arts—but I am losing my temper, and it were useless to spend labor upon them. There is a chapter in Proverbs [xxvi.] written expressly for their benefit. To that I would refer them.

Reader, if you here find your likeness drawn without flattery, be not like the dog and the fool. Think a moment, before you return to your folly. I write not for fools, (a rod for the fool's back;) but for those who have sometimes been imposed upon by them,—even for you, *lector benevole*, unless you have escaped the common lot of mortality. Farewell.

H. J.

LA FAYETTE.

THERE was a sound of wo,—
A spirit-stirring shock,—
A new-born nation strove for life,
And a monarch came down to the bannered strife,
As the lion meets the flock.

A youthful hero crossed
The raging of the sea,
The blood of France was in his heart,
And it glowed, as he took the infant's part,
Who struggled to be free.

There was a sound of joy,—
The warriors were at rest,
And the fearless child, with a giant's might,
Went forth in the strength of his lordly right,
And watched by the ocean-billows bright,
For the coming of a guest.

And the shout of welcome sped
From the mountain to the main,—
The flowers of gratitude wreathed a crown,
And the veteran's tear with the babe's fell down
Like a gush of summer rain.

The idol-hero came,—
Not with his sword of might,
But silver hairs on his brow were strown,
And the eye was meek, that like lightning shone,
In the van of the stormy fight.

He had breathed the dungeon damps,—
He had heard the blast of fame,
When the clime of his birth like a maniac rushed,—
And the blood of kings from its fountain gushed,
He had stood at his post, the same.

And he sought, by memory's chart,
For dell, and rock, and stream,
But a spell of magic had fallen around,
And cities arose, where the forest frowned,
And the far, lone lake, with masts was crowned,
Like the change of a fairy dream.

The exulting pulse beat high,
In the heart of this western zone,—
His home was the breasts of the free and brave,—
No sceptred king, with the world his slave,
E'er sat on such a throne.

There was a solemn knell,—
O'er the summer breeze it stole,—
From town, and tower, and village bell,
On our listening nation's ear it fell,
And woke the mourner's soul.

The hero slept in dust,—
The mighty bore his pall,
The tears of love on his tomb were shed,
The glory of earth was around his head,
But from honor, and wealth, and bliss, he fled,
To the highest joy of all.

Hartford, June 20th, 1834.

L. H. S.

CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE.

THERE is no subject of inquiry, so deeply interesting to society, or one which has so completely baffled the efforts of statesmen and legislators, as the discovery of an efficient method of preventing crime, and what is the best disposition which can be made of offenders. From the time of Moses, until a very recent period, the only attempts, for abating the evils of vice, were by moral or physical inflictions; not so much for the purpose of guarding against the recurrence of offences, by the terror of example, or for the reformation of the malefactor, who was compelled to suffer the horrors of remorse, the poignancy of degradation, or the agonies of torture, but as a retribution to the wronged, or as a penalty to the government, and still more often, as an expiatory punishment,—an atonement by blood,—the offering up of a sacrifice, not on the altar of outraged justice, but of implacable vengeance. To *punish*, appears to have been deemed the chief, if not the only object, and province of judicial tribunals; while the prevention of crime, and the reformation of offenders were scarcely considered, in forming codes of jurisprudence, and when, in fact, they should constitute the very basis, on which all criminal legislation should be founded.

The right to *punish*, is an attribute, which belongs exclusively to the Almighty; and man cannot exercise it, in any manner, in the true and emphatic meaning of the term; for who shall presume to prejudge the deeds of his fellow-man, with the intention of demanding an atonement, and measure out the degree and duration of his suffering on earth, when he has to answer for all his transgressions, at the awful tribunal of the Most High. Nations have declared many acts criminal, and chastised the delinquents in the most cruel and appalling manner,—even unto death,—which may be deemed impeccable by the God of our creation, and render the perpetrators of such dreadful punishments rightfully obnoxious to his retributive justice.

Punishment, as a technical term, has been wrongfully used, in our correctional laws; for, when to maintain the peace of society and render all secure in their persons and their property, it becomes necessary to restrain the vicious, individuals must be deprived of their liberty, to a certain extent, and possibly of their lives; but this should not be done as a punishment; for so far as it may have that appearance or effect, such should not be the intention, but rather results, as an incident, from the impossibility of protecting private rights, and maintaining public tranquility, without abridging the freedom of those, who disregard the laws; but even this corrective must be administered in mercy, and no greater suffering inflicted, than is indispensable, in precluding the refractory, from the means of disturbing the peace and safety of the state. It must, therefore, be constantly kept in mind, that the chief objects to be attained are, to place the vicious beyond the power of doing wrong, to attempt their future reformation, and to render the influence of example as salutary as is practicable, on the morals of the whole people, by inducing every citizen to be virtuous in conduct, at least, from an apprehension of being visited by the like degradation, into which the convicted felon has fallen.

Mercy is the most emphatic injunction of our religion, and yet how slight has been its beneficent influence on the conduct of governments. Instead of being actuated by those lofty precepts, and impressed with those touching illustrations of charity, which so richly embellish the histories of the evangelists, there has been evinced more of Pagan ferocity, than of Christian clemency, in the treatment of criminals. How different was the teaching and example of the Son of God. To the reviled and compunctious female, in the Pharisee's house, he mildly said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" when the woman was brought before him in the temple, for judgement, and whose offence, by the Jewish laws, was death, these were the cheering words to the trembling and forsaken culprit: "Neither do I condemn thee,—go, and sin no more;" to the beseeching appeal of the suffering malefactor, he kindly replied, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" and the last words he uttered, was that memorable prayer, in behalf of those who had persecuted and crucified him; "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." So far from being instructed by such impressive lessons of mercy, they have scarcely been regarded by our jurists; for their penalties for offences, have too generally been those of personal suffering, by stripes, incarceration, torture, mutilation, and death, in every variety, of the most revolting forms. The demons of revenge, cruelty, and terror, have been in constant attendance, at the tribunals of justice, as the sanguinary avengers of violated law. It was not sufficient that the wretched culprit was deprived of his freedom, or his life; but, in either case, so horrible was the manner, that the last blow of death became an act of grace.* When the scourge and the dungeon, hunger and thirst, and fire, and the rack, had been successively applied to the miserable convict, that he should expire at last, under these prolonged and remorseless inflictions, was the only consolation in the midst of torments which convulsed every muscle, and thrilled in every nerve.

With these views, it is obvious that the chief inquiry of legislators should be directed, to ascertain the cause of crime, what can be done to preserve the morals of the people, to render life and property secure, and to reclaim the vicious.

The occurrence of crime being the result of ignorance and immorality, it can only be prevented by the universal inculcation of education and virtuous principles. This is the broad foundation on which all criminal jurisprudence should be erected. Here must commence the work of regeneration, and it is the sacred duty of governments to illustrate this fundamental principle in the most extensive and efficient manner. The means of instruction must be so ample, as to embrace every child in the Union, and as much attention devoted to the improvement of the morals, as the development of intellect. To accomplish this, no expense is to be spared; for on it depends the happiness of millions, here and hereafter. The experiment has never been thoroughly made in any age or country; but, whenever and wherever it has been attempted, the results have uniformly demonstrated the correctness of the theory. The statistical investigations of the philan-

* When criminals were tortured, after all their limbs had been broken by an iron bar, they were at last despatched by a blow on the breast, and, as it ended their torments, it was called the *Coup de Grace*.

thropic, in Europe and this country, exhibit the cheering fact, that crime is in an inverse ratio to the extent of education. It is less in England than in Ireland, less in Scotland than in England, and less in the United States than in Scotland, bearing the same relative proportion to the whole population, as ignorance does to instruction. But even in this country, not one of the states has done its duty, in the establishment of primary schools, and other indispensable seminaries of learning; and, what is most deplorable, the national government has done nothing, for the advancement of literature, science, or the arts.

If the citizens of the United States have done much to advance the principles of civil and religious liberty, they have been grossly negligent in providing the requisite means for insuring their expansion and perpetuity; and unless the most liberal and energetic measures are adopted, for thoroughly instructing the whole people, there can be no hope of stability, in our free institutions of government. A republic is the glorious achievement of an exalted civilization,—the triumphant exposition of mind, disenthralled from the emasculating restraints of barbaric servitude, and can only exist, where intelligence is universally disseminated. Education and morality are the brazen pillars of our political temple. •

It must never be forgotten, that the child is the parent of the virtues and vices of the adult; and that reformation, in man or woman, is of rare occurrence. The exceptions are so few, that they only tend to confirm the lamentable fact, that when there has once been a departure from the path of rectitude, all hope of a return is desperate, if not futile. With infancy, then, must commence the means of preventing crime, by giving to the mind that instruction, that elevated perception of virtue, that Christian beneficence, and that honorable direction, which can alone insure propriety of conduct, through adolescence, to the evening of protracted age.

Having provided adequate means for accomplishing these primary and all-important objects, the next consideration, is how to dispose of offenders; and it having been assumed, that punishment, as such, is unwarrantable by man, they must be so removed from the midst of society, as to be incapable of disturbing its peace and serenity, while they are subjected to the least possible moral or physical suffering; and, at the same time, are in a condition best calculated to induce reformation. Imprisonment has been thoroughly tried, in every variety of form, which either humanity or cruelty could suggest, and presents many insuperable objections. It has been fully shown, that it is ineffectual both for the prevention of crime, and the reclamation of the vicious, besides being the most barbarous of all the inflictions, which can be imposed upon man, when rendered solitary, inactive, silent, and interminable. It is being entombed alive,—a living death,—a horrible realization of the dreadful dream of Clarence.

The first great movement, for effecting a radical change in criminal law, was made in this country, by that philanthropic and most exemplary association, which claims the illustrious Penn as its great apostle in the western hemisphere. This was the substitution of penitentiary industry, for the barbarities of the scourge, the corrupting idleness of the jail, and the awful vengeance of death. Humanity hailed the development of this benignant and imposing theory, with enthusiasm;

and, under the sanctions of that holy religion, whose characteristic teachings are repentance and mercy, the commendable experiment was prosecuted with a zeal, commensurate with the momentous objects, which it was so desirable to accomplish. It was expected that crime would be prevented, from an apprehension of the inevitable consequences of detection,—and offenders reformed, by the influence of a discipline, which was to unite moral instruction with profitable labor; and thus, after a lapse of years, the delinquent would be restored to liberty, and the full enjoyment of all his civil rights, entirely divested of the least propensity to vice, and enabled, by an acquired trade, and habits of industry, to earn an honest subsistence.

In many of the states vast expenditures have been made, under the direction of the most enlightened and sanguine advocates of this penitentiary system, to verify its practicability; but, unfortunately, so complete has been the failure, that all hopes of satisfactory results must be abandoned. Instead of that beneficial change in the habits of the malefactors, which was so confidently promised, those vast structures, which have been erected for their improvement, are but so many seminaries of vice, from whence are daily coming forth, the more accomplished, hardened, and reckless depredator, instead of the compunctious and reclaimed citizen. This is so notorious, that, however unexpected and unwelcome the fact, it must be accredited, and the scheme abandoned, as utterly inefficient, for the purposes intended to be accomplished.

BANISHMENT, then, is the only mode of disposing of malefactors; but the manner of this banishment should be so attempered by mercy, as to partake of the character of an adventurous enterprise,—of a voluntary expatriation, with the cheering hope, that, in other climes, and under more auspicious prospects, a new and brighter career can be commenced;—where the means of obtaining a comfortable subsistence will give a renovated energy to the mind, and, at the same time, preclude every inducement to error;—where an honorable ambition will gladden the heart, and elevate the soul, from the encouraging reflection, that they are the pioneers of a prosperous colony, and will thus be enabled to make an atonement for their various transgressions, in laying the foundations of a new republic,—in establishing a nation, which may ultimately become as illustrious for its enterprise, intelligence, happiness, freedom, and glory, as that from whence they emigrated.

It is the hope of reward, rather than the fear of punishment, which induces man to put forth his moral and physical energies. From the morn of prattling childhood, to the twilight of old age, from the private soldier to the commander of armies, from the humblest individual to the most exalted, the plaudits, the honors, the distinctions, the rewards for virtuous deeds and glorious achievements, are the chief, if not the only incentives, by which he is actuated. This lofty, this aspiring, this predominant and universal sentiment, is so deeply implanted in the mind, and so animates the heart, that the most renowned sages, jurists, and heroes, have appealed to it, as the grand principle, on which all human conduct was to be regulated. It is the anticipated beatitudes of heaven, rather than the terrors of divine wrath,—the grateful aroma of public approbation, rather than the withering breath

of scorn and reproach,—the reguerdon of valorous deeds, rather than the humiliations of delinquency,—and the distinction of place, rather than the apprehension of ignominious degradation, which rouse the noblest faculties of the soul, give confidence to purpose, vigor to action, and develop the most resplendent attributes of genius, talent, and intelligence. It is such inspiring conceptions, which prompt the mightiest efforts of man, and elevate him to the highest attainable summit of moral grandeur.

In adopting means for the diminution of offences, this view of the character of man, in all the stages of his existence, from the cradle to the tomb, should not be neglected; it should be the governing theory, in the organization and management of our schools, and in forming codes of correctional laws. The radical error of nearly all writers on jurisprudence, has originated from pursuing an opposite course; they sought to prevent crime by the dread of punishment, and considered it indispensable, that conviction should be followed by the most terrible inflictions. If they had studied human nature, rather than precedents, and been more governed by the instructions of history, than the influence of custom, they would have been convinced, that a fear of the fatal consequences has never restrained the vicious; that offences were as frequent, under the most cruel and sanguinary laws of the feudal age, as since the establishment of less barbarous codes. Were heretical opinions obliterated, by those ferocious judgements, which have rendered the ecclesiastical courts of Europe forever infamous? Was religion rendered venerable, by such horrible decrees, as that, which condemned the youthful De la Borne to have his tongue cut out, his right hand amputated, and his body consumed by a slow fire, for having, in a boyish frolic, ridiculed the priests in a song? Was the monarch of France rendered more secure on his throne, after Damien was sacrificed, for an assault on Louis XV. by having his flesh torn from his bones, with red-hot pincers, molten lead poured into his wounds, and then his limbs dragged asunder by wild horses? Were thefts, robberies, and murders less common, when evidence was extorted from the accused by torture, and the galleys, perpetual imprisonment, and the gibbet, were the general chastisements? Have the morals of the people been the most exemplary where the punishments were the most various and horrible? So far from this being true, the vindictive character of national laws is conclusive testimony of general licentiousness, and of the limited progress of civilization, and of a decadence from a more exalted state of refinement. In proportion as intelligence and freedom have advanced in the western nations, the laws have been ameliorated,—while in the east, as the human mind has retrograded, crime has become more prevalent, and legislation more barbarous. The aged culprit is inhumanly impaled for offences, which might have been prevented, by youthful instruction, and the savage monarch rules in the terror of ignorant and degraded slaves, rather than in the respect and affections of an enlightened and prosperous people.

Let an effort then be made to place our jurisprudence on a level with that advanced condition of society, which characterizes the age in which we live. Let a system of criminal law be presented, in which the beneficent influence of instruction and mercy, shall be sub-

stituted for the pretended correctional effects of exemplary chastisements, the awful atonements of outraged justice, and the agonies inflicted by a spirit of revenge.

It may be urged by those, who still believe in the restraining influence of terror, that banishment is not sufficiently dreadful, and that transportation, will be considered rather an advantage, than a punishment; but has it not been clearly proved, by centuries of experiment, in every stage of civilization, and under every form of government, that the horror, of even the most diabolical penalties, has not withheld the hand of the unprincipled and desperate; besides, *punishment* is not the object proposed, but the *deliverance* of the country from the presence of the malefactor, and that, too, in a manner which shall occasion him the least suffering; and as it has been contended, that the inducement to crime, is only to be prevented, by youthful education,—by the universal diffusion of intelligence, the zealous inculcation of the principles of morality and religion, and a strict observance of the rules of temperance among all classes of children; and it having been assumed as one of the reasons for adopting the proposed system, that the vicious are to be considered as irreclaimable, by penitentiary discipline, therefore all that remains to be done, in relation to culprits, is their exclusion from society; and how can that be accomplished in any way so effectual and merciful, as by deportation. Then, if any reformation can be induced, it must be in such a place of exile as has been contemplated. There every cause of vice will be precluded, for there will be no community to prey upon, or to hold them in contempt,—which is of infinite importance, to render compunction salutary. Now, with what dreary prospects does the discharged convict go forth into the world. Disgraced in the estimation of those who once held him in endearing estimation; without friends, or the means of existence; feared, shunned, and despised by all, who look upon him—desperate and without hope, he has no alternative, but again to associate with the most abandoned and depraved, and replunge into those scenes of profligacy, which inevitably result in his irretrievable ruin; while, among the transported, a perfect equality will exist; there will be none to censure, where all are conscious of being obnoxious to rebuke; and each having ample means of employment and support, a bright and encouraging prospect will beam upon them; emulation will be awakened, virtuous intentions will once more assume their chastening influence, religion will breathe the soothing consolations of repentance and forgiveness, and declining age will be gilded with the radiance of that eternal salvation, which is the promised reward of contrite hearts.

To carry the system of banishment into effect, the co-operation of the national government is requisite, as a general receptacle for the convicts of all the states must be provided; and this could be done by the purchase of a fertile island, situated within the mild latitudes of the Pacific ocean, which should be laid out into counties, towns, and farm sections, and placed under the superintendence of an officer, vested with the powers of a civil and military governor, and who should be guided in his duties by a code of laws best calculated to insure subordination, to encourage industry, and to improve the morals and comfort of the convicts. Each convict to be furnished with a tract of land

for a farm, if agriculture is his occupation, or a lot in the capital seaport, if intending to follow some mechanical or other trade; to be aided in the erection of a temporary dwelling, supplied with provisions for one year at least, and with seeds and tools sufficient for commencing his labors. Cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and poultry, to be gradually introduced and distributed; places for public worship and schools founded; a local legislature to be formed, by the convicts, for the enactment of municipal regulations, so far as may be found expedient, and the whole to be managed like a national colony, where all are to be encouraged to participate, in the duties and advantages of citizens of a rising empire, and no farther restrained in their liberties, than is indispensable, for the peace, security, and prosperity of the establishment.

The chief town should be located, where the best harbor is to be found, and there a military post must be maintained, and the requisite public buildings erected.

The necessary expenditures, may be either made out of the national treasury, or from the contributions of the several states, in proportion to their representation in Congress.

As it is very important that conviction should follow detection, and deportation conviction, as speedily as possible, ships may be provided by the General Government, to sail from two, three, or more of the principal ports of the Union, every two or three months, or oftener if found expedient, in which the convicts of the states, nearest the several ports of departure, may be shipped.

THE ANTLERS.*

It was one broad and green domain,
 Which white man's foot had never trod;
 No pilgrim's blood had flowed to stain
 The verdure of the wind-kissed sod.
 The giant oaks their branches swung,
 To winds that swept through forest-aisles;
 The Indian lurked the trees among,
 Or crept along the rock-defiles;
 And narrow paths wound through the wood,
 Where here and there a wigwam stood.
 The black duck, on his glossy wing,
 Sailed the calm, blue water over,
 And o'er the marsh, in airy ring,
 Wheeled, at morn and eve, the plover.
 Along the green and lovely lawn
 Bounded forth, most playfully,
 To river's brink, the agile fawn,
 To bathe her graceful limbs, as free
 As if she feared no arrow true
 Would harm her in those waters blue.
 The partridge, from her covert green,
 Led forth her gay and chirping brood,

* In a beautiful village, about forty miles from Boston, is a pair of antlers, fastened to a post, once a flourishing tree, at the intersection of two roads. They were placed there, many years ago, by an Indian Chief, one of the last of his tribe, who had pursued the deer from sunset till sunrise the next morning, and finally shot her a few yards distant from the tree on the bank of the river. Tradition also says, that his bones were laid beneath the tree upon which he fastened her antlers.

And there the rabbit shy was seen
Upon her form ; the solitude
Of verdant plain and woodland hill
Was yet unbroken by the tread
Of busy man ; as silent, still,
As some lone city of the dead—
Save when the eagle, from his warm
And beetling eyrie from on high,
Bade proud defiance to the storm,
And screamed his notes in loud reply ;
Or when the Indian war-song, heard,
Aroused, from his high perch, the bird,
Or wild-beast, from his noon-day lair,
To cower in fright and terror there.
Young Morning's lids are opening now,
Upon that lawn, with dewdrops wet,
And all the mountain's rocky brow
Sparkles, as if with jewels set.
The sunlight streams along the sky,
And fragrant dell and dancing river ;
On dewy lawn and oak-tree high
Its golden light is seen to quiver,
O'er every shrub the radiance stealing ;
And as the leaves upon the trees
In the first breath of morning stir,
The landscape far beyond revealing,
The scene is like some paradise,
Than earthly garden lovelier.

Lo ! panting by that silver stream,
The antlered fawn is standing now ;
All night—since his last setting beam
The sun threw on that mountain's brow,
And eve's dim shadows came—no green
Retreat had she to cool her breast ;
The Indian on her track hath been,
Giving no peaceful evening rest.
She pants—those nimble limbs, whose spring
Was rapid as the lightning's wing,
No more will bound o'er hill and dale,
When hunter's cry is on the gale.
Full many a mile, o'er wood and plain,
As Morn Night's veil doth lift again,
The foot-prints on the dewy grass
Are seen, where that fleet fawn did pass ;
And at the moonlit brook and rill,
The hunter, close upon her still,
Is her light track, ere she did spring,
Then hear far back their waters sing,
As she bounds on through grassy dell,
Whose sweet retreats she knows so well.
She stops not, for the Indian's tread
Nearer is heard, and now hath sped
His bolt from out the leafy trees,
While she, far off, snuffs in the breeze ;
O'er hill and plain, with rapid pace
Bounding, has found no resting-place
Till now, as drinking the cool wave,
She fears the current's might to brave.
And what but weariness could keep
Her limbs chained on that fatal place—
From trusting to the rushing deep
Her form of loveliness and grace?
She dreads into its whirling flood
To plunge once more, to reach the plain,

Magnanimity.

Lest the winged arrow with her blood
 The silver-leaping tide should stain.
 Why turns her eye to woodland glen?
 Why start at rustling leaves, as when
 The wild beast rushes from his lair,
 To spring upon his victim there?
 Hears she the Indian on his path,
 Creeping along with stealthy tread,
 The well-known sound, that warning hath,
 And draws the arrow to its head?

One plunge——

That arrow cuts the air,
 And quivers in its victim there,
 Drinking the life-blood from her breast;
 And ere the hunter's foot hath pressed
 The river's bank, that fawn has died,
 Mingling her warm blood with the tide.

But many years have fled since then,
 And white men's feet have trod that glen.
 Many an autumn, on that plain,
 The harvest ripe of golden grain
 Has been garnered, and that stream,
 From dawn till day's last golden beam,
 Has borne upon its silver tide
 Many a noble ship in pride,
 Where red men, in their light canoe,
 Shot swiftly o'er those waters blue.
 Now not a relic of that race
 Is seen upon that lovely place,
 Save when the ploughman, with his spade
 Turns up a bone, where they were laid.
 Beneath yon tree is mouldering now
 His noble frame who drew that bow;
 Above his grave, on that sweet lawn,
 Hang the broad antlers of the fawn.
 But not a deer upon the green
 And blooming forest-fields is seen;
 They're gone;—the hunter and his game
 From woodland path—their fate the same.

J. H. W.

MAGNANIMITY.

ALL the most important traits of an interesting character may be reduced to one or the other of two classes,—the admirable or the lovely, the great or the good, in the peculiar application of those terms. These different virtues, indeed, are not distinguished by any clear line of discrimination. They not only border on each other; but, like the colors of the rainbow, are more or less intermingled, so as to render it difficult to say where the one begins, or the other ends. Nothing in human character is truly great, which is not good; nor is there any thing amiable, which may not be carried to such an extent, as to become in a sense great and sublime.

Magnanimity is to be regarded as a moral attribute,—as more intimately connected with the affections, than with the understanding. It is not, perhaps, so properly one virtue, as an habitual disposition for the exercise of several kindred virtues, as circumstances may

require. It is such an elevation or enlargement of soul, as renders it capable of every thing noble in sentiment, emotion, or exertion, and takes a variety of names, according to the various objects and occasions; such as courage, fortitude, independence, self-command, and generosity.

There is a courage, that implies no magnanimity, that implies, indeed, no mind at all. It is no manly virtue, to rush blindly on death, or to sacrifice things of inestimable worth to those which are of little or no value. Impetuosity is seldom connected with true greatness of mind. The true hero understands perfectly what he is about. He knows the danger he has to meet; he has compared that danger with the value of the object in view, and he has deliberately resolved to incur the danger for the attainment of the object.

All animals are, in their very nature, more or less subject to the influence of fear. They not only fear those things, which, in their own experience, they have found to be hurtful, but they seem to have many instinctive apprehensions of unknown evils. Almost every species of animal, and, among others, the infant man, discovers symptoms of terror, almost as soon as he is born. In some of the brute creation, this native timidity is soon removed, by an early consciousness of superior powers, or means of defence. In some others, it gradually gives place to the resentful passions, or to the influence of combative habits, while in the weak and defenceless, it continues through life, and is rather increased than diminished, by familiarity with danger.

In our own species, in adult men and women, may be found many instances of mere animal timidity or courage, essentially the same with those which are observed with other creatures around us; fears, which a little exercise of mind would dissipate or surmount,—or gratuitous exposures, which are equally unreasonable. To a groundless timidity, we give, by common consent, the name of pusillanimity, or littleness of mind, and perhaps the same term might, with equal propriety, be applied to groundless courage,—to that bravery which is regardless of probable consequences. As already remarked, the courage becoming a human being, is a mental quality. It is not the offspring of brutal force. It is not inspired by furious passion. It is open-eyed, circumspect, cool, and calculating. It explores the path it is about to tread, and hence it proceeds, with firm and intrepid steps. It is intimately allied with another virtue, of which we must now speak, and without which the courage of the hero would degenerate into rashness, or sink into despondence.

Fortitude is the virtue most inseparably connected with genuine courage, and perhaps equally entitled to the character of magnanimity. As courage inclines us to meet those approaching evils, which might for a time be avoided, fortitude enables us to endure those, which, for the present, can neither be avoided nor resisted, and this may require a force of mind far superior to that which is exerted in some of the most brilliant achievements of courage.

If we instinctively retreat from approaching dangers, it is equally natural for us to shrink from the immediate grasp of pain, which, to mere animal feeling, becomes every moment more intolerable. There is, however, a state of mind, which is superior to bodily suffering,—

which endures with composure those things which would be torture to others. In this state, the immortal nature within learns from experiment the extent of its own powers. It feels a kind of pride in its capacity for endurance; and from that pride it may, perhaps, be said to derive new strength. To sustain itself in this posture, however, it must have that hope, which is inseparable from the human mind, so long as it continues what it was intended to be. If the present be painful, it flees from the present, and dwells in the future; and, in the fulness of pleasurable anticipations, becomes, in some measure, insensible to immediate pain. Thus hours, and days, and years of darkness and distress, are cheered by the prospect of a happy result. Courage is held in salutary check, means of relief are provided and arranged in proper order, and opportunities for effectual efforts are waited for with an eye that is equally watchful and patient. Such fortitude has often triumphed over dangers and sufferings, which premature resistance would have multiplied and strengthened.

Another form in which magnanimity presents itself to our contemplation, is that of independence, or the personal prerogative, which belongs to every human being; the right of thinking and acting, within a certain sphere, for himself. This sphere is, in most cases, circumscribed by very narrow limits; but, within these limits, every one may consider himself an absolute sovereign, equal to the greatest potentate on earth, and there is something noble in maintaining this exclusive right.

Though one man may be intimately acquainted with many things, of which another has no conception, and though one may be clothed with an authority, or be called to act in a sphere, from which his neighbor is wholly excluded, there are things, in which the illiterate and the learned, the weak and the mighty, stand on the same ground; in which the peasant has the same assurance with the philosopher, and is called to duties and privileges equally honorable with those of the monarch. There is, indeed, no magnanimity in arrogance, in aspiring above our proper station, in assuming that which belongs to another; but there is something great in the clear discernment and steady pursuit of that course, which has been marked out for us by the finger of Him, in whose presence all mankind are equal. This independent spirit is, indeed, liable to be confounded with obstinacy, as well as with arrogance or self-sufficiency: it is, however, essentially different from all. It is, in its very nature, dignified and ennobling. It is neither contemptuous nor vain. It is respectful, but not fawning. Though not regardless of the approbation or applause of others, it is chiefly concerned to secure that self-approbation, which is a loftier and a firmer ground of satisfaction, than the good opinion of the world. In proportion as real liberty prevails, this magnanimous spirit will become the ornament, the glory, or the happiness of men in every rank and condition.

Again, the magnanimity we are considering, is apparent in that self-command, which is the duty and the privilege of every human being; that control, which reason was intended to exercise over all the animal propensities. The birds and beasts are governed by their appetites and passions. The same is generally true of infants and young children, and the history of the world proves that multitudes of

those, who have attained to the age and stature of men, are, in this respect, little better than children or brutes. From defect of education, or want of personal attention, their reason is feeble and irresolute,—unable or indisposed to curb the angry passions, or the most inordinate desires. The prerogatives of human nature are lost; the firm ground on which it stood, crumbled into dust; the walls of defence broken down, and all that remains of the soul, exposed to the most contemptible, as well as the most tremendous foes. How different the character and condition of those, who are more ambitious to govern the empire of their own hearts, than to exercise any authority over their fellow-men!—whose hearts respond to the words of Solomon, “He that is slow unto wrath is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city!” This greatness of mind does not, indeed, annihilate the animal desires, but, in the name of God himself, it says to them, “Hitherto shall ye come, but no farther.” It does not extinguish the natural fire of passion. It is not insensible to injuries or affronts. It does not require the ocean of life to be in perpetual stagnation; but, when the winds become too boisterous, it checks their impetuosity, and they subside into the gentle breezes, by which the great purposes of life are best promoted. There is incomparably more dignity in sparing a fallen foe, and sometimes in pitying or disregarding one, who is still in arms, than there is in executing that dire revenge in which many other animals may rival man.

For the present, we shall consider only one other form, in which magnanimity commands our admiration, and that is, generosity, or benevolence, acting on a large or extensive scale. All ordinary kindness, or benignity, partakes more of moral beauty than sublimity. Every smile of good-nature, every accent of love or compassion, is amiable and winning; but, as it costs little, it has no absorbing interest. There is, however, a generosity, so energetic and expansive, as to be justly considered peculiar to great minds; a generosity, which disregards personal ease and personal safety; and, still more, the common calculations of self-interest, and is ready to make the most essential sacrifices for the good of others. This implies mind,—energy and enlargement of mind. It flows from the cultivation of that divine principle within, which constitutes the resemblance of man to Him, who is perfectly good, and, in that goodness, perfectly happy. Men of little minds seek for happiness in the gratification of appetite or personal vanity. The generous man has learned from experience, that the pleasures of doing, or even wishing good, are incomparably superior to those, which are derived from selfish exertions; richer, purer, more lasting, and, in every view, more worthy of the heaven-born spirit. Such a mind dwells in a region too high for the vapors of envy or the clouds of discontent to reach. It expatiates in light, and, in its ethereal nature, seems destined to rise and expand with a kind of divinity, beyond all assignable bounds.

Some have contended, that the magnanimous virtues are the peculiar glory of arms; or, at least, that war is a school, in which they may be cultivated with the greatest success. That military men have sometimes been examples of courage, fortitude, independence, self-command, and generosity, no person of candor will, probably, deny.

For most of these qualities, however, we should be more disposed to look among the sons of peace, in common occupations and pursuits. Courage may find exercises enough without wielding the weapons of death, or exposing itself on the field of blood. The ministers of police, while enforcing the laws of the state, are often called to show what manner of spirit they are of, while they are required to meet danger, without that stimulus of public glory, to which the warrior frequently owes the reputation of courage. A variety of occurrences in private life invite, if they do not absolutely call us into great danger, and afford opportunities for heroic adventures. We may add, that there are dangers more appalling to many, than those, which threaten our limbs or our lives; and the advocates of decency, propriety, truth, and virtue, may always find sufficient scope for the exercise of magnanimity in all the several forms in which we have considered it.

It was remarked above, that greatness of mind is to be regarded, chiefly, as a moral quality,—as relating more immediately to the affections than it does to the understanding. There is a connexion, however, between the heart and the head,—between the moral and the intellectual state of a man. In one of our old books, it is said, “A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.” While there is something noble and sublime in that comprehensive view, which penetrates a subject through and through at a glance, and discovers at once all its important relations, there is a kind of assurance inspired, that such an understanding will be combined with correspondent feelings,—with all that is practically noble and generous. Still, those who are intellectually great, are not always distinguished for sublimity in morals. In many instances, indeed, we have occasion to lament the reverse of this; while, on the other hand, many, who have been little distinguished by their native powers of mind, and as little, perhaps, by the artificial means of improvement, have shown degrees of magnanimity superior to those on which a flattering world has bestowed the name of greatness.

There is one sentiment of which all human minds are susceptible, and which tends to put all men upon a level, in respect to the quality we are considering; it is the sentiment of piety, or, more properly, perhaps, the principle of religious faith; which is sublime in itself, while it inspires the soul with every other sublimity. The unlettered peasant, as well as the profoundest philosopher, can understand and feel what is meant by eternal existence, by almighty power, unerring wisdom, and perfect goodness; and, while he believes himself under the protection of One, who unites in his character all these unbounded perfections, he can realize emotions, which the sublime language of inspiration itself can hardly express. “God is our refuge and strength, therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.” “They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved.” “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

W. H.

THE PASSION FOR LIFE.*

BY I. M'LELLAN, JUN.

O! Give me back my youth!
 O! Give me back life's golden prime,
 Childhood, and boyhood's blissful time,
 Gay sports and frolics rude;
 The tumble on the new-mown hay,
 The ramble in the wood;
 The long bright summer holiday,
 The Christmas Eve's domestic play;
 The saunter in the fields,
 When autumn fruits were red and ripe,
 And grapes were hanging thick and sweet
 From every sunny wall,
 And in the orchards, round our feet,
 The yellow pears were thickly spread,
 And pippins, streaked with gold, would fall
 With every breeze that stirred o'er head,
 And school-boy baskets soon were laden
 With wild-nuts from the branches shaken.

O! Give me back my youth!
 Nor wealth nor wisdom do I crave,
 Nor honor, praise, or fame;
 For soon the deep and gaping grave
 Must close above this frame;
 But rather give me back my youth,
 Its joy, its innocence, and truth.

O! Give me back my youth!
 Fill these dull eyes again with light;
 Let these white hairs be shorn away;
 And let the golden locks of yore
 Above these temples play;
 And let this old and furrowed brow,
 Ploughed by full many a year,
 Take the bright look of long ago,
 So white, so pure, and clear;
 And let this hollow cheek resume,
 Its rosy health, its glowing bloom.

Home of my childhood! happy spot!
 Behind the dreary waste of years,
 In memory's faithful glass, how bright,
 How fair, your humble roof appears!
 I see, I see, the rustic porch,
 And, close beside the door,
 The old Elm, waving still as green
 As in the days of yore.
 I see the wreathing smoke ascend,
 In azure columns up the sky;
 I see the twittering swallows still
 Around in giddy circles fly.

But no! that joyful time hath gone—
 Hath gone forever by!
 And life, and earth, are fading fast
 Upon my glaring eye;
 And soon the imprisoned soul shall mount
 In freedom, to its last account!

* "Is there any thing on earth I can do for you," said Taylor to Dr. Walcott, as he lay on his death bed. The passion for life dictated the answer. "Give me back my youth." These were his last words. *North-American Review*.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STUDY OF MINERALOGY.

IN passing through a part of New-England, a short time since, I was surprised and gratified to see the increased attention that is now paid to the study of Mineralogy. A few years since, the science was never heard of in our schools, and a mineralogist might go from one end of the country to the other, and find none but professional men (and perhaps few of them) to sympathize with him in his favorite pursuit. But now, I rejoice to say it, the value of the science is beginning to be appreciated, and men are paying some attention to the acquisition of that knowledge from which they find they can draw much enjoyment; and which is of such importance, that several arts and manufactures owe their existence to it. Whether considered in the light of a pleasant recreation, or of practical utility, there are many inducements to the study of this science. To show these inducements, and refute objections, and, perhaps, by these means to lead others to turn their attention to the study, is my present object.

The recent experiments made in many of our schools, and in, alas, too few of our colleges, show that the scholars consider the study and collection of minerals one of their most agreeable recreations; and all lovers of the science will say, with me, that the pleasantest part of their youth has been spent in this manner,—that their love for this has, in part or wholly, deterred them from the more useless amusements of boyhood,—and that, through all their after life, they have experienced and acknowledged the benefit of their early taste. No objection can now be made to lack of materials for pursuing this study. Our country, favored in this as in most respects, has few localities, where one can complain for the want of natural materials; and books upon the subject (it being a theme upon which books *can* be written, and, therefore, one which will not be deficient in instructive books in New-England) have been fast multiplying; so that, whether one intends to skim lightly over the surface of the study, and make it merely an amusement, or to dive deeper, and bring up the real fruits of his exertions, he will find books to guide him so far as he wishes.

It is a recreation, also, suited nearly as well to the city as the country; for when debarred from the latter, the lover finds enjoyment in examining the collections of minerals and suits of crystals prepared for his use. Boston is particularly fortunate in this respect, having been lately enriched by an excellent cabinet of minerals, and a most complete suit of crystals, made of paper, which are now in the room belonging to the Society of Natural History, and which is open to every one on Wednesday of every week, and at other times to those particularly wishing it, upon application to one of the gentlemen to whom they are entrusted. This liberality is very pleasing, and is very different from the use made of most cabinets; for instance, a valuable one belonging to one of our public universities, which the students are not allowed to examine at all, and even to see through glass cases but a few times during the lectures, in their whole college course.

This may be recommended to the student as a not unprofitable relaxation, and, at the same time, source of improvement. After hours of hard study, he would become refreshed, in body and mind, by

“roaming o’er hill and dale,” in search of minerals; would be acquiring useful information in one great department of God’s works; and, if at all seriously inclined, would gain much moral improvement; for, like Jaques, he would find “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing.”

Upon the professional man the science has a claim; for being, of course, from his situation as such, naturally supposed a person of considerable general knowledge, it is to be expected that he should possess at least some small information of this, and do something to help its diffusion. Besides, few sciences aid more in that opening and strengthening of intellectual faculties, which contribute most to the formation of the true philosopher. The man, who views the rock only as so much cubic matter, into which, unfortunately, the plough cannot pass, nor the seed be scattered, or he, who looks upon vast natural collections only with regret,

“— that such quarries all unhewn should lie,”

may certainly be considered, in an intellectual view, as many grades below *him*, who sees in them the mighty works of a Divine power, capable, like all those of the same Author, of affording improvement, and inspiring devotional and generous feeling.

To those, especially, whose avocations lead them away from the haunts of men into the country, that great repository of Nature’s works, the science calls for patronage. Whatever may be their employment, they must meet with many specimens, which they now pass by disregarded, and to which, if possessed of little more knowledge, they would attach a high value. Our farmers’ sons, to many of whom, although surrounded, perhaps, by valuable and curious specimens, it is a source of wonder “what the gentleman wants with those old stones,” might soon be taught to search as eagerly and successfully, too, for those same old stones; and, if not benefiting others, they are at least not wasting their leisure hours by laying up a constant mean of enjoyment for themselves.

How few there are of the many, who leave the city every summer, and travel from state to state, for health or amusement, and thus have the best opportunities for collecting minerals, care, or, perhaps, ever think of this pleasant employment. Although the plea of ignorance may now excuse them from this pursuit, there is no reason why their children, who, perhaps, may have the same advantages, should be kept equally ignorant of them. If the study does not accord with their tastes, (and that will rarely happen, if any pains are taken to teach them,) I would have them pursue it no farther than to become acquainted with the names, appearance, and value of most minerals that they are likely to meet with.

I would recommend this branch of knowledge to the attention of ladies; for, as their sphere of instruction is constantly enlarging, there seems to be no reason why they should be excluded from a knowledge of mineralogy. Confined as they now are to sedentary employments, they are fast losing the strong constitutions and robust forms of their grandmothers, and that deadly disease, consumption, is for this reason making fearful inroads, where before it was hardly known. The study of Mineralogy, or of the kindred study of Botany, by giving an object,

would induce many to take that exercise, which they now so generally need. Their health being thus preserved, they would become better enabled to acquire and retain that knowledge, which is now expected of them; and, instead of losing time, which many offer as an objection to such pursuits, they are, in reality, gaining time. No one can expect their daughters should enjoy perfect health in the life they now lead. After leaving school, we see them spending their time at home, perhaps visiting about, perhaps improving themselves quite as much in doing nothing, or, perhaps, reading or studying, or in any way rather than in that most important way of spending a part of their time—regular exercise out of doors. Our life was given to us for important purposes, and as we lose that by the death of the body, we ought to do all in our power to preserve the body strong and healthy. We know that exercise is indispensably necessary for this, and, therefore, we are unpardonable not to make use of it. I do not mean to say that young ladies should take equally as much and as violent exercise as boys; their frames are not fitted for violent exertion; but I do say, they should take mild exercise, and that *regularly*; and the best kind that is now known is walking; which is to be preferred not only as such, but because, in the time we spend in walking, we may gain intellectual and moral as well as physical improvement; for, whether we walk by the sea side, in the green woods, or over rocky hills, we every where find, either in the shape of shells, plants, and flowers, or stones, abundant proofs of a Divine Being, and of his kindness to man, which, as such, well deserve regard from those, for whose use or pleasure they were designed.

It will be useless for me to say much of the practical utility of the study of this science, and, as proofs of it, to give an endless enumeration of the various uses to which minerals, whether as metals, marbles, clays, &c. &c. in all their varieties, are put. It will be sufficient to give an extract from the most valuable American work on mineralogy, by one who has devoted his life to this pursuit. He closes his first introductory chapter thus:—

“From a superficial view of minerals in their natural depositories, at or near the surface of the earth, it would hardly be expected, that they could constitute the object of a distinct branch of science. Nothing appears further removed from the influence of established principles and regular arrangement, than the mineral kingdom, when observed in a cursory manner. But a closer inspection and more comprehensive view of the subject will convince us, that this portion of the works of nature is by no means destitute of the impress of the Deity. Indications of the same wisdom, power, and benevolence, which appear in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are also clearly discernible in the mineral.

* * * * *

“The general view of mineralogy, which we have already given, will offer to the minds of many sufficient inducements to the cultivation of this branch of knowledge. It may also be remarked, that several arts and manufactures depend on mineralogy for their existence; and that improvements and discoveries in the latter cannot fail of extending their beneficial effects to the aforementioned employments. In fine, the study of mineralogy, whether it be viewed as tending to increase individual wealth, to improve and multiply arts and manufactures, and thus promote the public good; or as affording a pleasant subject for scientific research, recommends itself to the attention of the citizen and scholar.” J.

THE COLLEGE CATALOGUE.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago, there might frequently be seen, in the house of a country clergyman, or substantial farmer of Massachusetts, a printed sheet, about two feet square, stuck up over the ample fireplace. It had acquired, from time and smoke, a dingy hue, which was over and above the original complexion of the paper. It contained, arranged in parallel columns, a list of names, of which the baptismal portion was Latinized, with now and then such cabalistic abbreviations as V. D. M., Cantab., Oxon., &c. appended to them. Had a stranger inquired what it was, the reply would have been—"It is the College Catalogue." *The college!* The short space of a quarter of a century has worked its changes. Mulatto sheets of paper, even with Latin names on them, are no longer allowed to be attached to any thing but the walls of a bar-room. The catalogue has been banished from the parlors of our yeomanry, the memory of the college, in too many instances, from their minds, and the veneration of it from their hearts. The document itself has been changed from a single sturdy brown sheet to a many-leaved pamphlet, having its pages hot-pressed, its rough edges trimmed, neatly stitched, covered, and prepared to be buried in the heap of ephemeral publications and literary lumber, which accumulates every where in this reading community. It is consulted occasionally, with the view of ascertaining how many of *our class* are in the land of the living; but, on the whole, excites little attention or interest, among the multitude of those to whom it comes, as a matter of course, and who regard it rather as evidence of one of the rights acquired under the old forty-four cent *regime*, than as an article of any intrinsic importance. To the few, only, it is replete with entertainment and instruction. Those few, who are best characterized in the pregnant words of one, whom the decorum, proper to be observed, with regard to private character and living philosophy, forbids us yet to name and to praise openly, as the "disinterested lovers of facts."

I know not whether I may class myself among this generation of pains-taking inquirers, whom an uncharitable world calls gossips; but one thing is certain, that I have so far the badge of the tribe, as to take a strong interest in the Catalogue. Long before I had experienced the high satisfaction of perceiving my own name fairly printed therein, the meed of a four years' sojourn "within the walls," the punctual footing up of sixteen times forty-four cents, and the final crowning *peculium* of five dollars. Long before I had thus acquired a right to consider myself as known to fame, I had learned to value the record, which was to bear me onward to it. I leave it to metaphysicians to decide whether this was prophetic, an inborn form of my central principle, or whether it was merely the result of the association, which connected veneration with every adjunct of the parson and the parson's house. All there was venerable; the mighty wig, which enveloped his intellectual powers, as *omne majus in se continet minus*; the animal pig-tail which hung over his coat, and the vegetable pig-tail, which filled his iron clam. His garden was not like other men's gardens, nor was his house like unto theirs; for the one had a

bee-hive, and the other a study. Ah! that study! To that I trace the misfortunes of my life. The idea of it has stood perpetually between me and success. Alas for the time, which I have wasted in dreams of a study, with its quiet contentment and its roundabout chair, unlike the modern instruments of torture, which have usurped the name; the ample fire-place, and above it that Catalogue, wherein were found names, worthy to be written in Latin.

But empty are all human enjoyments; I have lived to have a study and a roundabout, and have found them naught. I have lived to see my name in the Catalogue, and to feel that it would have been better to have seen it in a list of stockholders. Even the Latinity I have come short of, since my baptismal name is Hebrew, and defies translation, and though there be a few capital letters attached to it, what avails it to him, to whom they are the only capital? Still, as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined; though a roundabout cannot always bring ease to a centre of gravity, it is not without its charms; and though the Catalogue is not quite that assemblage of the great ones of the earth, which it appeared to the imagination of youth, it still retains much of its interest.

When I look at *the class*, I remember, as if it were yesterday, when, under the excitement of strong feelings, and, perhaps, other strong things, we bade farewell to each other and to Alma Mater, and dashed out into the world to scramble, as we might, up the steep ascent of life. Nor did we pause, till, arrived at the table-land of existence, we looked around to see who of our fellows were left to descend with us into the vale of years. Nearly half had been foiled in the attempt, and a star in the Catalogue marks their failure. And of those, who have arrived, but few have gained much besides the experience of trouble and labor. If one companion has picked up wealth, by looking always on the ground, the many have been too eager to cast their eyes upwards to discern what lay at their feet; and some, in their eagerness to clutch at unsubstantial visions of wealth and distinction, have even let go of that, with which they started. "That man," said an old friend to me, as we conned over together the fortunes of his class; "that man once owned the house in which I reside, and the extensive property, which is now mine. He was a rich heir, and I a poor student at law." "And where is he now?" said I. "Where is he now? Why, he lives on Peegan plain, and gets a living by selling whortleberries for the Indian squaws on commission!"

Wm. Bealow

HARVARD.

LOVE AND WISDOM.

THOUGH 't is affirmed, by learned sages,
That Love will lead a youth astray,
How much their Wisdom on their ages
Depends, is more than I shall say.

But since they loved, as well as we,
Though now they read a graver page,
Love well the joy of youth may be,
While Wisdom is the light of age.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER XX.

An incident somewhat unpleasant occurred at the table of the venerable John Adams, in the year 1821. I had called to see him in the forenoon, and we had passed together a *tete-a-tete* of nearly two hours, in which I was regaled with a greater fund of interesting anecdotes than I had ever heard before, or will ever probably hear in future, and they had the peculiar merit that there was scarcely one that I had ever heard or seen recorded. Dinner hour approached. He asked me to dine. I cheerfully accepted the invitation, with the confident expectation of being regaled by a succession of anecdotes as interesting as those that had yielded me so much gratification before dinner. The Cadets from West Point happened to be then in Boston, on a tour through New-England; and a report was current, that they had been somewhat cavalierly treated in their route to that city. A young gentleman mentioned the circumstance at the table: Mr. Adams, zealous for the honor of his state, contradicted the report with warmth. Unfortunately, not having the fear of castigation before my eyes, I interposed, and said I believed the story was true, as a young man, who belonged to the corps, who had lived with me seven years, and whom I knew to be a man of veracity, had told me the same story. "Sir," replies the venerable gentleman, with considerable animation, "I say it is not true. It is a falsehood, invented to disparage the people of New-England, against whom a great deal of jealousy prevails in the Middle and Southern states, particularly among the Irish." "Sir," replied I, "how other Irishmen feel affected on this subject, I know not; but the observation does not apply to me, for I have always thought and said, that the yeomanry of New-England are the pride of this country; and so long ago as 1809, I published my views on the subject, in the *Port Folio*."* "Your

* "A MISERABLE PREJUDICE.—*Yankee Tricks*. This is a very significant phrase, and one in very general use. It conveys to the mind of the hearer an idea of a degree of depravity peculiar to the people of New-England, from which their more upright brethren in the Middle and Southern states claim a total exemption. The latter are pure and immaculate, unstained with any thing in the slightest degree approaching to *Yankeeism*.

"Let us examine this point fearlessly. Let us ascertain, as far as we can, on what foundation the charge rests. If that be solid, let it remain unassailed, and be received without controversy. But if it rest upon a sandy and delusive basis, let it be consigned to oblivion, with other prejudices equally untenable.

"National prejudices are very easily formed, and nicknames as easily applied. They are, however, eradicated with great difficulty. When once adopted, every day serves to corroborate them: because every little incident that occurs, and affords the smallest countenance to them, or will at all admit of being strained to that effect, is tortured to prop and buttress them up, right or wrong.

"It is not difficult to perceive how this prejudice arose. The tide of migration has generally directed its course from New-England to the Middle and Western states, and very little from the latter to the former. The reason of this is obvious. The soil of New-England is not so luxuriant as that of some of the other states. The population is much crowded. This state of things naturally produces the effect above stated. As mankind is now, and has always been, made up of good and bad, and a pretty reasonable proportion of the latter every where, it would be wonderful, if, among the hosts that swarm out of New-England, there should not be some depraved and worthless characters. Wherever these appear, they are cited as corroborations "strong as proofs from holy writ," to confirm the general character of the whole nation; and thus one or two millions of people bear an opprobrious stigma from the turpitude of the few.

"The Middle and Southern states have never disgorge upon New-England the off-scourings of their cities, nor their fugitives from justice, in any very considerable degree. If they had, *back-sis tricks* might, in Boston, or Portsmouth, or Portland, be as proverbial as *Yankee tricks* in New-York or Philadelphia. But let a philosopher, or a citizen of the world, examine the records of our criminal courts, and he will find, that the triumph we pretend to, over our New-England brethren

views on that subject are well displayed by your Olive Branch, which was written to disparage New-England." "Sir," I resumed, "I will lay down one thousand dollars, and forfeit twenty dollars for every important error to be found in that work." "Believe me, sir," says he, "your work has not been thought worthy of an answer in this part of the country." "I must console myself," I rejoined, "under this severe denunciation, by the decided approbation of some of the best men in this country—Mr. Madison, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Wirt," &c.

This closed the warfare. Those who know the warmth of my temper, will not easily believe, although it is a fact, that I was as cool as I am at this moment, at which I am myself surprised. Whether it were from my veneration for my aged antagonist,—from the idea that, independent of his age, respect was due to him in his own house,—from a consciousness of the injustice of the charge,—or from the united effects of the three, I know not. But Job himself, when assailed by Eliphaz the Temanite, or Bildad the Shuhite, was not more tranquil than was at that moment the inflammable Mathew Carey.

To show Mr. Adams that I was not in a state of irritation, I sat, when we retired from the dining-room, and went into the drawing-room, beside him on a sofa, for about half an hour, talking as cheerfully as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. I then requested that he would send for Mrs. John Quincy Adams, who had dined with us. He accordingly had her called. "Madam," says I, "I deeply regret the occurrence that has taken place at your father's table. Could I possibly have anticipated such a result, I certainly should not have staid for dinner." I added, "I am a man who never shrink from censure when really deserved. But, like the rest of mankind, having real offences enough to answer for, I am at all times unwilling to submit to undeserved censure; and, believing that the charges against the Olive Branch cannot be sustained, I request you will be so kind as to favor me by perusing a small volume, (addressed to Mr. Tudor, who has defamed my work, by general charges unsubstantiated by facts,) which I have published and gratuitously distributed, in vindication of that work." She said she would, and we then parted. About two years afterwards, I met her at a party at her own house, in Washington, and asked her if she had read my book. She replied that she had; and I understood that she thought it a satisfactory vindication. But of this I was not quite certain; as, from the crowd by

ren, is not as indisputably just and correct, as some of us may have supposed. Let us bear in mind the elegant, the instructive, and the universally applicable lesson held out by the parable of the Pharisee and the publican.

"I have traveled very often through New-England. And when I first visited the country, I was a slave to the miserable prejudices that so generally prevail respecting its inhabitants. I imagined that a large proportion of them were sharpers, solely intent upon deception and fraud. I have lived to see the extent of my error. I am proud to acknowledge it, and to do justice, as far as these feeble effusions can do justice, to the much-injured character of a most respectable nation. I have beheld with delight the decency, the neatness, the elegance of their dwellings,—the order, the decorum, the propriety, the urbanity, and the hospitality of their manners,—the intelligence and good information even of the lowest orders of their peasantry,—the early urbanity of their smallest children, in whom the rudiments of politeness are so far instilled, that they uniformly stop and respectfully salute the passing stranger,—the republican simplicity and the good sense of their municipal regulations generally,—the very successful struggle they have maintained against the sterility of an unkind soil,—the ardor of their spirit of enterprise,—their unceasing and unwearied industry. Having repeatedly seen,—and having as repeatedly admired all these things,—is it very extraordinary that I assert, without disparagement to the merits and claims of the citizens of the other states, that the yeomanry of New-England are the pride and the glory of the United States, and are not, perhaps, excelled for the long train of social virtues, by any equal number of people under the canopy of heaven." *Port Folio, for 1809, Vol. II. p. 533.*

which she was surrounded, I had not a fair opportunity of entering into the discussion.

After I returned home, it struck me that I owed it to myself—to the cause of truth and history—and to the character of my work, to have a proper explanation with Mr. Adams; and I accordingly wrote him a very long letter, proving and enforcing the truth of the facts stated in the work, which, as I told him, was more fully supported by documentary evidence than any work that had ever appeared, as there was not a single fact in it that was not thus corroborated. In conclusion, I stated one or two facts stronger than any thing in the Olive Branch. To this letter I received the following reply:—

“MONTEZILLO, OCTOBER 31, 1821.

“Dear Sir:—I have received your favor, and thank you for it. I should have written to you before, but St. Anthony has sent his fires into my eyes, so that I have not been able to write or read a word.

“The little sparring at my table was altogether my fault; and I ask your pardon. I did not give the opinion as my own, but as the general opinion of this part of the country. The facts, as generally stated by you, I cannot controvert; they were as grievous to me at the time, as to you, and are lamented by me still, as much as by you. But I am unable to enlarge: I will only add a pleasant recommendation to you:

“First, to write another volume as large, under the same title of the Olive Branch, on the history of the two Insurrections in Pennsylvania—the *Gallatin* insurrection, and *Frie's* insurrection; with as copious extracts from the sermons of the clergy in Pennsylvania, and their prayers; and from the speeches of members from that State, and from the circular letters from members of Congress to their constituents in that state; and from the letters and intrigues of the two Muhlenbergs among the Germans throughout that state; and from the *lying handbills* printed in the *German* language, and scattered among the Germans every where.

“Collect all these precious materials, and I will warrant you a second volume of the Olive Branch as large as the first, and which deserves to be scattered in ten thousand volumes, all over the world, like the first.

“Secondly, I advise you to write a History of the State of Virginia, from 1796 to 1801, with copious extracts from the proceedings of their Legislature; from the speeches made in it; from the newspapers and pamphlets printed in it; and from the printed circular letters from *Members of Congress* to their constituents, in all the Southern and WESTERN States—and I will warrant you may make a *third* volume, as ample as the other two, and as deserving of dispersion throughout the world, for the benefit of mankind. When you shall have written and printed these *three Olive Branches*, I will acknowledge your entire impartiality; and I verily believe they will have a happy tendency to preserve the UNION, by discouraging such atrocious proceedings for the future.”

“I am, Sir,

“With hearty good will,

“And sincere esteem,

“Your friend and humble servant,

“MATHEW CAREY, Philadelphia.”

JOHN ADAMS.

* Notwithstanding the reproach implied in this letter, I venture, now, after the lapse of nearly twenty years, to assert, that the Olive Branch is one of the most impartial books extant. It is, I believe, the only work ever written by a professed party man, which freely and boldly denounced the errors, and follies, and guilt of his party. The principal accusations brought against the federal party, were,—their urging the government to a war for the defence of the commerce of the country,—their pledge to support it in that defence,—their failure to redeem that pledge,—and their opposition to nearly all the measures adopted for the purpose: whereas the accusations against the democratic party were multifarious,—a few, only, of them will be here enumerated. 1. The western insurrection. 2. The establishment of democratic societies to overawe the government. 3. The defence of the atrocities of the French Revolution. 4. The opposition to the establishment of a navy. 5. The opposition to Jay's treaty. 6. The rejection of Monroe's and Pinckney's treaty. 7. The rejection of the armistice proposed by A. Warren. 8. The neglect of proper preparations for defence after the downfall of Bonaparte. 9. The gross mismanagement that led to the capture of Washington. 10. The dependence on loans for the support of the war, &c. &c. &c. Surely, this exhibit is enough, not merely to shield the work from the accusation of partiality, but to justify me in the declaration of its being an almost unique instance of impartiality.

I take this opportunity to state a proposition which I made on a former occasion to Mr. Adams. When I was first introduced to him by Mr. Shaw, his quondam Secretary, I was charmed with the various anecdotes which he poured out from the full-fraught stores of his recollection—some ante-revolutionary, some revolutionary, and some of more recent date. I was grieved to reflect on the likelihood of these important materials for history, many of them, probably, known only to himself, being consigned to oblivion by his death, then, in all human probability, not far distant. I proposed a simple mode of preservation; to hire, if agreeable to him, an amanuensis—pay him five hundred dollars a year, and his board—station him as near to Mr. Adams's house as I might find practicable—and let him attend on the venerable gentleman, when he was disposed to enter on the details of the valuable stores in his possession—a procedure ordinarily agreeable to “narrative old age.” He declined acceding to my proposal, which is, assuredly, greatly to be deplored; as innumerable anecdotes and incidents, which might and would have thus been preserved, are probably lost forever.

I made a similar proposition to Gov. Thomas McKean, through the medium of his son, Judge Joseph McKean, with the same ill success.

In neither case was I actuated by motives of profit, although the speculation would probably have proved a lucrative one.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1834.

M. CAREY.

ASSOCIATIONS.

It is a hard heart that a bob-a-link cannot soften. The heart, impenetrable to that right merry note, in a morning in June, from a bush in a meadow, is a fit abode for the furies. It is no home for peaceful emotions, no nest for doves. What a chain is that of association!—how thought and memory flash along it. Is it the mere note of the bob-a-link that pleases us? No: it is the pictured meadows, waving trees, and school-boy freshness of heart, that it reminds us of, in those lamented days when there was nothing within, to mar the pleasure arising from objects without.

What a prize it was to find a bird's nest!—far above the gratification of an election to office, or a successful speculation in later life. Not that I robbed the nest—I would as soon steal from a church—sooner; for in so doing I should not break the ties of natural affection. But the reader has no right to believe that I could do either. Our minds are Eolian harps—there is no music in them, till swept over by some remembrance, and then they make heavenly melody.

It is a happy day for me when I come upon a bed of violets in the spring. It infuses the color and fragrance of the flower into every thing I see; it obliterates all memory of my cares and my enmities; it brings me nearer heaven, by many furlongs, than to meet a snake. The catiff! the first sight of him chills me, and rouses all my hatred of treachery and ingratitude. By degrees I lash myself into a rage, and I take his life. I have the power, and, disliking his looks, I stop not to inquire into the right. It is the right of kings. If I read on

that day, it is satires or invective, Juvenal or Junius. I am sensible of loving my friends less, and hating my enemies more.

Allan McSomebody had an inextinguishable hatred to the children of the Mist—and such is my rancor against reptiles. I have destroyed them in the egg, in the den, in the grass, in the water, and on the tree. Sometimes they have had their revenge. I was never bitten, but I have been horribly frightened. Once upon a time, as I was about to bathe in the miller's pond, I stepped, with my unsophisticated foot and leg, upon a black viper two yards in length. His eyes shot fire, and mine emitted sparks. I put space between us, and ran over the hills like one demented, crying fire! fire! The snake had also the instinct of fear, and made off as fast the other way. I lay in wait for him, day after day: at last, when I despaired of finding him, I lay down, and he came of his own accord within a yard of me. When I saw him, I started, and left my gun in his possession. A second time I looked for him, and was lucky enough to find him at his dinner, upon a frog as large as a rabbit, and I shot him in the midst of his meal.

At another time I was riding on horseback through the woods, by night, and, passing against a bush, I felt that a branch pressed me about the neck; but, feeling relieved in a moment, I thought no more of it. Having supped, I put my hand in my pocket to get a quid, and drew forth, by the tail, a reptile a yard in length.

But to return to associations. How they haunt a cold fountain that we drank of in childhood! How David thirsted for the waters of a spring, and how Bandusia and Vaucluse are revered, because beloved by Horace and Petrarch!

There is, on the surface of the earth, a spring, and its waters run into Charles river, where a single draft will more elevate me than a flask of Montefiascone. It is near the school-house—and it gushes from beneath a rock, the retreat of three or four trouts no larger than the quill wherewith I write. Below we constructed a dam, and, though twenty years ago, it was so well built that it is perfect now. I saw it last week, and worked half a day in clearing the channel of the brook.

Then there is an old oak tree—every branch of it is a train of thought, and every acorn a remembrance. Thoughts hang about it as dreams on Virgil's elm. It has changed the least of all my friends. It has not lost a limb. May the hand of the bumpkin be blistered that would put axe to it. The fall of it would leave a void in my mind, that I could not fill up. No other object in nature is to me so redolent of agreeable remembrances.

M.

A GAINER.

SAYS Lattitat to Foote, "How fare ye?"

Says Foote, "Quite well, my friend, how are ye?"

"I'm not myself," says Lattitat.

Says Foote, "I'm very glad of that;

For, be whoever else you may,

You are a gainer, I dare say."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Outre-Mer ; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. No. II.

We are glad to hear from Professor Longfellow again, and hope he may live a thousand years to write books, and we to read them. We recognize, in the second number of *Outre-Mer*, the same qualities which made the first so attractive, though that, from the nature of its subjects, was rather more interesting. There is the same purity and freshness of feeling, the same fine perception of natural beauty, the same delicacy of humor, and the same grace of expression. In this last trait—the beauty and appropriateness of his language—Mr. Longfellow is almost without a rival. He invariably chooses the right word and puts it into the right place. A pleasant book this is to read in a sultry summer's day. It arrests the attention without tasking the powers. We wander along with the author through a thousand charming scenes, chat with scores of entertaining people without leaving our elbow-chairs, and are heartily sorry when the Diligence stops, or his pedestrian ramble comes to an end.

It is difficult to make selections from a work so uniformly pleasing and good. The scholar will probably prefer the article on the "Ancient Lyric Poetry of the North of France," and the religious enthusiast the eloquent and fervid "Baptism of Fire;" but the generality of readers will probably enjoy most a story told by one of his fellow-travelers in a Diligence. What amazingly lucky fellows these men of genius are! We might travel for a thousand years, in every quarter of the globe, and never hear half so good a story as this:—

THE NOTARY.

You must know, Gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Périgueux, an honest Notary Public, a descendant of a very ancient and broken-down family, and the occupant of one of those old, weather-beaten tenements, which remind you of the times of your great-grandfather. He was a man of an unoffending, sheepish disposition; the father of a family, though not the head of it; for in that family "the hen over-crowded the cock," and the neighbors, when they spoke of the Notary, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaimed, "Poor fellow! his spurs want sharpening." In fine, you understand me, Gentlemen; he was a hen-pecked man.

Well—finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do; and at length discovered a place of rest, far beyond the cares and clamors of domestic life. This was a little *café estaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening, to smoke his pipe, drink sugar-water, and play his favorite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved; heard all the floating chit-chat of the day; laughed when he was in merry mood; found consolation when he was sad; and at all times gave vent to his opinions without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction.

Now, the Notary's bosom friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *estaminet*. He was a gross corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed, and sired by a comic actor of some reputation in his way. He was remarkable for nothing but his good humor, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors by comparing them with those sold at other places.

As evil communications corrupt good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer won insensibly upon the worthy Notary; and before he was aware of it, he found himself weaned from domino and sugar-water, and addicted to piquet and apiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened, that, after a long session at the *estaminet*, the two friends grew so urbane, that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute, which should conduct the other home.

Though this course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish, phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the very deuce with the more sensitive organization of the Notary, and finally put his nervous system completely out of tune. He lost his appetits, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue-devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed curtains, and the night-mare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tiddled; and the more he smoked and tiddled—why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed—remonstrated—entreated; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him—he retreated to the tavern; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the andirons—he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket.

Thus the unhappy Notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hipped. He imagined that he was going to die, and suffered, in quick succession, all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom;—every uneasy feeling after dinner, a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavor to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination? His only answer was, "Do let me alone, I know better than you, what ails me."

Well, Gentlemen; things were in this state, when one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in an over-coat, with a cap on his head, and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy revery. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked, the night before, with a violent fever, and, growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the Notary to draw up his last will and testament. The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay; and the Notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived, he found every thing in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as long as your arm, and a pharmaceutical instrument somewhat longer; and a few steps farther, he met the housekeeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die—without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him tossing about under a huge pile of bed-clothes, in a paroxysm of fever, calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The Notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back, the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bed-side, he stretched out his hand, and exclaimed;

"Ah! my dear friend! have you come at last?—You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—*that* passport of mine. Ah, *grand diable!* how hot it is here! Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?"

As the case was an urgent one, the Notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness; and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the Notary guiding the sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the *Credo* and *Pater-noster* with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and the card-table.

"Take care! take care! There now—*Credo in—pop!* ting-a-ling-ling! give me some of that. *Cent-é-dize!* Why you old publican, this wine is poisoned—I know your tricks!—*Sanctum ecclesiam catholicam.* Well, well, we shall see.

Imbecil ! To have a tierce-major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven. By St. Anthony, capot ! You are lunched—Ha ! ha ! I told you so. I knew very well—there—there—don't interrupt me—*Carnis resurrectionem et vitam eternam !*"

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the Notary sat cowering over the fire, aghast at the fearful scene, that was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert ; and the idea of contagion fitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him, and said ;

"Dreadful sickly time, this ! The disorder seems to be spreading."

"What disorder !" exclaimed the Notary, with a movement of surprise.

"Two died yesterday, and three to day ;" continued the apothecary, without answering the question. "Very sickly time, Sir,—very."

"But what disorder is it ? What disease has carried off my friend here so suddenly ?"

"What disease ? Why scarlet fever, to be sure."

"And is it contagious ?"

"Certainly !"

"Then I am a dead man !" exclaimed the Notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. "I am a dead man :—Now don't deceive me—don't, will you !—What—what are the symptoms ?"

"A sharp, burning pain in the right side," said the apothecary.

"Oh ; what a fool I was to come here ! Take me home—take me home, and let me die in the bosom of my family !"

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him ;—he was not a man to be reasoned with ; he answered, that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city ; and the whole neighborhood was a-bed and asleep. What was to be done ? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary's horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master's will.

Well, Gentlemen ; as there was no remedy, our Notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind set right in his teeth. Overhead the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly-risen moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cock-boat in the surf ; now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted upon its bosom, and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the road-side groaned with a sound of evil omen, and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long hard trot ; while the rider, filled with symptoms of disease, and dire presentiments of death, urged him on, as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the Notary had so far subsided, that he even suffered the poor horse to walk up hill ; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle.

"It is upon me at last !" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners ! And must I die in a ditch after all ?—He ! Get up—get up !"

And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry-skurry—up hill and down—panting and blowing like all possessed. At every leap, the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle—then it spread to the size of a half-franc piece—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony ; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground—farther and farther spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced,—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were nought to him ; for though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not ; the fatal symptom was upon him ; he was doomed to die,—not of cold, but of scarlet fever !

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive, he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading at a corner of the street, seeing the Notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper story. But on went the Notary, down this street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bed-chamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night; and the Notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the window-curtain.

"Let me in! let me in! Quick! quick!" he exclaimed almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

"Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night?" cried a sharp voice from above. "Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep!"

"Oh, diable! diable! Come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice? Quick, I beseech you; for I am dying here in the street!"

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the Notary stalked into his domicile pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armor of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him, he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armor was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black!

"My dear wife!" he exclaimed with more tenderness, than he had exhibited for many years; "Reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man!"

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his over-coat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was the Notary's pipe! He placed his hand upon his side, and lo! it was bare to the skin!—Coat, waistcoat and linen were burnt through and through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head!

The mystery was soon explained, symptom and all. The Notary put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes! And so ends my story.

The article on the ancient lyric poetry of the North of France contains some graceful and spirited translations. The following strikes us as particularly beautiful:—

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have prest!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend—
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee.

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps—how still and calm!
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again—
Come, gentle dreams! the hour of sleep beguile!
Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

A Letter to his Countrymen, by J. Fenimore Cooper.

If the old saying be true—that whom God wishes to destroy, he first deprives of his wits—we advise Mr. Cooper to make his will and set his house in order, for his time is at hand. His two or three last unreadable novels led us to form ominous conjectures that his genius was abandoning him; but this absurd letter makes us think that his common sense was the companion of its flight. We never read a production which gave us a more forcible impression of the meaning of Job's prayer: "O, that my enemy had written a book."

The letter is really, though not ostensibly, divided into two parts, the first being concerned with the writer's own affairs, and the second with those of the country in general, and these two parts have about as much connexion with each other as one of the late Mr. Randolph's speeches used to have with the subject before the House. It seems that there have appeared in the New-York papers certain critical notices of portions of his writings, by which notices Mr. Cooper deems himself aggrieved, and though the existence of these articles was, probably, unknown to ninety-nine hundredths of his countrymen, he feels himself called upon to make a formal appeal from these irresponsible tribunals to the bar of public opinion. He accordingly enters into an elaborate examination of the articles in question, and a refutation of the statements contained in them. He devotes particular attention to one of them, which appeared in the New-York American, and investigates its origin with as much zeal and earnestness as ever the authorship of the letters of Junius was discussed. In the course of this inquiry he gives us a great variety of personal details touching his own sayings and doings, and, among other things, justifies his conduct and explains his motives in engaging in a controversy in 1831, about the comparative cheapness of the French and American governments, and of republican and monarchical governments in general, as if his conduct in this respect could need any elaborate justification, or as if any American citizen could have done any thing but approve of it. Several pages are devoted to a sort of commentary upon, or key to "The Bravo," explaining his motives in writing it, and in what manner it is to be understood; and, fortified by this explanation, that class of persons who found themselves unable to get through the book, may resume it with renewed courage, now that they know there is an object in its dullness. A lively paragraph of the late William Hazlitt, comparing the manners of Mr. Cooper and Sir Walter Scott, is contradicted with a serious soreness, highly amusing to any one who knows how little that entertaining writer cared about the truth of any statement which he could use with effect. Will it be believed, that he suggests that this paragraph of Mr. Hazlitt's may have arisen from the fact that he, Mr. Cooper, showed no *empressment* to make his, Mr. Hazlitt's acquaintance? Would that Hazlitt could be alive again for one day. With his trenchant pen he would make rare sport for those that love a fight of intellectual rough-and-tumble. All these things, and a great variety of other matters, far too numerous and unimportant to specify, will be found by any one who has taste enough for voluntary penance to wade through the first sixty pages of Mr. Cooper's letter to his countrymen.

This portion of the letter is marked by two prominent characteristics, sensitiveness and conceit. We are all said to be a thin-skinned people, but Mr. Cooper has no skin at all. The sting of the meanest insect makes him miserable. His memory retains, with sad accuracy, every disparaging word and line that has ever been spoken or written against him. An anonymous newspaper squib must be solemnly commented upon and contradicted. It needs no argument to show how unworthy this feeling is of a man who enjoys so distinguished a reputation as Mr. Cooper; but the impolicy of such a course is not less striking. Every body who has been at school, must have had occasion to remark, that, if any boy was particularly uneasy and irritable under the various annoyances and inflictions to which school-boyhood is exposed, he was very sure to receive double his share. Now, in this respect, the world is a great school. Mankind, either from inherent maliciousness or from a love of power, take a strange delight in annoying the irritable and vexing the sensitive, while he who daffs aside all rubs, and jibes, and taunts, and bids them pass, soon ceases to be troubled with them. No one likes to waste his ammunition. A man of letters ought to have a hide as tough and as thick as a rhinoceros; for, let his merit be ever so great, his eminence will call into being swarms of censors and calumniators. Editors and critics are proverbially without bowels, and the more an author winces under their attacks, the more pertinaciously they will continue them. Now, so long as Mr. Cooper shows so much sensibility under the attacks of editors and correspondents of newspapers, he may depend upon it he will have matter enough to keep him in a constant blaze of excitement. This letter alone has produced a plentiful crop of stinging paragraphs, and, if he reads them all, we do not envy him his sensations, during this hot weather. Let him cultivate indifference. If he must feel, let him restrain the expression of it. He may depend upon it that the public will pass a true judgement upon his writings. Let him remember the excellent remark of the great Bentley, that no man was ever written down except by himself.

Mr. Cooper's self-conceit is not less remarkable than his sensitiveness. It amounts almost to monomania. It is as ludicrous as the frenzy of poor John Dennis. It is not expressed in the equivocal, indirect, and collusive manner in which most men glorify themselves, but openly, fallibly, without disguise or inuendo. He is full of overflowing of himself. The first sentence of the letter is an unlucky commentary on its whole tone and spirit. "The private citizen, who comes before the world with matter relating to himself, is bound to show a better reason for the measure than the voluntary impulses of self-love." He must have an uncommon share of penetration, who can discover any motive which could have led to the publication of this letter, but "the voluntary impulses of self-love." Mr. Cooper's head seems to be full of certain notions, which are as unfounded as they are absurd. He imagines that every body, who has written a line of severe criticism upon his writings, has been actuated by personal enmity, or has been influenced by some one who felt a personal ill-will against him, the writings themselves, of course, being of that perfect excellence, which can only be expressed by "large draughts of unqualified praise." He fancies that there is an extensive con-

spiracy organized against him, composed of personal and political enemies, and extending to both sides of the Atlantic, and that every squib with which he has been assailed, is among its fruits; and that the established governments of Europe stand in awe of him, in consequence of the tremendous ability with which he has attacked their institutions, and defeated those of a republican character. He endeavors, at great length, to show that the article in the *New-York American* owed its origin to one written in the French language, in Paris, and by an agent of the French government. He magnifies himself, especially with regard to the financial controversy to which we have before alluded. Any one, who derived all his information from this letter alone, would certainly suppose that the whole honor and glory of America and the Americans had rested upon Mr. Cooper's single arm, or rather pen, and that while he was thus contending single-handed, his countrymen, instead of gallantly cheering him on, stood looking in sullen neutrality or ill-disguised opposition, and that his opponents attacked him, even in the presses of his own country, conquering him, (or attempting to) as the Romans did Hannibal, by passing over into Africa, finding him invincible on a foreign soil.

All these hallucinations of Mr. Cooper will be regarded with mirth or compassion, according to each one's character and disposition. He may rest assured, that his self-love has greatly exaggerated the importance of the points discussed by him. Very few care a straw whether the article in the *New-York American* was written by a Frenchman in Paris, or by an "obscure clerk" in a counting-house in New-York. He is also greatly mistaken, if he imagines that his countrymen have shown towards him, in his literary character, any decided coldness, and still more so, if he fancies there has been any thing like an organized conspiracy to depreciate him. His works have been tried upon their merits, and praise and censure have been measured out to him in due proportions. Every one remembers with what enthusiasm his early novels were received. It is true, that his late novels have been severely criticized; but why does Mr. Cooper rack his brains to discover secondary and remote causes for this, when the reason is to be found simply in the great inferiority of the works themselves? That is a view of the case which does not seem to have presented itself to him for a moment. The truth is, they are dull and heavy books, the *Bravo* not excepted, in spite of his elaborate explanation, and its success in Europe, so complacently set forth by himself. The charge, which he deliberately makes against those who control public sentiment in this country, of deficiency in patriotic feeling, shown in discouraging these young writers, who frankly take part with the institutions and character of our country, is, we believe, totally without foundation, and springs from wounded personal vanity and irritation of feeling. Was the "*Spy*" received with coldness and indifference? Did the directors of public opinion frown upon it or its writer? This portion of the letter is, from first to last, of this false and morbid cast. In writing it, Mr. Cooper takes counsel of his passion and not of his reason. It is undignified and unmanly in the extreme, and no less unwise and injudicious. We wonder some of his friends did not inter-

ere to suppress its publication, which must fill his enemies with triumph and his well-wishers with regret.

The second part of the letter is a sort of political essay upon the powers of the various departments of the government, written apparently with the amiable purpose of enlightening the people of the United States, who have hitherto had no better teachers in constitutional law, than such shallow tyros as John Marshall, Joseph Story, Daniel Webster, and others. It deserves very little notice of any kind. He has some very original notions, such, for instance, as that the Union is more in danger from legislative than executive usurpation. He gravely censures the Senate, for passing their late vote of disapprobation upon the President, and maintains that they thereby transcended their constitutional powers. How unlucky it is that Mr. Webster did not know Mr. Cooper's opinion upon this subject, before he printed his speech, as he probably would not, in that case, have so exposed his gross ignorance of the constitutional authority of the body to which he belongs. This half of the letter cannot be better described than by quoting a celebrated criticism: "it contains much that is good and much that is new, but the new is not good and the good is not new."

There is one point in which we cordially agree with Mr. Cooper, in his remarks on the slavish deference which prevails in this country to foreign opinions. It is a great evil, fatal to manliness of character and true self-respect. If Mr. Cooper will cure us of this by his writings, we will forgive him his stupid novels; and even his "Letter to his Countrymen."

The Kentuckian in New-York. By a Virginian.

The personages in this tale are two young Southerners, just emancipated from college, and a Kentuckian, just caught from the woods. The young gentlemen are on their way towards the North, when they fall in with the son of the West. They arrive together at Baltimore. One is of a jocose disposition, and the other "melancholy and gentlemanlike." At a breakfast in a Virginia tavern, an interesting and somewhat mysterious young lady, behaves in an interesting and somewhat mysterious manner, by suddenly fainting, and thus affording the somewhat romantic young Southron an opportunity of helping her out of the room, and getting himself, all at once, into a very pretty little affair of the heart. When they are all comfortably established at Barnum's, the mysterious lady sends for the sentimental gentleman, to explain her inexplicable conduct, by telling him that there is a mystery which she cannot tell him anything about. After being thus satisfactorily enlightened, our hero is, of course, desperately in love, and finds in the object of his suspirations all imaginable hyperangelic perfections. His opportunities of making this discovery were truly extensive, inasmuch as he was permitted to walk out with her shopping one day. To add to the romance of the thing, a mysterious personage, with wild eyes and streaming hair, and a very oracular way of talking, haunts the suffering maiden, and torments the suffering man. In several interviews, Mr. Chevillere (that is the hero's name) asks sundry rather impertinent questions, hinting that he should very likely propose himself, if they were properly answered. These questions

cause great distress, and tears begin to flow. After a few days, the fair incog. leaves the monumental city, and the two friends, with the Kentuckian, and Pete Ironsides, the Kentuckian's horse, follow after. The scene now changes to New-York; and here we may as well mention, that a collateral plot has been going on at the South, the hero of which, is the *chum* and friend of Mr. Chevillere and the heroine, his fair cousin. A correspondence is kept up, and by this means we are let into the secret. At New-York, our heroes are admitted into the fashionable circles, and there the mysterious lady is again encountered, and then her mysterious woes are renewed, and her mysterious tormentor hovers near her, and destroys her peace. Finally, she promises to reveal her history to her lover, when a suitable opportunity shall occur. Meantime, the jocose young gentleman finds a lady whom he had formerly met at some of the Virginia springs. An ancient but half-extinguished flame is rekindled. The fires of jealousy are also kindled in the breast of a rival, and this leads to an explosion—of pistols. The affair terminates pretty much like the late duel in Rhode-Island. At length, the sentimental gentleman, to wit, Mr. Chevillere, follows the mysterious lady up the North river, to her residence. He approaches the house by moonlight. Sounds of soft music greet his ear. He listens attentively; judge of our—no—his rapture when he recognizes an air which he had informed her was his favorite. We took from our pocket—no—he took from his pocket a flute which he always carried, for such emergencies. He played the same air. The music within suddenly ceased. The fair musician rushed to the window—looked out—but saw nobody; for the rogue had cunningly hid himself behind a big tree,—and even the eyes of Love cannot see through a heart of oak, whatever they may do to other hearts. She returned to her piano—touched the key again—again the pocket flute echoed the air—and again she played at hide-and-seek, with the unseen musician. This pretty little scene enacted, he approached the door—was admitted, and politely received. The young lady comes in, and the old lady goes out. What follows, we leave the author himself to tell, except the fact that she gives her lover a manuscript which contains the history of her mysterious life. He retires to his room, and devours the paper—with his eyes. To that interesting document we refer the romantic reader for further particulars. The web of mystery is unwoven. She (that is, the heroine,) proves to be the relict, so to speak, of a person whom she had married contrary to her inclinations, and in obedience to her father's wishes. Luckily, at the wedding feast, the bridegroom drank off a glass of wine, in which, by accident, had been deposited a sufficient dose of corrosive sublimate, and was polite enough to die on the spot. The mysterious person, with long hair and wild eyes, was the bridegroom's father. He had become insane, and, in his insanity, charged our heroine with the murder of his son. So much for the mystery.

A few days bring the widow-woman to a proper view of things. The sentimental young gentleman marries the mysterious young lady—the jocose young man marries the dashing belle of the city,—the plot at the South ripens into matrimony,—the Kentuckian falls in love with the daughter of the man who had boarded Pete Ironsides, during his trip to New-York, and thus the sky is cleared up all round.

The story ends off with a Virginia Ball, and a letter from the Kentuckian to his friends.

The style of this Novel is remarkable for nothing. It has no glaring faults, and no striking beauties. It shows an unpracticed hand, and but little strength. The characters are feebly conceived, feebly drawn, and feebly managed, throughout. The two *gentlemen* bear very few marks of the lofty character described by that appellation. Their manners, particularly those of Lamar, are such as belong to no well-bred and tolerably sensible men of this age. He is what is termed, in slang, something of a *rowdy*. The Kentuckian is a commonplace picture of a well-known variety in the human species. The features are overdrawn, but the caricature is not amusing. Such a personage, in real life, would weary a Christian man to death, and he does not fall much short of that in fiction. The scenes, in the fashionable world, are *executed* with little knowledge and less spirit. For instance, when Lamar amuses a genteel circle with a defence of smoking,—if that scene *approaches* the life, we must say the New-Yorkers are entertained with the poorest wit, on the most vulgar subject, that was ever addressed to the risible faculties of men, women, or children. They are described as having been put into a roar of laughter;—if they were so, they deserve to be put into Sing-Sing all the rest of their lives.

Miscellaneous Discourses and Reviews; by Heman Humphrey, D. D. President of Amherst College.

The greater part of this volume is composed of sermons, delivered by the author at various times since 1815. He has probably been careful in selecting, from the great number, which must have accumulated in the course of several years, those, which appeared most worthy of the press. This volume contains none which were delivered before a parish society in the common course of ministerial labor; they were, for the most part, delivered before different societies, on their anniversaries, and were probably written, in most cases, on express invitation. They were all occasional. The volume also contains the inaugural address of the author, upon his induction to the office of President of Amherst College; his sermon at the dedication of the College chapel; a sermon at the funeral of a distinguished benefactor of the college; an address on Temperance, written in 1812; an article on the character and theological writings of Dr. Dwight; and a few others of a literary character. The sermons are interesting, being written in a pleasing, cheerful, fascinating style. Their subjects are important; among them are, "Union is Strength," "The way to bless and to save our Country," "The Kingdom of Christ," and "The Christian Pastor." The subjects are not, in all cases, treated in so able and instructive a manner as might have been wished. When clergymen preach upon great occasions, they do not, generally, and are not expected to, exhibit their ability in teaching individual piety, in showing forth the true beauty of pure religion, demonstrating its claims upon the attention of all, and enforcing its sweetness and the happiness it bestows. They are expected to choose a subject in itself more striking, or, at least, to treat it in a manner less scriptural, less cler-

ical, and removed from the common walk of the pulpit. They are expected to please the taste and imagination, and to excite the intellect, rather than to impress the value of personal religion. The most pleasing exhibition, therefore, which a clergyman can make, is in his own pulpit, before his own parish, and on an ordinary occasion. And if ministers, in selecting sermons for the press, had omitted to choose those which have cost them the greatest amount of time and labor, and had taken those which relate to subjects of a more deep and personal character, the body of sermons printed in the English language would not be laid up on the shelves of clergymen, or in the store of the publisher; they would be read and valued by all classes of society.

Perhaps the best sermon in this volume, when the proper object of a sermon is considered, is that preached at Pittsfield, December 22, 1820,—just two centuries from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Its text, taken from the 44th Psalm, is an acknowledgement of the peculiar providence of God in bringing the Israelites, by no power, wisdom, or goodness of their own, into the land of Canaan, and in expelling its former inhabitants. It is the design of the sermon “to exhibit a brief and intelligible sketch of the ordering and protection of a wise and mysterious providence, in the sufferings, perils, and deliverances of our Puritan Fathers,—together with the prominent features of their character, and the happy result of their prayers and labors, in the unexampled prosperity of six generations.” With this intent, he traces the chain of events which led to the settlement of New-England, beginning with the tyrannical reign of Henry VIII. briefly relates the history of the reigns of Edward VI. Mary, and Elizabeth, the persecutions which drove the puritans to Holland, the reasons which led to their emigration to New-England, and relates more fully their trials, afflictions, and final success, down to the settlement of New-Haven, in 1638. He then returns to the commencement of the history, and reviews it, as every religious man can and ought to do, tracing the hand of Providence throughout, even in those circumstances, which seemed, at first sight, most to be lamented. Thus interesting does history become, when “viewed with the eye of faith.”

The next sermon is entitled “The Good Arimathean.” It was delivered at the funeral of Nathaniel Smith, Esq. of Sunderland, Massachusetts; a benefactor of Amherst college. The plan of the sermon is well laid out. In this respect, Dr. Humphrey may be a model. He has neither the stiffness and cumbersome, complicated, artificial mode of days past, nor the looseness and rambling manner, too common at the present day. In reading his discourses, it is easy to impress every head distinctly on the memory; to return, as one reads, and trace the connexion of thought with thought, and perceive how the separate points bear upon the desired conclusion. From sermons drawn up in so logical a form, the reader derives great satisfaction.

The subject of another sermon is, “doing good to the poor,” preached at Pittsfield, in 1818. It contains many serious and just thoughts. Some of his suggestions seem to have been carried into effect since the date of the discourse, in the oversight of the poor in several towns of this commonwealth; and many of his judicious cautions, the wise are now beginning to think worthy to be considered and followed. In this, and in his discourses generally, there is a great directness of man-

ner, which shows that he felt, while writing, that he was about to make an address, not to deliver an essay or a dissertation,—an address, to be delivered before *real* persons, upon a *real* occasion, and upon a subject, on which it was important for them to have instruction. The discourse, upon doing good to the poor, bears rather more the character of a lecture before a lyceum, than that of a sermon from the Christian pulpit. It may be some justification, however, that it was preached on the day of the Annual Fast, not on the Sabbath.

Dr. Humphrey's style is, in general, elevated; often rising to the heights of eloquence; pleasant and lively; always interesting, because his thoughts are plain, and expressed in simple language. Many fine passages might be selected; but one or two must suffice:—

Such a man was Howard, the prisoner's friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved, and out of which, life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from what world of pure disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigations. In his presence, crime, though girt with the iron panoply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him, home was nothing—country was nothing—health was nothing—life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, deprived, bleeding humanity, in all her prison-houses?" And what wonders did he accomplish—what astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced back to his disclosures and suggestions—and how many millions, yet to be born, will rise up and call him blessed! Away all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery. Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence, than the eye, already inflamed to torture by dissipation, can look the sun in the face at noon-day. p. 146.

Let a man always look at objects almost in contact with the organ of vision, and he will inevitably be *near-sighted*. It is only when the eye is permitted to range freely over the widely extended prospect, to rest upon the blue mountains, and to look away into the deep heavens, that its wonderful powers are fully developed. So the mind must have scope for exercise, or it will not grow. The larger the objects and interests which it takes in, and the wider its range of thought and emotion, the more rapid will be the development of its powers, and the more vigorous its maturity. When a man acts supremely for himself, he cruelly hampers and belittles all the noble faculties of his intellectual being. But let him act for the world, and his mind instantly expands, and scorns these ignoble fetters. Let him act for his fellow-creatures as immortal beings, hastening to heaven or hell, and his thoughts will be away in the depths of eternity. You can no more confine them to earth, than you can chain down the light. They will wing their way to the general assembly and church of the first-born; and in these vast excursions they will gain that strength and alacrity, which nothing but the mighty impulse of benevolent action could ever impart. p. 154.

Dr. Humphrey is a little given to complaining. In a volume of sermons, by a Calvinist, we expect Calvinistic views, of man, and of the Deity. This volume is not overcharged; is not so loaded with them, but that any Unitarian may readily suffer himself to be pleased. But complaint is always unpleasant, and especially so from the pulpit; it does no good; it is not heard by the aggrieved sect, and shows only a deficiency of that love, which our Savior had even for sinners.

Notwithstanding the general excellencies of the style of this writer, he has some faults, not to be passed over without reprobation; they are unpardonable, however slight in themselves, in one who holds an elevated literary station. Those, who have charge of the young men of our country, should endeavor to stop the current of new-fangled words and phrases, which flow in on all sides, particularly through the

orthodox pulpit, cumbering the English language. Such words and combinations, in prose, as "life-giving," "heaven-wide," "heaven-born," "heaven-founded," "health-giving," "to subordinate," are tolerable, but not when they disfigure every page; such phrases as "the machinery of *an* iron-works," "to pillow it [meaning indigent piety] upon down," are sufficiently intolerable at all times. The following use of the verb, *learn*, for *teach*, in the inaugural address, would not have been suffered in the worst writer among the Sophomores at Amherst. "The object of teaching should never be to excuse the student from thinking and reasoning, but to *learn* him how to think and to reason." If the author of the book attended to the punctuation, he deserves no great praise for setting all rule and reason at defiance. If he corrected the press, he deserves not much more for the negligence with which his work was done.

If the volume before us has not received its due share of praise from our hands, those, who think it merits fulsome adulation, will please to turn to the "publishers' notice," occupying the place of a preface, (the book has no other preface,) and they may be treated to their satisfaction. It is a shame for an author, standing in the dignified place, which Dr. Humphrey has long held in the public attention, to suffer a volume of his works to be printed and published, within a few rods of his own door, with an extravagant puff from the publishers at the beginning. He, who thus plainly intimates his love of flattery, and anticipates the praise of his readers, is generally robbed of what is really his due.

Poems, by S. G. Bulfinch.

This is the title-page of a modest volume, which comes forth with no preface but its friendly dedication to the Rev. Samuel Gilman and his estimable lady. We are the rather disposed to judge favorably of it, because its author does not, like most modern poetasters, either beseech lenity or defy criticism. He has had the good sense and taste to say nothing about his youth, or his inexperience, if he be young, and to make no parade of publishing for charitable purposes. He does not claim exemption from fair criticism, either because he is poor or because his object in publishing is to relieve others. He says nothing of publishing to oblige friends. We judge him modest because he makes no pretensions to modesty. His volume contains nothing more nor less than "Poems, by S. G. Bulfinch," unless we prefix the epithet of *good*. The first and longest piece is only ten pages in length. It is entitled "Chivalry." He briefly and eloquently traces the course of the spirit of chivalry through various ages and countries. Though "the *age* of chivalry hath passed away," and it, with its processions, banquets, and tournaments, "all with oblivion's shade are overcast," yet "the star of chivalry steadfast, though dimmed, can never die." It is not only

"When the cannon's roar,
The stirring trumpets and the deafening drums
Send forth their battle-music, that the tone
Of Chivalry can breathe in unison."

For he says, and says truly,

“There *hath been* Chivalry where arms ne'er came.
 For what is Chivalry?
 'T is self-devotedness;
 A spirit urging onward and still on
 To some high, noble object to be won;
 And pressing still, through danger and distress,
 Regardless of them all,
 Till that high object, whatsoe'er it be,
 Friendship, or virtuous fame, our country's liberty,
 The improvement of our race, the happiness
 Of one poor individual,
 Or of unnumbered thousands, be attained.”

We find in this poem a beautiful tribute to the memory of Körner, the German patriot-poet. He speaks of the Chivalry of the conquerors of Napoleon from Germany, of the soldiers in our own revolution, of the Chivalry of the Poles, and lastly of the “Chivalry of Peace.” Though the poet himself thinks that *this* “demands a lay of loftier music,” we think he has shown himself competent, and we should rejoice to see him pursue the course, which he has begun.

This main poem is followed by several devotional and miscellaneous pieces. They might all have been included under the first title. A vein of pure devotion runs through the whole. They are all religious, patriotic poems, and are creditable to their author. We gather from the book that its author is a child of New-England, who has adopted the South for his home; and, truly, neither the North nor the South need be ashamed of him.

Don Carlos; a Dramatic Poem, by Frederick Schiller. Translated from the German, by the Author of “A Volume from the Life of Herbert Barclay.”

In a former number of this Magazine we noticed the work alluded to in the above title. “Herbert Barclay” showed a good deal of literary talent and taste, and a pleasant article on the Life of Schiller, in the last North-American, is attributed to the pen of the gentleman who wrote that volume. This translation of *Don Carlos* seems to be a continuation of a very promising beginning in the career of letters. The original poem is strongly marked with Schiller's peculiarities. The characters in it are conceived with vigor, but rather delineated than represented. Schiller was not a dramatic poet, in the proper sense of that word—he was not the poet of *action*, but of deep thinking—of speculation, and of eloquent declamation. He was not a creator but a reasoner. He could not, by a few touches, place before the eye, like Shakspeare, a living character; but by a thorough analysis, by bringing out one shade of feeling after another, one passion to take the place of another passion, one motive to drive away another, he could fill the mind with a perfect whole, after due contemplation, just as the eye is filled with the whole of a picture, after it has had time to run over all its parts in succession.

Don Carlos is, perhaps, more marked with this character than any other of Schiller's poems. To do it justice in a translation, must require an ample range of language, and a free hand. Its eloquence is grand, and the translation must be so too. Its lines are sounding and

harmonious, and the lines of an English translator should be constructed of the most magnificent materials our language affords. A literal rendering into common-place phrases, might convey the general sense, but would fail to convey nine tenths of the force and splendor of the original.

In this respect, the American translator seems to us to have failed. He evidently understands Schiller thoroughly, but cannot transfer the ample riches of Schiller's poetry into the English tongue. He has adhered closely to the original, but has not given us the fullness, harmony, and metrical beauty of the German. His lines are often awkward, often violently distorted, and sometimes not very intelligible. He often violates the idiom of the English, when the plain law of translation requires the substitution of one idiom for another. He uses many harsh contractions, to the infinite injury of his verse. Instances of these several faults may be found on almost every page; but we shall give only a few examples:—

"Too dear the King
Can never buy his son's, *his one son's peace*," (p. 8.)

is very awkward.

"*In one obeisance six kingdoms lay*," (ib.)

is bad metre.

"Two more irreconcil'ble opposites, (p. 17.)

to say the least, is harsh.

"Fernando, mighty Pietro's sister's son," (p. 26.)

is a violation of metre.

"No—I'll forget how inexpress'ly happy," (p. 31.)

is again a harsh contraction. So is "That we mayn't mar," (p. 41;) and "makes glow another's cheek," (p. 49.) is not English.

Other contractions are "I suspect the lady'd rather be." (p. 54.) "This sing'lar creature." (p. 74.) "Incred'ble." (p. 76.) "Sweet tender girl! ador'ble being!" (p. 77.) "Of that don't question me." (p. 98.) "And is that poss'ble." (p. 116.) "With joy her en'my." (p. 130.) "At most I'd blame." (p. 139.) "Can't be prevented?" for "can *it*," &c. (p. 141.) "To's virtue," for "to *his*," &c. (p. 164.) Other unidiomatic expressions are "So shameful slow thou never wast before." (p. 64.) "So noble thought I not, by far not." (p. 100.) "Are all in the ante-chamber asleep too, perhaps?" The use of *perhaps*, in this connection, is German, but not English. "Yet—that *it* should have dared," &c. (p. 112.) The pronoun *it* refers to the word *people*, a few lines before. In England and the United States, the people claim a more exalted pronoun than the neuter *it*.

— "subject's good
Will then go hand in hand with Prince's greatness." (p. 129.)

"That can I, Charles, not help." (p. 149.)

"Wonder is that t' th' fiends who have misled me?" (p. 157.)

"I mind you of your vow." (p. 221.)

We have been thus particular to notice the faults of this little volume, because, though trifling, they are of great importance in a poetical translation. We think, if the author of this work would subject it to a careful revision, it would be an honor to his talents, and an ornament to the literature of the country.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

CONGRESS. The national legislature adjourned on the 30th of June, to meet again at the period fixed by the Constitution, on the first Monday in December. Several of the last days of the session were industriously occupied by both Houses in the completion of the business before them; the sittings being frequently prolonged from eleven in the morning to the same, and even a later hour, in the evening.

In the Senate a large number of executive nominations were confirmed—the most important of which were those of Mr. Woodbury, of New-Hampshire, as Secretary of the Treasury—Mr. Dickerson, of New-Jersey, as Secretary of the Navy—Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia, as Secretary of State—and Mr. Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, as Minister to Russia. The nominations of Mr. Stevenson, of Virginia, as Minister to England, and Mr. Taney, as Secretary of the Treasury, were rejected.

The Committee of Finance were directed to sit during the recess.

The Vice-President having left the chair, Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, was chosen President of the Senate, *pro tem*.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed—32 members being present:—

Resolved, That it is proved and admitted that large sums of money have been borrowed at different banks, by the Postmaster-General, in order to make up the deficiency in the means of carrying on the Post Office Department, without authority given by any law of Congress; and that, as Congress alone possesses the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States, all such contracts for loans, by the Postmaster-General, are illegal and void.

In the House of Representatives, some important matters were suffered to lie on the table without the action of the House. Among these was the Report of the Committee on the investigation of the affairs of the Bank of the United States. The committee appointed to examine into the affairs of the General Post Office, consisting of Messrs.

Connor, Stoddert, Whittlesey, H. Everett, Beardsley, Watmough and Hawes, was directed to sit during the recess.

Mr. Adams of Massachusetts, from a joint committee of the two Houses, on the subject of the death of Gen. Lafayette, made a report, which was unanimously accepted, embracing the following Resolutions:—

Resolved, &c. That the two Houses have received with the profoundest sensibility, intelligence of the death of General Lafayette, the friend of the United States, the friend of Washington, and the friend of Liberty.

Sec. 2. And be it further resolved, That the sacrifices and efforts of this illustrious person, in the cause of our country, during her struggle for independence, and the affectionate interest which he has at all times manifested for the success of her political institutions, claim from the Government and People of the United States, an expression of condolence for his loss, veneration for his virtues, and gratitude for his services.

Sec. 3. And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to address, together with a copy of the above resolutions, a letter to George Washington Lafayette, and the other members of his family, assuring them of the condolence of this whole nation in their irreparable bereavement.

Sec. 4. And be it further resolved, That the members of the two Houses of Congress will wear a badge of mourning for thirty days, and that it be recommended to the People of the United States to wear a similar badge for the same period.

Sec. 5. And be it further resolved, That the Halls of the Houses be dressed in mourning for the residue of the session.

Sec. 6. And be it further resolved, That John Quincy Adams be requested to deliver an oration on the life and character of General Lafayette, before the two Houses of Congress, at the next session.

All the bills passed by the two Houses were signed by the President, except one making appropriations for removing obstructions in one of the western rivers.

☞ Our limits restrict us, in this department, to a single page; but we are not aware that any important statistical information is, in consequence, omitted.

OUR FILE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Honored Sir,—In the last number of your Magazine is one of the most matchless pieces of skillful irony, that I remember to have seen in the whole compass of modern literature. I allude to the article entitled *Thoughts on Optimism*, which is written with such a deep design, and with such a consummate skill in satire, that I fear the object of the piece will not be apparent to every superficial reader. The author is one of your sly fellows, who hides a double meaning behind almost every word. The only fault, which I can discover in his lucubrations, is, that the satire is so artful and so deeply concealed, that I fear his volatile genius shoots beyond the discernment of most of his readers. Permit me to do what his modesty will forbid him to do; permit me to perform the humble office of a commentator,—a second Warburton to a second Shakspeare.

The real design of that piece is a burlesque on the applications of human reason, untaught by revelation, to matters of religion. The author, no doubt, has read some of the speculations of some of the Boston clergy, of the strength of the godlike faculty of human reason, and of the light it sheds, superior to that of revelation, on the path of duty in the prospects of man. He wishes to ridicule these principles by pushing them to their utmost point of exaggeration. The design is malicious enough, but never was there a more masterly execution. It is really the most consummate piece of irony, involving the most bitter and biting satire, that has ever met my eye. Swift's ARGUMENT AGAINST ABOLISHING CHRISTIANITY fades away before it. The effect must be perfectly withering. I am almost sorry you have suffered the pages of your Magazine to be stained with such an ill-natured piece, notwithstanding the great abilities displayed in the execution. What is the design? Do you mean that Thalia shall wash her mask in the waters of Siloa's fountain? and shall the grin of satire relax the features of the sternest religion?

That the article is ironical, I think is obvious on a moment's reflection. For example; would any writer, in his sober senses, (and much less such an able writer as the Optimist,) undertake to say, that a holy God cannot have a moral government without being himself a felon? that not one of his creatures, however guilty or however voluntary in guilt, can depart from the path of rectitude, unless all the criminality redounds on his Maker? Would any but a concealed satirist undertake, with an ignorant heart and a flippant tongue, to settle questions respecting the origin of evil, which have posed the intellects and distressed the souls of philosophers, divines, and poets of all nations, people, and languages, from Plato down to the present hour? Would any but a man, who had some under design in view, have stuffed his piece with such a goodly number of contradictions, saying, in one part, that sin cannot exist, if the world is the work of a perfect God; and, in another part, that sin does exist, and is absolutely necessary to the existence of virtue? *A viceless world would be a virtueless world, and what we call "perfect innocence" would be wedded to weakness.* Would any but a cynical rogue, who has ten meanings to one word, have undertaken to maintain, that every rascal, who kicks and cuffs us, is a moral teacher, inculcating the wisest lessons, calling forth our meekness and forbearance, and teaching us religion as Xantippe taught the patient Socrates philosophy? Must it not be obvious, to such a wily writer, that he puts himself in the power of every opponent, who will turn upon him and say,—“Sir, I care not if I become your teacher; you lack patience, I will just pull your nose for you; you are too avaricious, I will pick your pocket; this coat is a little too fine, I will just slip it off your back. Yonder is a whipping-post; suppose I teach you a little experimental submission.” If the piece be a direct utterance of the author's sentiments, all this is consummate folly, which I dare not impute to any man who writes for the New-England Magazine. But if it is irony it only increases the bitterness of the jest.

On the whole, I cannot but suspect that this writer is some concealed Calvinist, or, perhaps, some subtle Jesuit, in the pay of the Pope, who has been sent here to oppose liberal sentiments, and undermine our liberties and religion. Whoever he is, he is certainly no common man. I hope our pious clergy will be on the alert

to detect him. It is a question, however, whether a man of such a genius, ought to set no other bounds to his malice, than those which are fixed by his great abilities; whether he ought not to consider the pain he may impart as well as the ingenuity he may display; and be cautious how he sends abroad arrows, which, if they procure victory for himself, may purchase it by the death and destruction of every foe.

July 16.

Yours, &c.

G.

The writer of the following piece informs us that he has "more and better things, which he will send, if this should be inserted." He should have sent his best things first. Without the hope that his promise may be fulfilled, we should not give this a place, even with the alterations we have taken the liberty to make.

THE POET'S LAST HOUR.

It was the evening of a summer day;
The sunlight through the open casement cast
The soft rich lustre of its farewell rays,
And the flower-scented breeze stole gently in,
Fanning the Poet's pale and lofty brow,
And cooling his flushed cheek, until his eye
Wandered less wildly, and his throbbing heart
Grew calm as the deep stillness of the hour.

His sister stood beside him, with her hand
Resting upon his brow. She could not speak,
But in her eye, unutterable love,
Mingled with grief "that lay too deep for tears,"
Told what a pang was at her heart, when thus
Her dying brother spoke:—

"Sister! dear sister! I would look once more
Upon this lovely earth before I die;
My head is easy now, and my weak heart
Has ceased its throbbing, and I almost feel
That I shall live, to wander in the deep
And everlasting forests, and to climb
These hills once more, as in my happy youth,
Before this sickness fell upon my soul.
O! little do they know, who never felt
The feverish madness of a sick man's brain,
How beautiful is earth!—its mountain glens—
And sleeping valleys, and deep forest caves:
But when the limbs are weary with disease,
And the quick pulses flutter and grow weak,
How doth the thought of youth's remembered haunts
With a sweet sadness come upon the soul!
O! I have loved the unpeopled solitudes
Of the lone mountain and dark wilderness;
And now, dear sister! when I shut my eyes,
I almost dream that I am roaming there,
Beneath the shade of that dark forest roof,
Where we so oft have wandered. Nay, weep not;
Perhaps I shall not die, and we may yet
Rejoice once more in the rich summer morn,
By the bright river that we loved so much.

"Sister! it will not be so hard to die;
My hopes have died before me, and I feel
That with my youth's bright visions, there hath passed
A glory from the earth. It is not now
As in my buoyant childhood. There was then
A something in my bosom that impelled

My spirit onward, and there came a voice
 Upon my ear, from ocean, earth, and air,
 That spoke one burning word, and that was FAME.
 O! when I gazed on the eternal depths
 Of the unbounded sky, that voice would come,
 And with it an unutterable thought,
 And an all nameless reaching of the soul,
 That was an agony.

“ This voice has passed.

A dream of love stole o'er my spirit next.
 Sister! here on this solemn bed of death,
 I need not blush to say how I did love—
 This too has passed—but thou canst never know
 How like a lava torrent, that wild stream
 Of burning love has laid my bosom waste.
 How shall I speak of her! She was the light
 Shed on my path from Heaven—the guiding star
 That ruled my destiny—the god to whom
 I bowed in a most deep idolatry :
 And when I knew my love was unreturned,
 I would not break the spell which bound my heart
 Like a charmed bird beneath the serpent's gaze.
 Sister! I see her now, as when we first
 Met on that summer evening. On her cheek
 Is that same smile, and in her flashing eye,
 I see the witchery that beguiled my soul.
 Was she not beautiful! ' O Heaven! my love
 Is rushing back like an o'erwhelming tide.
 I may not think of her.

The chill of death

Is at my heart—farewell !”

The spirit of a son of God had fled :
 The farewell died away upon his lips,
 His rapid breathing ceased, his dewy hand
 Grew cold in hers * * * * *

The “ Letter from Lodemia Wilkins” tells a story, which is beautiful and touching. The writer does herself injustice by the use of *affected* Yankeeisms, and this is our only reason for rejecting it. Jack Downing and Joe Strickland are very well in their places; but their style is not a suitable dress for the narrative of Janet Larry.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

DISCOVERY AND EARLY HISTORY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

THE discovery of America, near the close of the fifteenth century, was the commencement of a wonderful train of events. The descriptions which we can gather of the opening of a new world, and of the consequent changes of the old world, infinitely surpass the utmost stretch of fiction, in their details and issues. The very act of commencing a voyage of discovery, when Europe had just emerged out of darkness, even without a single known island to steer for, is sublime. The pursuit of the plan, after struggling with countless difficulties, with slender preparation, and in such craft as we should now hardly trust ourselves in, a half a dozen leagues from our coast, brings the author of it before us in a picture of the highest moral sublimity. And such was Columbus, first and foremost in this spirit of maritime enterprise. It matters not that he mistook Cuba for a part of a great continent, in his first voyage, and that, in his third voyage, he touched at several places on the continent of America, without knowing that it was a continent. Though he died ignorant of these things, his glory, as a discoverer, is not the less real. It is desirable, indeed, to come at exact historical truth in these matters; and we rejoice, therefore, that the order of discovery is now well settled. John and Sebastian Cabot, in the service of England, first reached the American continent, and the coast of the United States, 24th June, 1497. The voyage was performed at their own expense, by which they secured to England the title, such as it was, to the territory of North-America.

What a prodigious change in the world's affairs has since taken place! so immense, that it seems almost incredible that the earth had been peopled for six thousand years. In the course of three centuries such advances have been made in every thing which the bulk of mankind think worth living for, not less than in what relates to moral and intellectual elevation, that the previous long lapse of ages seems but the infancy of the world, from which the transition to manhood was comparatively but the work of a day. Providence appears to have conducted mankind to a new world as if for some great overturn in human affairs. By this means new political and social relations were

to be introduced ; the shackles of prejudice were to be weakened and broken ; minds, released from the bondage of old institutions, were to work more freely ; revolutions of feeling and opinion were to be produced ; and liberty was to gain a foot-hold, and pursue its march triumphantly. All these things were to be known and felt in the old world ; and indocile as it might be expected to be, and slow to learn as it has been, and could not fail to be, the effects of such lessons are still extending for good or ill,—ultimately, we trust, for good.

Mammon, the idol which has had so many worshipers in all classes, from crowned heads to bare feet, was not contemned in the times of the early voyagers in search of regions in the west. The noble-spirited men, who first projected these enterprises, and hazarded their lives in the execution of them, were not, indeed, stained by such idolatry. But it was otherwise with their sovereigns. When Ferdinand and Isabella secured to Columbus, in his first voyage, a tithe of all the profits that should accrue from it, nothing was added thereby to the zeal of Columbus, sanguine as might be his hopes of discovery and final wealth. To have received an outfit more suited to his undertaking, than the tardy and grudging preparation of three little ships, at the cost of four thousand pounds, would have cheered his heart and have enabled him more effectually to gain the favor and active co-operation of his crew. After his return from his second voyage, during which he suffered unjustly in his reputation, at home, it was by the specimens of glittering gold, that he brought with him, more than by his vindication of himself, that his sovereign's countenance was irradiated. Had it not been for this, the "high admiral of all the seas," and the "vice-roy of all the islands and continents" that he should discover, might have striven in vain to appease the wrath of a disappointed master. Henry VII. furnished only one of the six ships for the voyage of the Cabots ; but his exactions, in regard to the profits, extended only to one fifth part. In Raleigh's scheme for making discoveries and settlements in those parts of North-America, which had not been subjected to any European power, for the execution of which he obtained an ample patent from Elizabeth, gold was the great lure held out to the queen and all concerned. And when, after his misfortunes and the ill-success of his colony, he assigned his patent, he reserved to himself a portion of the gold and silver ores to be discovered. The prospect of a golden age seems to have delighted the crowned heads of Europe and some of the distinguished subjects, in the time of the early voyagers to the west, as much as it now does the sovereign of these United States and his devoted retainers.

Riches, however, did not constitute the only motive with those, who engaged in early attempts at colonization. A bold and undefined spirit of adventure, such as is apt to take possession rather of those who have little to lose, than of the affluent, or even of those who are at ease in their fortunes, was beginning to work. The spirit was not that spirit of avarice, which, though insatiable, stakes nothing upon chance. It was cheered, indeed, by dreams of wealth and magnificence ; but these were only accessory. There seems to have been much of public and adventurous spirit, mixed with the hope of personal advancement and glory, in the plans and achievements of Raleigh. Be these things, however, as they may, he stands forth pre-eminent

among the early promoters of colonization in the United States. Though baffled in his schemes, he had shown what might be accomplished by due providence and foresight, mingled with energy and zeal. His, like other first attempts to plant colonies, furnish little else than tales of misery, starvation, massacre, and death. It was easy for those, who came after him, to see the defects of his plans, and to supply them; to find how he fell short of success, and to provide against like failure. This, however, was less perfectly accomplished than might have been expected; for the commencement of the permanent colony in Virginia, in 1606, was, neither in the number nor in the character of the emigrants, such as the exigency of the case required. Had it not been for one man, John Smith, who seemed to be equal to every occasion, whether it required him to control the refractory, to encourage the desponding, to task the idle, or to teach the unskillful, the colony would have utterly perished. As it was, notwithstanding the repeated additions to the number of colonists during the first five years of the existence of the settlement at Jamestown, yet, at the close of that period, 1611, it consisted of only two hundred men. In that year there were large accessions to their number; good government was instituted; private property was allotted to individuals, and mutually respected by them; and industry succeeded to the reluctant and inefficient labor, which was performed when the colonists had all things in common. For several succeeding years the prosperity of the colony was fluctuating, till, in 1619, it received a new impetus by the establishment of the colonial assembly, and by the exportation from the mother country of "ninety agreeable females, young and incorrupt," who were "married to the tenants of the company, or to men who were able to support them, and who willingly defrayed the costs of their passage, which were rigorously demanded."

In the progress of colonization, the love of liberty manifested itself by rapid gradations. Virginia, the "old dominion," as it is still proudly called, early secured to itself a pure democratic government, for common municipal purposes, in the assembly of the whole people. The colonial assembly, which was afterwards instituted and elected by the people, always strove to exercise its rights to the greatest extent, and was not scrupulous about encroaching upon the prerogatives of the crown, or creating prerogatives of its own. When opportunity occurred, the people chose their own governor; and when they could not endure one appointed by the crown, the voice of the same people compelled the council to eject him from office. Such was the fact in the case of the king's governor, John Harvey, in 1635. The early colonial history of Maryland is of the same character; and proceedings equally summary as those of the Virginians, and more severe, were had in the expulsion of Clayborne from his official supremacy. While the assembly acknowledged the duty of allegiance to the king of England, it claimed for itself "all such powers as may be exercised by the commons of England."

Connected with the prevailing spirit of political liberty in the infant colonies, was that also of religious freedom. Toleration, indeed, was not understood, and formed no part of the system of operations, either in Virginia or in the eastern colonies; but it was the aim of each colony to guard against any encroachments upon its own system of doc-

trines and ecclesiastical polity. What is remarkable in this case, is, that the colony of Maryland, consisting of Roman Catholics in name and profession, approached most nearly to the true Catholic church, the church universal. Catholics, who were not tolerated in Virginia, (which recognized only the Episcopal church,) in Maryland invited Christians of all sects to the privileges of the land, assuring them of equality, no less in religious than in civil freedom. This was done by Sir George Calvert, at the time of the "fundamental charter," 1632; and in 1649, it was more fully and formally set forth in the statutes of the government:—"Whereas, the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practised; and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced, for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof." The privileges thus secured remained undisturbed, till anarchy sprung up in the civil affairs of the colony. Then the puritans strove to gain the mastery, and to exclude the Catholics, by whose toleration they had come to enjoy all the privileges of freemen, from the pale of the Christian church. In the Assembly of 1654, in which the Puritans gained the ascendancy, an act was passed securing freedom of conscience, provided it should not extend to "popery, prelacy, or licentiousness." Cromwell's bigotry was not comprehensive enough to include the colonies; and he commanded his commissioners "not to busy themselves about religion, but to settle the civil government."

In regard to the colonization of New-England, religious freedom was not merely an important element in the causes which produced emigration—it was itself the great moving cause. The history of the "Pilgrims," who led the way, both before and after they landed on these desolate shores, stands out among remarkable events, prominent, single, and alone. Pilgrims they may well be called; not, however, like those who visited Jerusalem, Mecca, Rome, or Loretto, in obedience to existing and prevalent superstitions, to save their souls by bodily penance, or self-infliction, to pay an idolatrous service to a consecrated spot or personage; but pilgrims, who, with inflexible purpose, were ready to travel the world over, to erect an altar of their own, such as their consciences might sanction, such as they trusted God would approve. Their history has no parallel. A little band which came forth from the "Separatists," in the north of England, under which name, a communion of Christians had existed previous to the close of Elizabeth's reign, at last set up their banner at Plymouth, and took possession of a portion of the territory of what was afterwards called New-England, which, in little more than two centuries, has become peopled by more than two millions of souls. They were, in truth, though not in name, Independents. They were Independents by abjuring all human authority; by a firm resolve, "whatever it might cost them, as the Lord's free people, to join themselves, by covenant, into a church state," and by a constant maintenance of their resolutions. They were such men as never before or since founded a colony. Though bred, as most of them certainly were, to husbandry, they knew how to

bend their occupations to circumstances. Amsterdam was their first resting-place after their flight from England; but they soon removed to Leyden. Brewster, their ruling elder, had once served as a diplomatist in the Low Countries; but now, obliged to learn a trade, he became a printer. Bradford, their historian, substituted, for the implements and art of husbandry, the art of dying silk. After a residence of twelve years in Holland, still feeling very much like strangers in the land, for various reasons dissatisfied with their abode, and retaining still that lingering love of country, which prompted them to seek an alliance with it as close as their principles of civil and religious freedom would permit, they embarked for the new world. They had been disappointed in the schemes which promised to relieve them from the hardships incident to solitary and unaided settlers. The auspices of the English government afforded not the kind of favor and protection which they asked for, or could accept. Their wishes were humble enough in temporals; but no vassalage in spiritual matters, not even any inequality, in stipulated terms, would they submit to. Still farther, by vile treachery, they were landed on a bleak and barren coast, instead of the fertile banks of a noble river. There they were, however, as they felt themselves to be, in God's hands. The number of the colony, men, women, and children, conveyed in one ship, consisted of one hundred and one. The whole body of males, in this important commonwealth, qualified to act in state affairs, amounted to forty-one. The preservation of this colony, under all the circumstances of the case, was next to miraculous; and we cannot conceive that any but such men could become the instruments of Providence in establishing a system of polity, which was to have such a wide and wholesome sway as we can now distinctly trace from this little beginning.

The effects of the leading traits of character of the Pilgrims, and of the men of like stamp who came after them, and the influence of their institutions, civil, religious, and literary, have never been lost. The unyielding Protestant principle—protest against all encroachments upon religious freedom—is inscribed on the banner of all sects, however much and however inconsistently they may strive to encroach upon each other. Learning, liberty, and law, all sanctioned in some good degree by religion, have dwelt together in sweet alliance; and the influence of New-England principles and institutions, which have formed her sons, have migrated with them to the remote regions of the west.

We have been led to make these cursory reflections upon our primitive history, by the great pleasure we have enjoyed in reading the first volume of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*.* This volume brings down the history only to the time of the restoration of the Stuarts. The author states, with great frankness, the reasons which have induced him to publish this volume by itself—a frankness which should be fairly and kindly met. "The first volume is now published separately, and for a double motive. The work has already occasioned long preparation, and its completion will require further years of exertion. I have been unwilling to travel so long a journey alone; and desire, as I proceed, to correct my own judgement by the criticisms of candor."

* A History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present time. By George Bancroft. Vol. I.

We have traveled with the author to his present resting-place, with uninterrupted pleasure; but our knowledge of the ground he has passed over is not sufficiently minute, in regard to localities, strange persons, dates, and historical facts, to induce us to accept his challenge, (so to speak,) given, as it is, with perfect modesty, and, as we firmly believe, with perfect sincerity—the sincerity of one who has labored for truth, and labored successfully, to make it attractive. The modern historian is not obliged, (as the father of Grecian history felt himself to be,) literally speaking, to travel, for the acquisition of knowledge, over the various countries in which the events he is to record happened, and to collect thence all the information that can be gathered from personal observation and inquiry; but he has a task in some respects more difficult and less pleasing. He has not the same excuses for easy credulity; he is sometimes perplexed by disagreement or contradiction in authorities, which he is obliged to weigh, and may overlook the small dust of the balance which should turn the scale. We find abundant evidence of care, in this respect, in Mr. Bancroft's history. He is fully aware of the historian's responsibility; of the distrust which even small mistakes may bring upon his reputation for accuracy or fidelity. The evidence, upon which we award to him this praise, is not founded so much on the number of authorities which he cites, as upon the diligence with which he compares them, and the discrimination by which he arrives at his results. "Pouring out of one phial into another" is an easy process, and as good an illustration of book-making now, as it was in the time of any of the wits of the last century. But to ascertain the elements of the contents, to find whether the materials of the composition are genuine, and duly mingled, is quite another matter. And this illustrates the difference between Mr. Bancroft's toilsome work, and the extempore compilations, as they may not improperly be called, of those who make up a history from one or two leading authorities, copying all the errors and supplying none of the deficiencies. We should, if we were professedly reviewing the work before us, point out several instances in which the author has detected errors, some of them very important ones, which have passed for verities from one historian to another.

So much for the indispensable though humble qualities of the historian.

One of the great difficulties which Mr. Bancroft has been obliged to encounter, and it will be far from being lessened as he proceeds in his work, is the preserving of its unity. Such is the extent of our country, so various were the circumstances of the early peopling of the several colonies, and such was their relative position, sometimes wholly disconnected, and sometimes interfering with each other in their internal policy, then confederated together for some purposes, with no other bond than common danger, or common honor and benefit, till at last they became one great republic, each still retaining its sovereignty, in matters not conceded to the general government,—that no little vigilance is required to keep the parts distinct, without interference, repetitions, or chasms, and to prevent the less from being swallowed up by the greater. We do not see that Mr. Bancroft could have arranged the history better, thus far. He begins with the early voyages, which resulted in discoveries upon this continent, and pro-

ceeds to the history of the several colonies, in separate chapters, including the territory acquired by the United States, since the adoption of the federal constitution. Florida, of course, comes in, the first-born colony within the present territorial limits of the United States, and the last adopted. By the arrangement he has chosen, he has been able, without blending the history of the provinces together, to preserve the chronological order of events in the several portions of the history, which closes with a view of the colonies of New-England, as a united people; and such they certainly were in manners, principles, and feelings; in the spirit of liberty and order, and of resistance to oppression. New-Belgium is omitted. It is reserved for the next volume, "to give unity to the account." Of the wisdom of this decision we have some doubts; but we are willing to submit to the author's better means of judging in the case. While the northern and the southern colonies differed from each other, and the two southern colonies were opposed one to the other, in religion, yet we trace, through the whole, that all-pervading spirit of liberty, which tended constantly to bind them together, and could not fail ultimately to lead to that toleration, the true principles of which, only one man in the colonies, and, so far as we know, in all Christendom, properly understood, or had the courage to avow. That man was Roger Williams. It is this pervading spirit of freedom, which the author distinctly traces and keeps continually in view, that constitutes, if we may borrow a phrase from the drama, the *main action* of the history, whose unity is so far strictly preserved. The bearing and tendencies of this spirit are eloquently set forth. We shall, doubtless, see, in the sequel of the author's work, how this spirit, every where diffused, was concentrated, and was made to secure a glorious result; and how matters of faith and conscience, private in their nature and obligations, and which are coupled with man's destiny hereafter, became merged in great public and united efforts for this conservation of liberty.

If the plan of our journal allowed an extended review, we should enter at some length into an examination of the first volume of Mr. Bancroft's work, in order to illustrate his merits in regard to the higher qualities of an historian. We should speak of his philosophical discrimination in the judgements which he renders concerning human actions and events, as affected by motives and circumstances; of his sagacity in tracing effects from their causes; of the charms of eloquence, so gracefully mingled with facts, that he is never dull, and so harmoniously allied to philosophy, that he never chills the reader with what is purely oracular and didactic. Witness his character of the Puritans, which, however, with all reverence be it said, is, perhaps, even too apologetical. We should add the happy parallelisms, which spring up from his full mind, between persons and between events, such as are not suggested by contemporaneous existence, or juxtaposition, but by a wide knowledge of the characters and actions of distinguished men, and of great historical facts in their circumstances, progress, and final issue; the enlarged views which are taken, incidentally, indeed, of the comparative advances of nations in commerce, civil institutions, and intellectual culture; the political and moral reflections which abound, without effort or ostentation; and, if we may pass from the greater to the less, various little gems in the way of

anecdote, allusion, or illustration, which are scattered through his pages. And we should not forget to speak, also, of his narration, simple, spirited, and clear.

Mr. Bancroft asked us two years ago, whether we were ever to have a good history of the United States; or,—as we should say, if called upon as a witness,—words to that effect. We did not then know how deeply interested he was or might be in the question; but now, if we may judge of the middle and end, from the beginning of his work, we are ready for a reply, which, after what we have said, need not be offered in a new form; and we trust he will find a more satisfactory reply in his consciousness of fidelity and ability well applied, and in the gratitude of the public, which, when it is well deserved and fairly earned, it is at least a pardonable weakness of humanity to value and to enjoy.

MY SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

There is nothing in heaven or earth not treated of in my Philosophy.

I HAVE invented a new system of Philosophy, and I am happy to announce to the public the completely satisfactory termination of my labors on the subject. I first modeled it ten years ago. I have fulfilled to the letter the injunction of the ancient poet, Horatius Flaccus, namely, to keep my work nine years before publishing. In the mean time it has received all the reviews, revisions, alterations, amendments, and improvements, that human ingenuity could suggest or devise. It is now perfect.

I have given this system the name of *Phrenodontology*, a name derived from three Greek words:—*φρενος*, the mind, *οδους*, *οδοντος*, a tooth, and *λογος*, the word or doctrine. (I explain for the benefit of the unlearned, as this system is of universal application.) “Phrenodontology,” therefore, means the doctrine of the mind in connection with the teeth—and not as some trifling minds would interpret it, “in the teeth of Phrenology.” This system is *not* in the teeth of Phrenology. It does away, entirely, Phrenology, Materialism, Idealism, Scepticism, and all other similar vanities. The questions will not be asked—“Are you a Phrenodontologist?” “Are you a disciple of *the great* * Dr. Glänzknecht, the father of Phrenodontology?” “Do you believe in Phrenodontology?” It may possibly be asked in the wilds of Ethiopia, “Have you heard of *the System!*” But even this will soon cease to require an answer. Every body will know, every body will believe, every body will practise it. It is, consequently, far beyond the reach of criticism or satire.

I perceive the reader is impatient to know more of this truly wonderful science. One instant more, and I will commence some account of it. But first I wish to take notice of an objection to the name I have given it—an objection to the *name*, (observe, gentle reader,) to the name, and not to the science. Some minds of little thought and

* I am happy to be able to assume this title without vanity, of which quality my Phrenodontology development shows that I have none. It is a title which must be universally accorded to me.

slow observation have remarked, that, from the similarity of the name, *Phrenodontology* might be confounded with Phrenology. If there be any, who, upon second thought, come to such a conclusion, let them read the tenth sentence in this article, and be convinced that their conclusion is incorrect. Now for the doctrines:—

First. The mind of man is situated in, and developed upon, his teeth. Here the question arises—"What is the mind?" I answer, the compound of all mental and moral qualities, propensities, and sentiments. This is evident, *for*, if it be asked, "What is the compound of all mental and moral qualities, propensities, and sentiments?" what but the mind? Any one, therefore, who doubts the truth of my definition of the mind, should be placed, as soon as may be, in the hospital for idiots, for the foundation of which hospital—to be conducted upon purely Phrenodontological principles—I have made a provision of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars in my will. (I wish I could afford to have it put in operation now; but as I have not yet received from the government of any of the nations of the earth, the pensions they will undoubtedly award me, on the receipt and knowledge of my system, I think the scheme impracticable.)

"The mind of man lies in his teeth." This proposition requires no proof. As soon as it is stated, we perceive the utter absurdity of the doctrine inculcated by the Phrenologists, and so generally believed, that *the brain* is the seat of the mind. If facts, however, are required, we can state them. The only difficulty is in selecting from the vast mass with which we are surrounded. I will relate a circumstance which once happened to myself, and by which I nearly lost my life. It was about eight years ago—two years after I had discovered my system. Had I lost my life before my system was revealed to the world—but no—I'll not dwell upon the thought.

I was walking along the street, one day, when I observed a man approaching me, who, as I judged from the shape of his face, had a remarkable protuberance in the internal dexter corner of the second molar of the left lower jaw, where is situated the organ that would make a man a murderer. I should have avoided him, had my *caution** been great. As it was, my curiosity being far more developed, I approached, and stopped him. "Bless me!" said I, "my dear sir, will you have the kindness to let me look into your mouth a moment?" His looks expressed what I then took to be surprise, but what, upon recollection, I am satisfied must have been *demoniacal rage and malice*. Further than this, he made me no answer, but opened his mouth in such a manner as a shark would, when about to bite a man's head off. I have, a thousand times since, shuddered at the thought of my situation at that moment. It was as I had supposed,—the organ of murder was *horribly* developed. "Well, sir," said he, in a voice of thunder, "what is the result of your examination of my mouth?" "I should think, sir," was my reply, "that you were more likely to have committed a murder than any person of my acquaintance." "What, sir," said he, "do you ——" "It is a fact, sir," said I, "for ——" I should have said more, but he gave me such a blow, that it laid me stunned upon the pavement, thus showing to all, what *I* was perfectly

* I have adopted many terms from the late science of Phrenology, as I find them convenient; and the science, being superseded and defunct, has no further use for them.

aware of before, viz. his murderous disposition. I have never met this man since, and I have no doubt that he was a murderer, escaped from justice. My fall, however, proved a fortunate one for me; for it knocked out one of my front teeth, containing the organ of avarice. Before this fall, I was, it must be confessed, exceedingly avaricious,—afterwards the propensity left me entirely.

This leads me to state a fact that is, probably, unknown to most of the world. Every body has heard of the horse whom his master taught to live on shavings, but who, unfortunately for the cause of the experiment, died soon after he had acquired that faculty. Well; *that horse belonged to me, and I was the master, who succeeded in teaching him this mode of nourishing himself.* The way it happened was as follows:—I had observed one day, (it was just after the discovery of Phrenodontology,) that this horse had the organ of docility, which is situated in one of the incisors of the upper jaw, very prominently developed. My avarice suggested to me the idea of teaching him to live upon shavings alone. He soon acquired the power, but (alas!) died soon after. I discovered, after his death, that his organ of vitativeness was extremely small. I have his jaws in my collection, which the curious are invited to call and see. Since the loss of my avarice, my curiosity and my love of science would have led me to try the same experiment with another horse; but I never have been able to find one equal in docility to my lost nag.

A lady once informed me that one of her sons had a propensity to steal. He would steal any thing and every thing that came in his way; and she applied to me, as she said, because she knew me to be versed in matters of the mind, and she wished me to devise some punishment for her son, that would be likely to effect a change in his mind. I requested leave to examine his teeth. The boy was sent for, although the mother could not see what his teeth had to do with his thievery. I examined his Phrenodontological development, and found the organ I expected prominent. I immediately advised his mother to have one of his bicuspidate teeth extracted. The operation was performed, and the boy has not been known to steal since.

Having proved this point, then, we come to the second proposition. But no,—I ought not to go any farther with this,—for I would not deprive any one of any of the pleasure they will derive from the perusal of my work,—the “*Outlines of the System of Phrenodontology,*”—now offered to the world, and for sale at any of the bookstores. I am naturally inclined to be prolix. I once made a stump-speech nine hours long, and, probably, should not have stopped then, had not I been arrested and sent to bedlam for an insane man. But in my “*Outlines,*”—which the reader had better buy immediately,—I have, I fear, been too concise, the whole work being comprised in one small-printed folio volume of seven thousand pages. Only think, gentle reader, but seven thousand small-printed folio pages, upon such a subject as PHRENDONTOLOGY!

SCENES IN EUROPE.

VIEW FROM THE JURA—GENEVA, AND THE SHORES OF LAKE LEMAN.

THE Count Contarini Fleming pauses, in the narrative of his life, to thank the Lord, that on the eighteenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, standing on the height of Mount Jura, he beheld the whole range of the High Alps, with Mont' Blanc in the centre, without a cloud. With equal gratitude, I remember that on the second day of August, six years afterwards, the same glorious spectacle was revealed to my astonished eye.

At sunset the day before, I reached Poligny, a small French village at the foot of the Jura, having traversed the whole distance from Paris. Toiling up a steep ascent, for a mile or more, I found myself on an extensive plain, which stretches along the summit of the mountains, and turned back to take a last look at France, whose frontier I was soon to pass. The face of the country was now entirely changed. I had reached a bleak and mountainous region, inhabited by bears and wolves, and forming a strong contrast to the rich plain over which I had been traveling. The road lay along the mountains, sometimes only a narrow shelf; on one side, the inaccessible wall of rocks; on the other, a fearful abyss, which the traveler almost dreads to gaze into. Thus I continued all night. The next morning, I was still winding along the Jura. About noon, turning a short corner in the road, I passed the summit of the mountain, and Switzerland, with all its beauty and all its grandeur, burst at once upon the view. Far down beneath me, spread out like a map, was the beautiful valley, traversed by the lake Lemman, all smiling in its summer glories, richly cultivated, and planted thick with tree and hedge,—towns scattered over its surface, and studding the margin of the lake. On the opposite side of this rich valley, rose the Alps, a wild, chaotic pile, shapeless, vast, and awful,—the monuments of earth's commencement. Above them all, were seen the pinnacles of Mont Blanc, their eternal snows glancing and glittering in the sun-rays, which fell powerless upon them. I descended the Jura, crossed the plain, and was soon established in my hotel at Geneva.

The city is beautifully situated on a hill, which it covers at the foot of the lake: it is strongly fortified: a wall and a double moat, broad and deep, surround it on every side, except where it is washed by the lake and the Rhine, which must be crossed by those entering from France. The hill, on which the city stands, rises abruptly from the plain on every side; a single street runs along the highest ridge; then others lower down, parallel with it, like stairs, which leaves room on the land side for many fine terraces, which are occupied by the elegant houses of the nobles and the wealthy bankers. There is a charming promenade, shaded by elms, on the summit of the wall, and the rampart affords a view of a rich plain, with clustering trees, extending some miles, and walled round by the impassable rocks of the Alps.

Among the greatest curiosities of the place, are the manufactories of watches, which have been greatly increased of late years. Instead of the small chamber, approached by a dark, narrow lane, which Miss

Edgeworth describes, and the only spot in the wide world where the caterpillar, the singing-bird, and the magical bracelet could be fabricated, whole streets are now occupied by magazines and manufactories, where every kind of musical toy, and every variety of watches, are made and exposed for sale. A distinct branch in the trade of a Geneva watch-maker, is to smuggle his merchandize into France, which he does in defiance of the custom-house officers. By paying one dollar additional to the price of the watch, you may have it delivered at any house in Paris at an appointed time; and instances of failure are almost unknown.

The environs of Geneva and the borders of the lake are more interesting than the city itself. The shores of lake Lemán seem to have long been the resort of great minds. At Fernay, near Geneva, Voltaire fixed his residence. At Coppet, near the water, stands the fine château, the property of Necker, and the retreat of his gifted daughter in her exile from France. I walked through the lofty and spacious halls, in company with an acquaintance and friend of Madame de Stael. I was particularly interested in visiting the little chamber which she used for her study; the whole arrangement of the room, the same plain and simple furniture, are carefully preserved as she left them. The château, though kept in perfect order, is rarely inhabited, but seems to be abandoned to the memory of those, who once occupied it, and to the pilgrims who visit it.

On the same side of the lake, at Lausanne, was the abode of Gibbon; and farther up, at Clareno, the favorite haunt of Rousseau, the traveler traces the scenes of the Nouvelle Eloise. On the opposite shore, and at no great distance from Geneva, I saw the house which Byron occupied; it is small, but very neat; surrounded by trees, and separate from any other habitation.

A steam-boat runs daily from Geneva to the head of the lake; and I determined to make the voyage, that I might visit the famed Castle of Chillon.

The waters of the lake are beautifully clear, and have a peculiar blue tinge, which adds to their charms. In some places the water is a thousand feet deep. Where it is shallow, the bed of sparkling white sand which pervades the whole, may be distinctly seen. Six or seven hours were occupied by the voyage to Villeneuve, at the head of the lake, the boat touching at the different villages along the shore, for passengers. Arrived there, the first object was to visit the Castle of Chillon, which is distant only a mile from the town. It stands on an immense rock, which rises abruptly from the lake, and is separated from the shore by a moat, that is passed by a drawbridge. The castle probably remains nearly the same as when first built—a huge, irregular mass of walls, towers, and battlements, with small windows and narrow loop-holes,—a monument of days that will never return. It was erected in 1238, by Amadeus, Count of Savoy, and was intended to command the defile, where the Rhone enters the lake. I entered the castle, and, finding a guide, inquired immediately for the dungeon described by Byron. We first passed through a door from the court-yard, into a cellar adjoining the prison. Here a stone stairway conducts into a dark dungeon, the roof of which is of massive blocks of stone, formed in gothic arches, and supported by immense pillars. Passing from this

by a narrow door, cut in the thick wall, I descended a few steps in the dungeon which is the scene of Byron's poem. It is hewn in the rock on which the castle stands, and a row of massy columns supports the roof. Three of these columns have an iron ring, to which the chain of the prisoner was fastened; and one of them is much worn by the chain, as the captive walked round. On the middle column, I observed the name of Byron, cut by himself in the stone. The windows are small, and high up, so that it is impossible to look out of them; and the eternal washing of the waves against the sides of the dungeon, adds to the dreariness of the place, and seems to speak wearily of the slow lapse of time. Other portions of the castle reveal their own horrors. One of the highest chambers was arranged like the fatal room in Cumnor-hall, with a trap-door, which yielded to the step of the victim, and he was plunged to the deepest vaults beneath, where his bones crumbled, and the tale of his murder was never told.

Leaving the castle, I turned my steps again towards the village. On the way, I ascended a hill by the road side, and sat down to contemplate the scene before me. There was the beautiful lake beneath my feet, gilded by the setting sun, whose rays played on the glittering pinnacles of the Alps, which rose awfully from the water's edge. On my left was the little town of Villeneuve, said to have been founded by the Romans; the straggling and ruinous wall, and the heavy gate-way, announcing great, but unknown, age. On the right hand was the frowning castle of Chillon; and still farther were seen the little villages and neat farms which skirt the lake shore. I could not help meditating upon the scenes, which the spot had witnessed. There, the ancient Gaul had found the way to a more genial clime. There, the legions of France had, in modern times, passed to their nation's wonted haunt, the sunny lands of Italy. There, the Ancient Roman had placed his mark, to point out the limits of the habitable world; and there the half savage, half civilized knight of Savoy had fought, and won the rich province of Vaud. Nation after nation had traversed these paths, and hardly left a trace of their existence; age after age had rolled away, and still nature looked blooming and young, and seemed to mock at the gray old age of the few monuments man had left. The mountain rocks showed no mark of time; the snow was white and pure on their summits; the luxuriant forests, the rich meadows, the smiling, vine-clad hills, all looked fresh and youthful; and yet, I knew that man had dwelt here, and cultivated these lands for thousands of years. The few tottering monuments of his power, which remained, spoke forcibly of the generations which have passed away, and formed a powerful contrast to the surrounding freshness and beauty.

C.

RELIGIOUS DOUBTS.

THERE has been nothing, since the Reformation, that has so effectually aided the cause of our religion, as the doubts thrown upon its authenticity, within the last half century, by writers of acknowledged learning and abilities. The attention of mankind was awakened, slumbering talent was roused, quiet and unostentatious piety was quickened, whenever and in whatever point the cause of Christianity was attacked. Doubts were started, and in the same instant solved. Infidelity put on a gay dress, and walked forth at noon-day; it displayed, however, the ingenious and deceptive habiliments which concealed its deformities, but for a moment; it was stripped with certain celerity, and exposed naked to the sight; it plunged again, almost as soon as it was seen, into night; it sought out its old companions, darkness and corruption, for it could not withstand the perfect day; it shrunk away from the touch of the children of light. The atheist and infidel then resorted to the pen; they dared not call the people together to make them proselytes,—they were afraid of the sound of their voices, when their impiety came upon the lip. The case is now altered. The objects of attack are not the same; the mode of conducting it is widely different.

Let us pause a moment, and see who are the men, whom the atheists of the present day look to, and appeal to, for support;—we may find that they never dreamed of being authority to such followers as are led, by their precepts and arguments, to despise the religion of their fathers,—the blessed boon of a kind God, who, in dispensing it, conferred upon mankind, new and exalted ideas of virtue, freedom, and justice, and started us, by its magic power, in a race, in which all who run, may read practical lessons, of the deepest and purest wisdom. Hume, Voltaire, Gibbon, D'Alembert, and others of their school, spake through their writings, to reading and reflecting men. They wrote, as philosophers, and they thought to create a new school, only among the disciples of philosophy; they endeavored to display their abilities as ingenious reasoners; they were captivated with the speciousness of their own arguments, and what were meant as doubts or ingenious speculations, at first, took, in the heat of argument, the shape of convictions to their minds. This class of infidels, if such they really were, have disappeared; they failed of their effect; their aim, which was to attack and subdue the convictions of learned and refined men, fell entirely short of its object; they were met and refuted, and cease to command, upon the subject of religion, the slightest respect. *Good came out of the evil* they intended; the poison they sought to administer, was rendered innocuous by an antidote, prepared for that occasion, but which will always be at hand hereafter; for we owe to the works of infidelity the most useful illustrations, and the most perfect vindications of Christianity, that can possibly be found; they remain bulwarks against the attacks of atheism to all future time, whilst the particular enemies, they were raised against, have passed away, and are fast being forgotten.

There have been others, who have proclaimed their religious doubts to the world, partly because they were too impure and unholy in their

lives to be benefited by Christianity, and partly because they strove for distinction in every way, except the right and honest one; for virtue and piety were not to their tastes, and ill accorded with their pursuits. Poets, of all other persons the most blameable, have been infidels, though seldom daring to weave the web of direct irreligion and blasphemy in their verse. They have cut themselves off from the highest fount of inspiration, because they dared not look up to heaven and behold a God. Byron, the most popular of modern English poets, whose life was as abandoned and disgusting as some of his poetry was beautiful and sublime, pretended to doubt the truth of the Christian religion. But he had not the boldness, or sincerity of conviction, sufficient to make his verses the direct channel of infidelity. He wrote generally in better moments, and his *doubts* would hardly have been known, had they not been raked together, by those whose interest it was and is, to make the most advantage of his vices,—to throw over his life a sickly shade of sentimentality, and gild his impiety and crimes, by calling them the eccentricities and wonders of genius. He and his friends, who sympathized with him, are to be pitied; they have reaped their reward, and we sicken, as we contemplate their dark hours, the result of flagitious indulgence and vitiating pursuits. It was necessary, that such men as Byron and Shelly should be disbelievers in all future accountability, to make their faith in keeping with their lives.

There is still another class, with Paine at their head, who proclaimed infidelity to the world for popular and political effect. They labored to break down all regard for the laws, by destroying the influence of religion upon the good order of society. They stirred up the elements of revolution, by removing all sense of religious obligation from the people; they displaced the magistrate from the bench, they hurled the lawgiver from his seat, they set the tide of human blood flowing in torrents, by absolving man from all notions of accountability to God, or respect to his laws. They, too, have passed away, and the blood, which they caused to be shed, has sunk into the ground; and the withering groans, and dreadful curses, and expiring wailings of thousands, who died from their movements, have gone up to meet them again at the judgement seat of God.

All the writers, of whom we have spoken, failed in bringing to their cause the intelligent and educated. Notwithstanding their talents, their beautiful fancy, their captivating sentiment, or their profound learning upon all other subjects, they have made no impression upon the great body of learning, wisdom, and piety, which has distinguished the last half century. The weapons of ridicule and sophistry, no matter how bravely wielded against the religion of Christ, have left untouched its chief support. They have struck among the ignorant and unreflecting, whom the proud historian or imaginative bard never thought of. We do not mean to assert, that religious *doubts* have not been created in the minds of men of the highest order of intelligence and education,—for the nature of an inquiring mind is to doubt; but we do say, that the attempts of infidel writers to convert those doubts into downright atheism have utterly failed, and that the attempt has brought out solution upon solution, until the wavering in faith have become firm believers. Hence we say, that so far as the most intelligent and best informed are concerned, the attempts of atheists, to

make proselytes, have been entirely defeated, wherever they have been made. No respectable author can be found now, who undertakes to reason in favor of infidelity, or to urge arguments against the Christian religion. The work is now carried on by a less respectable class, who either have not the hardihood or power to wield the pen effectually in the cause, and who operate upon a more ignorant and unenlightened set of men, in a different form. Men, whose fathers met to worship God, are called together, to blaspheme him; and in this Christian community, infidelity may be listened to, every day in the week; it is publicly proclaimed, and little children are carried by their parents, to hear the Name, they should be taught to utter every morning and night in their prayers, ridiculed and despised.

Some of our readers will stare with incredulity, when we tell them, that, amongst us, the worst of infidelity is thus going on. It is carried forward in a way, that cannot be met, except by the united voice of Christians, who value the blessings of virtue and good order. It does not come out, champion-like, before the world, to stand or fall before it; but deals its poisons to the ear of the young, the uneducated, and the wicked, who have no sympathy for virtue, and who would, if they could, tear its gentle ties from our hearts and conduct. The oracle of blasphemy has the whole field to himself; he speaks before an assembly, where no one can answer, and the arguments, which failed to pervert the wise, are lavished by him, second-handed, upon the foolish. If men regard aright the blessings of the Christian religion,—if it be what its professors have claimed for it, a precious gift from God to man,—if infidelity be an evil and a curse, stalking through the land,—the atheist should be exposed to public scorn. He cannot be openly met, as we have shown, for he skulks from the open field, and traverses, where opposition cannot reach him. Our religious doubts, each one must solve for himself; and we are not to allow the profligate disbeliever to solve them for us; we are not to go up to him as an oracle, who acts the part of an advocate; but in our own breasts the judge must be found,—upon our own consciences must the verdict be rendered.

The wisdom of man consists in self-knowledge: If his rules of conduct and belief are formed by a reflection upon, and acquaintance with, himself, we may be sure that he will not go far from the path of rectitude and truth. To him, who suffers from religious doubts, we recommend a strict self-examination,—to find out, from what cause his doubts arise, and we have no fear of the issue; he will work out conviction, that cannot be shaken,—that the atheist will not attack, without disgrace and defeat. We shall take occasion to speak of infidelity and its causes, in another number.

F:

TRANSPANTATION OF TREES.

THE Marquis de Chastelleux traveled through a considerable part of the territory of the Atlantic states, during the revolutionary war, and published a volume of sketches, which have gained no little notoriety. They had the merit, at least, of showing the First Impressions of a foreigner, well qualified to scrutinize the surface of men and manners, if no more; and the following lively passage is but one among very many, which might be cited, to illustrate the strange aspect a country like ours, situated as it was at the time of these travels, must have worn to the eye of an inhabitant of the elder hemisphere. In the course of a ride between Farmington and Litchfield, the Marquis had occasion to inquire into the history of what is called, in some sections, to this day, a *clearing*. It was "the work of a single man, who, in the course of a year, had cut down several arpents of wood, and had built himself a house in the middle of a pretty extensive territory he had cleared." Then, after remarking, that, subsequently, he had found these improvements, or new settlements, going on in all the wildest and remotest regions of America he had traversed, the Marquis proceeds to describe the mode in which these things were commonly effected.

After the choice of a location in the wilderness, and the purchase of it, he says the settler "there conducts [the American translation] a cow, some pigs, and two indifferent horses, which do not cost him above four guineas each." Certain provisions also are laid in, and then commences the attack on the forest.

"He begins with felling all the smaller trees, and some strong branches of the larger ones: these he makes use of as fences for the first field he wishes to clear. He next boldly attacks those immense oaks, or pines, which one would take for the ancient lords of the territory he is usurping; he strips them of their bark, or lays them all round with his axe. These trees, mortally wounded, are the next spring robbed of their honors; their leaves no longer spring, their branches fall, and their trunk becomes a hideous skeleton. This trunk seems still to brave the efforts of the new colonist; but where there are the smallest chinks or crevices, it is surrounded by fire, and the flames consume what the iron was unable to destroy," &c. &c.

What an air of vitality is there in this description. It sketches a complete Homeric contest, in which the trees have just as vigorous a part to play as the colonist who "attacks" them; and the circumstance, subsequently mentioned, that the latter builds himself, after a short time, a shelter, in the shape of a *log-kut*, and then finds himself truly "a comfortable planter," infallibly recalls that barbarous custom, which some of the heroes of olden time practised, of not only stripping the bodies of the dead, but converting the very skulls of the poor men into drinking-cups—and, for aught we can say, into porringers, pill-boxes, and other utensils not fit to be named.

The simile is a fair one, and is as applicable to our day as to that of the pioneers who have made our paths straight before us in the wilderness. Just such would seem to be the feeling between the squatter, or the accredited settler, and the forest into which he migrates, be the same in the state of Maine, or in the territory of Michigan. He looks upon so many trees, for the most part, as so many Indians in war-time.

No mercy is to be shown them. They must be cut down and cast out, root and branch, like the Pequots—so far, that is, as the boundaries and title-deeds of the invader give him the right of massacre. If a few survive the general ruin—

Rari nantes in gurgite vasto—

it is either because the destroyer is weary of his work, or because he chooses—much in the spirit which a cat shows in the tuition of a mouse—to reserve something, with a view of continuing the bloody entertainment of destruction at a more convenient season. With some certainty, however, you may rely on his exterminating the whole tribe, men, women, and children; and rather than even leave a few of “those immense oaks,” to be the Sachems of fresh generations, he will, some ten years after his task of devastation is completed, labor to supply their places by setting out, with infinite pains, an avenue of beechen bean-poles half trimmed, or sundry beggarly poplars, of foreign stock, nearly corresponding, in both appearance and substance, to the human hordes sometimes introduced among us from the same sections of the world.

This hostility to the noblest of our native vegetation has not been confined to those individuals who have had personal occasion to meet that enemy in the “field.” Neither, in their case, or more generally, has it ceased with the circumstances which gave it birth. Those, who have gone into the forest, with axe on shoulder, might be excused for regarding that forest very much as Captain Church and his soldiers regarded King Philip and his noblest Wampanoags, when “the army raised a great shout” at the fall of the miserable monarch of the woods. The habit of contending and conquering,—as the new settler in this country always has been obliged, more or less, to contend against and conquer, alike, the savage and the greenwood tree,—must be expected to encourage both combativeness and destructiveness, and to leave on the individual’s mind, at the best, some feeling of contemptuous prejudice. Hence, the disparagement of forest trees, and of arboriculture, is an Americanism—like the lingering dislike which the mass of our population have ever had for the aborigines.

Under these circumstances, what progress could be looked for in the art of transplantation among Americans? For that matter, indeed, it has made no great progress any where; and this lack of attention to such a subject, in England and the other old countries especially, is really one of the wonders of the day. It is wonderful, we mean to say, that, among an inventive, intelligent, industrious people, to whom luxury and enormous wealth every day offer every inducement to carry the arts and sciences to their utmost length, for all conceivable purposes—and where no pecuniary consideration is too great to be sacrificed even to mere fashion, without reference to utility, beauty, or propriety—it should have continued universally customary till within fifteen years or less, and very generally so to this moment, for the richest proprietors of the most splendidly situated estates to commence the embellishment of them, so far as trees are concerned, (a principal feature of course, in every landscape,) with planting such shoots, sprigs, and poles, as it must require some thirty or forty years to render any thing like a decoration. In a word, men have been content to

plant trees for their posterity, instead of themselves; and no wonder that such an act, under such circumstances, should be considered, as Washington Irving calls it, a proof of a generous mind.

The truth is, that a large tree may just as well be transplanted, so far as the vitality and prosperity of the tree are concerned, as a small one. In the words of Sir Henry Stuart—“*Size, in an art founded on scientific principles, is a mere matter of choice and expenditure; for trees of the greatest size are as susceptible of removal, as those of the least.*”

Let us look a little into the proof of this bold assertion, for it is evident enough, if it be true, that it indicates the establishment of a new art, and one which, sooner or later, in all civilized countries, must be in great demand.

The transplantation of large trees, in past ages, has occurred very rarely, and has generally, in those few cases, been accomplished at a vast expense of money, and an equal sacrifice of materials. The instances, however, are quite enough to prove the practicability of the process. Pliny speaks of elms twenty feet high, near Rome, being removed into vineyards, for the training of vines; and mentions also the transplantation of a fir, which had a tap-root eight feet long, reckoning from the place where it was broken off in the process. The younger Seneca, writing from the villa of Scipio Africanus, says he had there learned the art of removing a whole orchard of old trees; and that, after the third or fourth year, they produced an abundant crop of fruit. Virgil, also, refers to the occasional skill of the Roman husbandmen in the same art.

In modern times, the principal case is that of Count Maurice, of Nassau, who was governor of Brazil, in 1636, when that settlement was in the hands of the Dutch. He resided on a dreary island, at the confluence of two rivers. There was neither tree nor bush upon it when he erected a palace, and laid out his grounds. He then covered them with the finest trees, of various species—“the choicest fruits of a tropical climate, the orange, the citron, the ananas, solicited at once the sight, the smell, and the taste;” and, to crown all, seven hundred cocoa trees were planted over the estate, large numbers of them having a stature of from thirty to fifty feet, up to the lowermost branches, and an age of seventy or eighty years. The result appears to have been successful in the highest degree.

Other instances are recorded of Evelyn, in his famous *Sylva*, and of a French Mareschal, who removed huge oaks at the Chateau de Fiat, not many years after the count's experiment, and perhaps in consequence of his success. The Elector Palatine transplanted a number of large lime-trees, and they “prospered rarely well,” as Evelyn states, notwithstanding they were taken up in midsummer, and their heads cut off (according to the barbarous old custom) in the outset.

Louis XIV. of France, however, bore the palm away in this art, from all his cotemporaries. About the year 1670, having ascertained the extent to which the process was carried by the ancients, he undertook to decorate the royal residences, at Versailles and Trianon, in the same manner. Thus, it is said, was removed nearly the whole of what is still called the Bois de Boulogne, a distance of about two leagues and a half, to its present site. The traces of the operation

are yet visible in the rectilinear disposition of the tress, and the machine used on the occasion was preserved as a curiosity for a long time afterwards.

The English took the hint from some of these experiments, and we accordingly find Evelyn stating that he had himself seen trees transplanted "almost as big as his waist." Rich noblemen occasionally tried the process, though at a great expense, and doubtless with a frequent want of success. A Devonshire proprietor is said to have removed oaks as large as twelve oxen could draw. Lord Fitzharding, who lived in Evelyn's day, was in the habit of transplanting oaks of about the size of his thigh, and he deserves mention as the first who is known to have effected the operation without decapitating and otherwise mangling the tree.

During the eighteenth century some improvements were introduced in the art, but not much use was made of them. Since the commencement of the present more has been done. Dr. Graham, Professor of Botany in Edinburgh University, distinguished himself by an experiment of the kind some twelve years ago. Among his trees were ashes, alders, limes, and white-beams, of the height of thirty and forty feet, and with a girth of from two and a half to four feet at the height of one. Sir Henry Stuart, who is a competent judge, entitles this "the most splendid achievement in horticultural transplanting ever known in Britain." On the continent the experiment has been tried with a success somewhat like that of Louis XIV. by other potentates in much the same way. Such examples, however, have served to discourage imitation rather than induce it.

But the leading case, and that which may be called the first application of the true science of transplantation on a liberal scale, and with a satisfactory result in all respects, is that of the author of the *Planter's Guide*—Sir Henry Stuart, of Allanton, in Scotland. In his park there was originally no water, and scarcely a tree or bush in the vicinity of the present water, which was made in 1820; and in that year and 1821, the adjoining grounds were abundantly covered with wood of such size as to give the estate, according to the engravings in the proprietor's book, the appearance of a forest of considerable antiquity. When the Committee of the Highland Society for promoting arboriculture, visited the place, in the fall of 1823, both trees and underwood had obtained a full and deep-colored leaf, and health and vigor were restored to them. "In a word," says Sir Henry—and the Committee sufficiently justify the force of his remark—"the whole appeared like a spot at least forty years planted." The *Quarterly Review* also, in 1828, seemed to consider the experiment a conclusive triumph, such as the world had never before seen. It says, "the Park of Allanton, its history being duly considered, is as well worthy of a pilgrimage as any of the established lions of the 'North Country.'" The Edinburgh, after giving the baronet credit for "conjuring up the noble and magnificent trees which now surround him," speaks of his *publication* as the first application of the science to the art of planting, they might have termed his *plantation*, with equal justice, the first application of the art to the science.

The Committee above mentioned, comprised, we see, Sir Walter Scott, and several other gentlemen distinguished for practical knowl-

edge of the subject-matter. These persons reported, unanimously, that the art of transplantation, as practised by Sir Henry, "is calculated to accelerate, in an extraordinary degree, the power of raising wood, whether for beauty or shelter." It appears that the park encloses about one hundred and twenty acres. The soil is clay, loam, and gravel,—parts of it far from fertile,—about four hundred feet above the level of the sea,—the climate and country, (as the Edinburgh drily observes,) Scotland,—in which Dr. Johnson said, half a century since, there was hardly timber enough for a walking-stick. The trees, either in single, or in open or close groups, consisted of birch, Scotch elm, sycamore, lime, horse-chestnut, oak, holly, beech, and others, somewhere from thirty to forty feet high, or more, and the girth of the largest was *from five feet three to five feet eight inches*, at a foot and a half from the ground. These trees were putting forth shoots of eighteen inches, though they stood in the most exposed situations. The leaves of those planted most recently, were smaller than those of the older, but this difference was imperceptible after the third year from the removal. One of the copses, composed of trees from twenty to thirty feet high, interspersed with underwood, had been planted but five years, and yet the committee assigned thirty or forty years as the probable time in which such a screen could be formed by ordinary means. They stated, moreover, that of all the trees they examined, one alone seemed to have failed, and that they found no traces of any dead tree having been removed. The Baronet, in his book, states that his average loss has been one in from forty to forty-five.

Since this experiment of Sir Henry has proved thus successful, quite a number of proprietors of large estates, chiefly friends and neighbors of his, have availed themselves of his example and instruction to decorate their grounds in like manner; and, indeed, the system of which he may be called the founder, has acquired an established reputation throughout Great-Britain. Sir Walter Scott was among the number just named. That distinguished writer was no less a lover of nature in fact, than in fancy and poetry; and he was so enthusiastically attached to the cultivation of wood in particular, that, in the course of the sixteen years, during which he owned Abbotsford, he had planted over nearly five hundred acres of surface. In 1824 and 1825, he transplanted about forty trees of considerable size, on Stuart's principles, and the success of the process was complete. A large part of the underwood, which adds very much to the picturesque beauty of Abbotsford, was the result of the same system.

Mr. Lockhart, of Cleghorn, member of Parliament, tried it successfully, also, in 1827, on a number of oaks, beeches, larches, sycamores, and horse-chestnuts, ranging from twenty-five to thirty-five feet in height, and from ten to fourteen inches in diameter. In the same year, another gentleman, in Lanark county, removed eleven oaks and ashes, with a girth of two and a half feet. A rich Glasgow banker decorated his country estate, on the Clyde, in the same manner. Mr. Smith, in the same neighborhood, removed some fine subjects of even fifty years of age; and another Clyde proprietor is mentioned as having "completely changed the appearance of his place," by an outlay of about twenty pounds on the same plan.

This expense, by the way, averaged, in the latter case, less than *nine shillings* to each tree; nor do we find that it excelled fifteen in any of the cases last mentioned. Sir Henry Stuart estimates it at from six to eighteen, according to the size and age of the subject; and he goes into particular calculations, founded on his own experience, to show that the difference of cost, in the transplantation of twenty-two large trees, between the common method and his own, would be as *thirteen to one* in his favor,—exclusively of the advantage of obtaining the use of the wood at once, instead of waiting for it thirty years.

In regard to this matter of expense, however, it is observable that the same estimates cannot be relied on in our country as in Scotland or England. The cost of the machine is not included in the calculations cited; but, setting this aside, and waiving, also, the waste of labor and money, which men less acquainted with the new system than the founder of it and his friends are, must incur, the difference in the price of labor itself, there and here, is quite sufficient to put a formidable barrier upon the introduction of the argument, if not of the system itself. This labor is, perhaps, seven-eighths of the whole cost of the process in a majority of cases, and the difference above alluded to, is, in the aggregate, as much as three to one against us. An English day's labor, for example, is rated by Stuart, at one shilling and sixpence, and that of a horse and his driver at five shillings, the former of which prices would probably be quadrupled, and the latter doubled at least, in this vicinity.

Still, we entertain no doubts that the new system will be introduced among us,—to such an extent, certainly, as may enable those proprietors who have the means of indulging in what may, perhaps, be considered a *luxury*, to make a choice knowingly between the new and the old; and in that case, it can hardly admit of a controversy, what will be the result of their judgement. In some parts of the country, where the rage of destructiveness, heretofore alluded to, has most prevailed, full-grown trees are likely to be as much a desideratum in the decoration of grounds as they can be in England; and we trust that, in such circumstances, the same liberal taste which disposes men elsewhere to this most delightful department of the study and beauty of nature, will not be found wanting among our own countrymen. Thus far, it cannot be said to have displayed itself, excepting in a few instances, to any considerable extent, although the want of it, it must be allowed, cannot easily be overlooked by the least observing foreign tourist, who traverses the length and breadth of New-England. How many beautifully located estates are there in this Commonwealth, of which the owners, while they would not value one or two hundred dollars a year, spent in transplantation, as a farthing, have, nevertheless, ignorantly or indolently contented themselves with either neglecting the decoration of their grounds with trees for the most part—under the disheartening impression that they cannot live to see the result of their labors, or cannot expect any result at all, worth striving for, from a process which they understand so imperfectly,—or, perhaps, have had the magnanimity, (as Mr. Irving considers it,) in spite of this impression, to cover their land over with “dismal looking rows of long, leafless poles, standing in solemn uprightness, like

Aaron's rod waiting for the miracle."* After all, the expense is not much less than it would be in case of well-grown trees, which would be at once a splendid embellishment; and the difference,—waiving the advantage the Scotch system possesses in the infrequency of its failure,—would be, as we said above, equal, so far as the object in question is concerned, to that of some thirty to forty years in the life of the proprietor.

Again, how many extensive commons, squares, streets, and other grounds, are there in our cities and large towns,—not to say our villages generally,—where the destructive mania has but too frequently swept away every thing before it,—which might be ornamented and shaded, not as the Boston common has been, and is likely to be, by the toil and taste of long-succeeding generations of Mayors, but, as it were, with the magic energy which erected the Palace of Aladdin in a night. Grave-yards, especially, and church-grounds, would be essentially improved throughout this country, by such a process. The Turks themselves have gone before us, in the dutiful and beautiful regard rendered, in this respect, alike to the sympathies of the living, and the memory of the dead. We have known a few instances in this vicinity, of the transplantation of large trees,—of a sugar-maple, for example, a foot in diameter,—which proved entirely successful; we hope, however, they may speedily become quite too frequent to be matter of boastful comment on the one hand, or of distrustful inquiry on the other. In such hope, we shall conclude this article with a brief synopsis of the leading principles of the Scotch system.

The first of the four chiefly insisted on, regards the adaptation of the subject to the soil. This applies to every *individual* tree, in respect to the *exposure* in which it has been reared. Young woods, for example, are apt to be crowded with tall, thrifty-looking plants, which appear, to the unpractised eye, the fittest subjects for removal; but whose situation, or education (so to speak,) has been precisely such as to make them least capable of sustaining the changes they commonly undergo in the process. Even the adaptation of certain species of trees, however, to certain soils and aspects, is almost wholly overlooked in this country. The London Quarterly, for 1828,—in an article attributed to Sir Walter Scott,—admits that nine out of ten transplanters in England, have no better system. Sir Henry Stuart, who considers their ignorance “portentous and incredible, if it were not proved by daily experience,” supports that charge by the following anecdote:—He says, that a friend of his, some years since, having broached this subject in a large company, who disagreed with him, offered a bet of five to one that no gentleman present could, within three months, name three persons, land-holders in the county, who had made large plantations, and had an income yearly of from five hundred to five thousand pounds, or more, that were able to “state precisely what were the different soils to which twelve of the principal forest-trees planted in Britain were best adapted.” The bet was laughed at, but was taken up at once, and the taker began his search the next day,—not doubting, though ignorant of the subject himself, that every planter would know the soils best suited to his

* North American Review, for October 1832.

trees, as much as the farmer those suited to his crops. The result was, that only one person in the county could fulfil the prescribed conditions!

Sir Henry's second rule is, to avoid that old-fashioned dismemberment and mutilation, which generally has deprived the tree of a third part or more of its size and strength, as well as the whole of its beauty, at the very time when it needs them most. The old planter, Miller, well remarks, in his *Botanist's Dictionary*, that if the same course were taken with the same trees *unremoved*, it would require several years' growth in them to recover from the shock, and that they never would attain the size under these circumstances, which they otherwise might. One writer aptly compares the "disgusting and miserable spectres," which handsome trees are commonly reduced to before removal, to the "unhealthy and maimed tenants of a military hospital after a great battle."

Another improvement in the Scotch system upon the old one, is in the management of the roots of the tree, and of the soil attached to them, both before and after removal. The advantage gained in this way, is, particularly in the stability of the tree removed, and its consequent power of dispensing with every external species of support, even in the most inclement exposures. The fourth principle of Sir Henry relates to the subsequent treatment of the subject, down to the complete re-establishment of its thrift; and for this discussion we must be content to refer to his volume. It will be found full of instruction upon the whole subject of arboriculture, from the beginning of its history to its end.

PATRICK'S EXAMINATION.

It happened, not long since, that Patrick came o'er,
And safe and sound landed on Liberty's shore,
Where most of the people most happily share
In the blessing requested in Agur's wise prayer.

He soon was addressed, by a good-natured Yankee :—
"Do you wish to hire out?"—says Pat, "Yes, sir, I thank ye."
The bargain was stricken, and Pat introduced
To a house, there to work, and to eat, drink, and roost.

Our Yankee was happy, as most Yankees are,
In a bright, little, chubby-cheeked, three-year-old fair,
With a book in her hand, who asked Patrick to tell
What letters were wanted if *calf* he would spell.

Says Pat, "I can't spell, for I never *larned* how :"—
Says Miss, "If you cannot spell *calf*, then spell *cow* :"—
Says Pat, "That 's a task that 's much harder by half
To spell a big cow, than to spell a small calf."

HERCULES IN BOSTON.

THE GENIUS OF THE LIBRARY.

ONE cold, dreary, and drizzly afternoon in autumn, some years ago, I found myself in one of the proudest cities of the old world, threading its circuitous streets and alleys, with the view of passing the remainder of an exceedingly uncomfortable day in one of the largest libraries of Europe. I was led to this place more from curiosity than any other motive, and determined for the time to shut out the noise and turmoil of the world. "Let it rain, blow, and drizzle," said I to myself; "let the clouds gather above, and the sky become lowering and dark; here, at least, within this sanctuary of great and good minds, it shall be all bright sunshine to a weary traveler like myself." The shadows of evening were falling thick and fast, much earlier than usual, and I feared I should not be able to look into any of the numerous volumes before candle-light. As soon, however, as the librarian had pointed me to an old arm-chair, which, from its dimensions, might have held a fat abbot and three or four spare and lean monks, I took an old, musty, cobweb-covered folio from a shelf, and, seating myself in the farthest alcove of the apartment, was soon lost in deciphering its strange and antique characters. The volume was written by one of those patient scholars, and sharp controversialists in metaphysics, who wielded their pens against false systems of philosophy, whose names have now passed away, or are known only to the student, and whom it is the fashion for modern writers of the same school to decry, as having added nothing to the sum of human knowledge. I insensibly found myself giving utterance to my thoughts, now in the language of the old, and almost forgotten philosopher, and now in my own.

"Yes! true it is, old Patriarch! thou sayest well! Miserable—miserable, indeed, should we be, if what thy antagonist asserts, were true. Let not the world contemn thee and thy host of followers, who consumed their days and nights in battling it with those vain sophists, that think death puts an end to our spiritual as well as our physical being. Thou hast fought the battle manfully and well! Mid all this ocean of words, sharp and keen though they be, thou hast fathomed the depths of the soul, and, diving into the heart of man, hast brought up that imperishable jewel—Truth. The Mind die! The soul suffer annihilation! Well dost thou write, 'All Nature cries out against it!' Well dost thou say to thy opponent, 'Thou art thyself a refutation of what thou dost aver.' The demigods of the heathen world—the sages and philosophers of a remote age, ay, and the untutored child that roams the wilderness, have embraced as it were by intuition what thou in thy blindness wilt not grasp, although the morning-star of Revelation has beamed upon thy vision. Plato, Socrates, and Cicero knew the glorious truth—and thou, vain reasoner, deniest it! The thousand rushing waters of the earth make it the burthen of their ever-tolling anthem. The birds at morn and even proclaim it with their sweetest song. It comes to us on the wings of the breeze,—in the air,—and it is written in undying lines upon the blue sky above us. Every living thing sends back a thrilling response to the involuntary exclamation that comes from the hearts of myriads of human beings—'We live hereafter!' And who art thou, pretender to wisdom! that pro-

claimest thyself a light in a dark age, and wouldst teach the nations of the earth that they will die, and go, without a torch to light them to their tomb—with no ray to illumine the darkness and make bright the path onward to Eternity? Canst thou shut out the light that every thing sends to thee? Life hereafter! If Reason unfolded the glorious truth to a few of the mighty ones of the heathen world, to the Hindoo, as well as to the Grecian and Roman sage, thinkest thou to sit in thy dark cell and persuade man that it is all a dazzling dream? Open thine ears to the glad tidings that are breaking the shackles which have kept the mind so long in bondage. Harken to that burst of praise and song, that will sound in the remotest corners of the earth! Away! vain sophist. Knewest thou not that the Creator would not suffer the sublime Truth, which thou art assailing, to die away, or be hid by all the subtleties which thou and thy disciples can weave around it? Look! the light of Revelation is sending its beams into the darkest cell, and writing the golden truth upon its walls! Open thine eyes, then, envious, but misnamed Reasoner!—its radiance is streaming from a thousand points, and showing the world every film of thy fine-spun and unsubstantial subtleties. Rise up and shake off thy false philosophy, and embrace the Truth ere thou dost die!"

Thus, in almost the language of one of those controversialists of the middle ages to whom I have alluded, did I involuntarily give utterance to my thoughts. There are subjects, that will for a time lock up the senses, and make the man a mere passive being. Among them are those themes, the grandest that dwell upon our lips, which concern our immortal destinies, and have the power of curbing and guiding the thoughts in unison with them, and making the will their slave. So it was with me, as I was following this old reasoner, whose words at once went to the heart, and buried themselves in the inmost recesses of the mind. My eyes were fixed, absorbed as I was in thought, upon something, indistinct in the distance and twilight, at the farthest side of the library, with an intensity and earnestness of gaze like that of Hamlet, when, for the first time, the semblance of his father comes upon his vision. A sound like the sliding of folding-doors came to my ears; the alcoves widened and grew larger, expanding and spreading away as far as the eye could reach, as if obeying the potent touch of a magician's wand. The volumes also seemed to increase in size, and the names upon their backs appeared as if seen through a magnifying-glass, glowing and sparkling as if written with fire. At different points, between the two longest sides of the apartment, were placed, on marble pedestals as white as snow, the sculptured forms of the Muses, and of some of those mighty ones whom nations have delighted to honor. And, above all, I was struck with a representation of Fame, bearing in one hand a white scroll, and raising with the other a trumpet to her breathing lips. These forms seemed instinct with life, and gazing with rapture and admiration upon the immortal volumes around them; and, as a mellow and golden light diffused itself around upon the various objects, the whole scene realized my conception of the magnificence of a fairy palace in eastern romance.

As I sat musing and wondering at the novelty of the scene, I for the first time observed that a figure was approaching me from the farthest side of the apartment. He bore an old parchment volume under

his arm, and leaned upon something that resembled an enchanter's wand. His dress was in the fashion of a remote age, over which was carelessly thrown, a loose, flowing mantle. Although his beard was long and white, and he was arrayed in garments that might give one of thirty the appearance of fourscore, yet, tottering as he was, and leaning now and then upon his wand, there was a youthfulness and vigor in his whole appearance, and a fire in his eye, that old age, with his silver locks and crutch, but rarely exhibits. I took him for some one of those, who are in the habit of passing their days in the libraries of Europe—one of those venerable scholars of which the country affords so many, who ponder for years over the red-letter folios of a by-gone age, and seem coeval with the volumes they study—to whom Time had forgotten to issue his summons. I was about to rise to offer him the old arm-chair; but he waved his hand that I should keep my seat.

"You seem," said I, "to be one, who may have seen this immense library growing up, volume after volume, under your eye, and may have numbered among your personal friends many who have recorded their names upon the scroll of Fame."

"Ay! you may say that," replied the figure; "centuries have gone by since the first volume was placed here, and I was by to record its name. It is this which I hold in my hand. I have seen generations pass away and men grow old, but I—I grow younger as Time rolls over my head. My home is in this Library—this monument of banished minds. I imparted to Faust and his co-workers the first idea of that invention, which has immortalized their names, and wrought such a wonderful change in the condition of the world. I was with Caxton and Wynkin de Worde in England; I rescued many volumes from the fire at Alexandria, and searched into monastic cells and monasteries, for the precious manuscripts, upon which the poor monks, in their blind zeal, copied out their missals. You see around you the result of my labors. I am the guardian of the place—the GENIUS OF THE LIBRARY."

My thoughts went back to the period he mentioned; and, as my imagination followed him in his sublime undertaking, I could not help reflecting upon the toil and suffering, the anxious days and nights to which the countless volumes around us had given birth.

"What hours of pain and suffering," I exclaimed, "have been passed in the composition of these ponderous tomes! But what a balm to many a wounded spirit have they afforded! The lonely student has pored over the volumes with aching eyes and a breaking heart. He pressed not his pillow by night, and the blessed beams of the morning brought no refreshment to his burning brow. And all this for Fame—to be read and remembered when the eloquent lip is mute, and the heart can ache and beat no longer. Fame! thou art a dazzling, splendid cheat! Thou makest fools of the wise and gray-headed. We grasp at thee—but thou art not there. Thou whisperest to the young, and he sees a Paradise beyond, which is still beyond, the farther the youthful aspirant travels upon the road. How few are the springs upon the way-side, where he may stoop and cool his parched lip. Thou lurest us on, making our existence appear a splendid dream, promising us that happiness, which we might acquire from more lasting and substantial things. And then, how much greater the fall—how much

more bitter the disappointment! Why should we follow and pant after thee up the hill whither thou wouldst lead us? What is there in living in the memory of men, ages after we have mouldered in the dust, that we should so thirst and long for it? Vain, vain is it all! our own minds and hearts contain the only true and unfailing springs of happiness in this world. That men should not discover these fountains and drink deep at them,—that, when they know they may be summoned from the earth and all they hold dear in it, the next day—the next hour—ay, or the next moment, they should be so thoughtless of that other *hereafter*, is one of those mysteries which no knowledge of human nature or of man's constitution can solve. Why then this passion for Fame—this longing to be remembered when we no longer exist, if we are regardless of what we are to be when Time shall be no more! Why listen with rapture to the strokes of Time, and heed not the peals of Eternity?"

"Solemn and true are thy last words; but man! despise not, nor condemn Fame and worldly glory. Despise her not, when she would linger around the grave of Genius. See her here as she stands; read the names that she has enrolled there. Worship her, and she will sound thy name to the remotest spot on the earth. Open some of the volumes that you see before you. Here are the works of one who never dreamed of being known to an after age; who, though dead, yet liveth, to instruct and enlighten mankind. There are the unfinished volumes of one, who thought to be welcome to the highest seat in the Temple of Fame, from whose mass of chaff not three particles of wheat can be gathered. Well have you painted the life of many a student of the olden time, whom I have found wrapt in bright visions, that were never to be realized, when I knocked at his humble door. True! it cannot be denied! How many bitter disappointments and heart-aches has the poor, care-worn scholar endured, with the hope of having his name registered upon the roll of the Undying Ones! I see him now in his cell, poring over the huge volume by the midnight taper—the hectic flush upon his cheek, and the wild glare of the mind diseased in his eye. Morning dawns, and finds the poor, exhausted scholar, wrapt in earnestness upon the magic page, or putting down thoughts that he fain would believe will never die. See him, pale and flushed, lift his bright eye from the page, wondering if it be not all a dream. But Fame hails him on at a distance, sounds her trumpet in his ears, clear, full, and loud, beckoning him onward to the dazzling prize. He clasps his hands in rapture—the lamp burns dim, and dimmer—the characters before him become blurred and unintelligible—the light flickers up—goes out—and the poor fame-cheated student dies unknown and unpitied in his smoken cell. But has he not known such moments of happiness, as belong rather to the condition of angels than mortals? He thirsted for an immortality on earth, and lost the prize. Think not, therefore, his life was all pain and anxiety. He died, believing his name would be cherished forever. Fame cannot be insured during the short pilgrimage of her devotee. But is there not the hope she inspires, the joy she diffuses, the expectation and the bracing up the energies of the mind which it occasions? These create a rapture and enthusiasm, an excitement and activity in the mind and soul, which no charm of wealth and beauty can equal. Did

I not hear you but a moment ago commenting upon that sublime truth, 'The soul shall never die?' What cunning sprite held your powers in subjection, that you did not see that the desire to be remembered when you are no more—that this very aspiration is one of the strongest proofs that you will indeed live on, when the world is crumbled to atoms?"

"I acknowledge it; but the mere existence of this thirst for Fame, proves not that she is a praiseworthy object of pursuit. Why should we fret these curious pieces of divine workmanship, which enclose a gem that no diamond in the caverns of the earth can outshine in splendor? Why should we wear out these frail caskets, only that this jewel may send forth a beam upon our grave-stones when we are gone,—to show our names to the world, and tell it that we once lived?"

"Man, you are in error. Think you that the martyrs of learning, whose immortal works are around us, enjoyed no happiness, while exerting their god-like energies to gain a place upon the scroll of Fame?"

"Martyrs of learning! venerable sir! the bare expression carries with it the best comment upon what you would urge. That great minds, who have stood forth, the lights of their age, and worn out their powers in poring over the lore of antiquity, that they might re-produce it under a more attractive form, may have experienced moments of such happiness, as falls not to the lot of others, is,—nay, *must* be true; for happiness is the birthright of the mind, which it cannot lose, while rationally exercising its own powers, whatever the ultimate object it would grasp at. But that they, who have done all, endured all, and risked all, only that they might be remembered when they are no more, have been as happy as the more devout sons of men, whose names were never sounded by the trump of fame, is a position, which these oracles of wisdom, could they speak, would neither approve nor confirm."

"To you I appeal!" he exclaimed, "ye speechless interpreters of the mind! What joy did not they feel, who sent you into the world, when Fame whispered her call into their ears,—dearer, even, than the song of the nightingale to the poet of the East,—sweeter than his lute to the ravished ear of his bride! What happiness was there in the wide world, like that which they knew, when the Muse touched their lips with the fire of inspiration? What was the fevered brow, the burning cheek,—ay, or the pale lip, to the thought of the glorious hereafter on earth? Ye passed away from the earth,—poets, philosophers, and sages, from whose lips thousands of your disciples drank in divine wisdom, sitting at your feet in the hall, and in the grove by the hallowed stream. Ye passed away,—but I have borne the offspring of your minds along the stream of Time, and you now enjoy what your untiring spirits thirsted for, while your venerable forms were yet on the earth. And so shall it ever be! Wherever the foot of man has trod,—wherever a name is spoken with praise and admiration, there shall your own immortal ones be sounded too. I call you to witness, mute oracles of wisdom! that they who breathed into you the breath of life, felt, in their moments of inspiration, such happiness as all the allurements and charms of the world cannot bestow.

When their perishable frames would have yielded to decay and suffering, the heavenly spark within still burned on bright, sending its rays through the feeble tenement that enshrined it, giving it joy and vitality, and lighting up with smiles the cheeks of millions, whose very existence, but for you, would have been a burthen."

He pointed, as he spake, to the volumes in the alcove, in which I was sitting, and I could have listened to him forever, so impassioned and earnest was his manner. I hung upon his lips, and drank in their sounds, as if eloquence had steeped them with her honeyed words. He spoke with an energy, also, that I looked not for in one of his years. A heavenly radiance streamed along the room, and lit up the countenances of the sculptured forms before us with celestial smiles. He wrought up my feelings to such a degree, that methought I could see the philosophers and poets of another age, whom he invoked, coming on at his summons, to respond to his heart-stirring appeal.

"True! true!" I exclaimed, catching a portion of his enthusiasm; "true it is, nothing can equal the happiness of that mind, which exercises its powers for the noblest ends, fulfilling its own high destinies, and creating joy and love wherever its aspirations are breathed, or its influence is felt. Let this be done,—then welcome, Fame! Welcome, with your smiles and tears, your joys and your sorrows! Welcome to the student's burning and fevered brow, as the morning dews to the expanding rose, or the evening breeze to the flushed cheek in midsummer, that is wafted from the bowers of some paradise beyond!"

"I have roved the earth for centuries," he replied; "I have seen the rich man luxuriating in all his wealth could give, and the man of rank making the suppliant knee bend before him. I have seen Beauty, splendid and dazzling, draw murmurs of rapturous applause from the lips of admiring thousands. But I have seen but one sight so godlike as the scholar, who trims his midnight lamp in his lonely cell—living for the good of others—and therefore best answering the ends of his own being, and thirsting for a lasting and imperishable name among men. There is one sight, upon which I have gazed with equal, if not greater admiration: it is the unlettered and unknown child of adversity, who binds up the wounds of his bruised heart with the holy balm of religion,—who looks into the Book of Books for support in the dark and trying hour, when he is called to suffer unmerited reproach,—whose every action is done under a feeling of responsibility to his God,—and whose eye beams up with hope and joy, as it looks through the dark vista of Time to the bright and glorious prize of immortality beyond. When the hour comes—and come it will—that Fame will be but the herald of immortality, and her aspirant mounts up with his thoughts yet beyond the earth to the golden portals of heaven,—then, indeed, the sum of human perfection will be attained. This is the object of my mission,—then my hour will come, my task be ended, and the wand fall from the hand that has wielded it for centuries."

"Angel of bliss! I will henceforth follow thee to the ends of the earth! I will take heed to thy words as they fall from thy divine lips. Fame! thou art no longer a dream—glittering and beckoning, but to deceive. For thy smiles my heart thirsts, and all my happiness is centered in thee! Henceforth what is wisdom—what is goodness or virtue, but thy breath and thy smile! I risk my all of hope, here and

hereafter, upon thee! Others have taken thee to their bosom as a bride—I would be cherished in thine as a child!"

The Genius of the Library waved his wand, and a vision burst upon my eyes like that of some fairy palace in an enchanted grotto. Streams were seen at a distance, sparkling and beaming in the light, on whose banks the Muses reclined, playing upon their harps and lyres. Birds warbled their sweetest notes in the trees that waved upon the borders of the stream. The alcoves had expanded and spread away into brilliant columns of gold and jasper, and the myriads of books, which they once contained, were seen in the hands of the living and breathing forms who composed them—reclining beneath the shade of the trees, or walking, in countless multitudes, along the paths that led to the bowers of the Muses, leading their disciples by the hand. Nearer stood Fame, bright as an angel, extending her scroll, containing, in golden characters, the names of her worshipers. I was about to record my name among the rest, as she greeted me with her radiant smile; but the Genius pointed back through a long vista, which I had not seen before, where men seemed to be plodding and toiling for gain, rubbing the sweat from their brow, and striving for that splendid and deceptive bauble—wealth.

"Go back!" said he; "go back to the world; you must be tried still longer—and if you are not wanting to yourself, then welcome to our retreat. But, man! remember that all your fond desires to be remembered and applauded among men are naught, unless they are akin to, and spring from, still nobler aspirations for immortality beyond the grave."

So saying, he waved his wand once more, the scene shifted, and I was left alone in the Library.

J. H. W.

A CHAPTER ON GLORY.

THE Lover of Wisdom would not have men fools, when they might be wise. It is true—and a truth deeply to be lamented—that, the more sound and sublime his speculations are, the more they are ridiculed as idle fancies by your matter-of-fact men, whose practical notions are wholly at war with all that is speculative, and whose thoughts seldom rise above the solid earth to which they seem chained. Yet even this large class—were they conscious how much of truly practical, worldly wisdom was taught by some speculations of the philosopher—would no longer yield to the popular indifference and popular prejudices. Philosophy searches into the hidden motives, the original principles of the human heart, and must, therefore, be based upon truth; and yet—strange to say—her most rational deductions are almost uniformly set at nought by men, who profess to act only upon common-sense principles.

There is, perhaps, no passion of our natures, that has excited so much the laughter and contempt of philosophers, and, at the same time, none, which has exercised so controlling an influence upon human conduct, as the love of glory. With philosophers, it is a professed ob-

ject to discover and lay open the true sources of solid happiness. No wonder, then, that they feel a disgust at seeing men, endowed with the godlike faculty of reason, neglect the exercise of it, and, regardless of their own good, run all their life-time after something which they can never reach, because it exists only in the imagination. But practice has always been opposed to philosophy. Though the sages of antiquity, convinced as they were of the emptiness of human glory, by a careful analysis of it, and by their deep insight into the nature of man, confidently declared, that "All the glory of the world was not worth an understanding man's holding out his finger to obtain it;" yet, with the greater part of those, whom history calls the powerful ones of the earth, the love of glory has been, not merely the ruling principle, but the highest motive of action. This passion throws a false lustre about great characters. The historian, in recounting the distinguished services of some warrior, who fell on the battle-field in defence of his country, deems it a sufficient apology for his worst vices and criminal conduct even, to add, that they were prompted by an unquenchable thirst for glory. Even with regard to the public men of our own day and generation, the statesmen and the men of letters, it may truly be said of more than nine-tenths of them, that they speak, and write, and act from no higher motive, than to have their names repeated with applause throughout the villages and cities of their native land.

An inward craving for distinction is, doubtless, a most effective stimulus to intellectual effort. It keeps the mind constantly in a state of active exercise. It arouses and animates the drooping spirit. It excites the ingenuity of the mechanic to his inventions and delicate workmanship, no less than the military ardor of the warrior to his most glorious achievements. It is an important ingredient, too, in the character of the enthusiast. It disposes to that energy of soul, which creates for itself those capabilities that nature may have denied, and insures success to all benevolent efforts for the improvement of our social condition. But then the danger lies in its tendency of being carried to excess. And yet the love of approbation,—though it may lead to evil consequences, when under no wholesome restraint,—is founded upon a principle of our natures given to us for the best of purposes. As we are destined to live in society, we are created with a disposition to love society; we delight to have friends, with whom we may converse, in whom we may confide, who may sympathize with us in our joys and sorrows. It is natural that we should strive, by uprightness of conduct and high-souled exertions, to preserve their esteem, strengthen their confidence, and enliven their sympathies. The same principle impels us to enlarge the circle of such friends, till our sympathy extends so far, in imagination at least, that we regard all those about us as friends, and endeavor to act uniformly with a view to gain their applause.

To expect that man will not be influenced at all by the opinion of his fellow-men, is unreasonable. There are those, it is true, who pretend to despise it, by making a ridiculous boast of their independence; yet, for all this foolish pretence, they are living, however unconsciously, under its all-powerful influence. It is impossible that we should not feel any desire for the good opinions and good wishes of a

society that we esteem, as upon such friendship we are obliged to depend much in our social intercourse; it is, therefore, acting contrary to nature to profess an utter heedlessness of the world's opinion. Such a profession is at variance with the best affections of the human heart. A confirmed misanthrope,—one who hates and despises his fellow-beings,—may, perhaps, with some show of consistency, pride himself upon a disregard of their judgement. But how can he be indifferent to it, who is a lover of his race, and has a proper, an exalted idea of the dignity of human nature? One moment's serious reflection upon our social relations and consequent dependence upon one another, should be sufficient to humble the pride of the haughtiest. Make the man friendless, who boasts of his independence, and he will soon feel the want of an approving smile from some friendly face; or, let him cast his thoughts back to the time when he came into the world a helpless infant, and reflect how much his present strength of arm and vigor of muscle are owing to the fond and anxious attentions of his parents in the period of infancy,—what would then become of his fancied independence? And it implies, moreover, the veriest inconsistency for the self-styled independent man, to long for "space in the world's thought;" since what is called glory, is but an expression of the world's opinion. "Even those, who write against glory," says Pascal, "wish for the glory of having written well; and they, who read those writings, wish for the glory of having read them; perhaps I myself, while writing this sentence, and perhaps he, who shall read it, may have the same desire."

But, as this thirst for approbation increases, and is never satisfied, it becomes an unhealthy appetite; till at length it fastens upon the mind a consuming disease, from which it cannot rid itself. Under its withering influence, are we not prone to regard the applause, which will follow our actions, more than their excellence or moral purity? The love of glory, however useful as a stimulus to exertion, is abused, when it is made the end or guiding principle of conduct. It is a passion of too selfish a nature to exist in a pure moral character. And, as the happiness of society is promoted in proportion as individuals are swayed by feelings of natural love and philanthropy, for the same reason social inequalities and evils must increase, in proportion as they act from selfish motives. Is it not, indeed, a far nobler principle of action to do a good or great deed on account of its intrinsic goodness or greatness, and because it will confer happiness upon our species,—than because it will be applauded and bring honor upon ourselves? We are, at all times, ready to add our voice to the united acclamations of a happy people in praise of one, who has raised himself to an exalted station in public life, and conferred some signal benefits upon his country; and we should consider it the height of presumption to question the purity of his motives. We see the beneficial tendency of his successful labors for the common weal; and, perhaps, we are so absorbed with admiration of his talents, or gratitude for his efforts, that we willingly shut our eyes to whatever evils may have flowed in the current of his ambitious spirit. But, however praiseworthy might be his exertions, what respect could we have for his character, if we knew the great directing principle of his soul to

be the love of popular applause? We condemn, without hesitation, the charity of that man, who gives out of his plentiful store, merely to attract the gaze of the starving and talking world. And how forcibly is the heart impressed with the benevolence of him, who watches, while other eyes are asleep, to relieve the necessities of the poor! Indeed, as the world is convinced that a man is virtuous, only to gain the tribute of respect universally paid to integrity; or, that he aspires after greatness for the sake merely of its fleeting honors—they will no longer confide their interests to him, as to an honest citizen and faithful friend. The very essence of virtue is its modesty. And the solid merit, which shuns observation, is no more to be compared with the ostentatious, that seeks to please itself with fair appearances, than the majestic balloon striving to hide its beauty in the clouds, with the empty soap-bubble which hardly rises above our heads, before it vanishes into air.

It is often urged by way of apology for the desire of glory as a ruling passion of the soul, that it has, in all times, prompted, and necessarily leads, in fact, to a vigorous exercise of the mind for the good of society. Yet, opposed to this assertion is the speaking fact, that the purest actions, the noblest deeds, which have graced human nature, no less than the sublimest productions of genius, which have shed lustre upon the world, have been the work of men impelled by no such stimulus, as a thirst for glory. Was it not out of a purely disinterested love of his fellow-men, and with an enthusiastic zeal for their well-being, that Howard traveled from place to place, to visit the filthy hovels of the ignorant poor, to comfort their hearts and enlighten their minds, to relieve their miseries, to lighten their burdens, and raise them from a state of degradation? His name is known throughout the earth, as that of an almost divine philanthropist; and he merits the distinction; for his was a heaven-born philanthropy. But who could feel so exalted a respect for his character, if he were known to have done his good works to be seen and honored of men? The world will not be satisfied with good works alone, without a corresponding motive; and the voice of the world harmonizes with that of truth and justice, when it declares—the purest principles must always give birth to the most glorious deeds.

In the world of letters might be cited many illustrious names, which gained an immortality, that was never anticipated; while thousands, who have written for golden opinions alone, never attained the object of all their hopes and wishes. It is not at all probable, that Shakespeare even dreamed of ever rising to the proud eminence among dramatic writers, which he now holds by the common consent of mankind. While he was a sort of hanger-on at the theatre, he was led to write in part to supply his own pressing wants, and in part the wants of the stage. In his intervals of leisure and poetic inspiration, it was natural for him, indeed, to pour forth the overflowings of his soul; yet the very extent of his wishes appears to have been, to win the approbation of Queen Elizabeth, or, at most, to hear the ever-changing plaudits of the play-house. He seems to have written for almost any purpose, rather than for fame,—and why may not this be one cause of the superior excellence of his writings, and the homage, every where paid to his character as a poet? To hear that the spade of an honest,

hard-working laborer unexpectedly struck upon a rich mass of gold, impresses the heart with much more vivid delight, than to hear the same of a miner, whose daily occupation is to dig for it. Certain it is, the writer, who is more in love with prospects of future glory, than with the theme before him, will not bring to light original ideas or new truths, or effect any thing, in short, worthy of glory. For nothing is more opposed to concentration of thought—the parent of invention—than an habitual proneness of the mind to indulge in deceitful dreams—whether of fame or any thing else. An author may, in the act of writing, be thinking of the manner, in which his works will probably be received by the public; but the very thought, followed by distraction of mind, by suspense, by agitation, will go far to destroy his energy and intellectual might; just as the man, who, in his intercourse with the world, is influenced too much by the wavering and warring opinions of his fellow-men, will be wanting in a proper stability of character.

But, after all, what is glory—that it should excite the ambition of a wise man? Is it any thing more than a day-dream—a vision of the diseased brain—whose delusive enchantments, serving only to lull and bewilder the senses, are dissolved by the falling shadows of every night; or, an unreal phantom, pleasing the soul with its spectral mockeries, and then vanishing into air? Its emptiness is well defined by Pope, when he calls it “a fancied life in others’ breath;” and by Shakespeare, when he compares it to “a circle in the water.” If all were wise enough to analyze it with the same philosophic spirit, with which Wollaston has done in the following passage, they would regard it in its true light—as a mere word—a name—a something,

“That, like a thin chameleon, boards
Itself on air.”

“A man,” he says, “is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them; he doth not live, because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, beat Pompey, changed the Roman commonwealth into a monarchy, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Cæsar; that is, Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey are the same thing; and Cæsar is as much known by the one distinction as the other. The amount then is only this; that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or somebody conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, somebody conquered somebody. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality; and such, as has been here described, is the thing called glory among us!” Even the successful attainment of glory must be unsatisfying to its most devoted lover; it is not a reality; it has no substance; and, though he grasp at it forever, he will grasp at a shadow—he can never assure himself of its solidity. To have his name pass from mouth to mouth and sounded in the sweet accents of approval, by whom he knows not; this he imagines to be a sort of extension to his intellectual being, as it is, in the highest degree, exciting to his vain ambition. But the name is no part of himself; it serves merely as a kind of nucleus, to attract and bring together whatever in him is deserving of remembrance. The name is nothing in itself, that it should command respect; the exist-

ence of good or noble qualities in the soul—the true ornaments of man—may be a source of delightful contemplation to coming generations; yet these will always remain the same, whatever be the name.

Were all mankind actuated by the purest of motives, and free from the control of the baser passions; that is to say, were this earth the dwelling-place of the virtuous alone; did they all know and love each other, as if they comprised but a small society of chosen friends; then, indeed, would there exist some show of reason for being a lover of glory. In one of a noble mind it could awaken none but the holiest affections, and the most pleasing anticipations, to know, when he had devoted the most precious hours of a life to his own improvement and the benefit of his race, that such exertions and benefits would be remembered by all the world—that his motives would not be capable of a double interpretation, because all breasts would be ready to sympathize with whatever was pure and high-minded—and that, ages after he had gone to a final resting-place among the dead, his memory would endure in the grateful hearts of those, whom he esteemed while living. But the beings, which the Deity has seen fit to people this our planet with, are of a mixed nature; they are swayed by evil motives as well as by good affections; the best, therefore, that can reasonably be anticipated, even by the most sanguine aspirant after fame, is—to gain the approbation of a majority of his fellow-men. Under the influence of different circumstances and different modes of education, they imbibed different humors, tastes, and prejudices; these lead to diversity of moral character, as well as of sentiment; thus, society becomes little else than a perpetual conflict of opinions. How common a thing is it, in these days of liberalism, to meet with two individuals, equally deserving of confidence, whose views are in direct opposition to each other, and that, too, perhaps, upon a subject of vast importance, and one, which they have both deeply investigated. Whoever, then, would enjoy the good opinion of the one, must forfeit the approbation of the other; for, it is nearly as great a contradiction in nature, that he should please the fancies of both, as that he should be able to keep his eyes open and shut at the same moment. It is matter of history, that many authors, who held a foremost rank in the world of literature among their contemporaries, have been little read or hardly remembered after the lapse of a few generations. It is even hazardous—for any but a critic, I mean—to venture an opinion upon the merits and future fame of a popular writer of the present day. The biographer—though of all men he should be the most candid—is seldom without his private partialities and prejudices; in general, he is either the enthusiastic friend or inveterate enemy of him, whose life he writes—so that, when we have to depend upon biography for information concerning an individual, who flourished some two or three centuries ago, and was distinguished in his own day and generation, we meet only with opposing statements and contradictory opinions; and, after the minutest investigation, are obliged to confess our inability to form a correct judgement of his character. As soon as the character of a public man becomes the subject of daily controversy, his reputation is at least doubtful for the time being; and, when the multitudes about him shall have passed away, what will his glory amount to but a difference of

opinion; for—judging by the fate of those who have gone before him—he

—“ will have as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well.”

Would it not be a blessing to him, in such circumstances, to divest himself of all character, or, as that is impossible, to appear in the humble capacity of a private individual, who has this consoling hope, at least—that, though his good qualities be confined to himself, his faults and foibles will be overlooked, and not become a by-word among his fellow-men, when he is no more.

To instance—the statesman of the present day, whose constant ambition it is to shine in public life, whose brain, indeed, is almost distracted by an unnatural, an unhealthy passion for popular applause—what will be the end of his glory? Though he possesses the imposing qualities of a great genius, his principles cannot but be infected with the spirit of party; and, therefore, he will enjoy the confidence of a few only. While his friends laud him to the skies, as a benefactor of his race, worthy of immortal honor, his enemies may despise his boastful pretensions, condemn his principles, and even pronounce him a curse to his country. Now, if we suppose his life to be written both by friend and enemy, what will he be to posterity, but a mass of contradictions? In the course of two or three generations, his character will be as difficult of interpretation, as a chapter of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or as the pages of some time-worn manuscript of antiquity, which cannot suffer the lightest touch of the fingers without crumbling to pieces. And as the decypherer of this manuscript or those hieroglyphics will soon throw them aside, in despair of converting such worthless stuff to any use, so will posterity be disgusted at the hieroglyphical or fragile character of the statesman of our own times, who may then become the subject of history. Perhaps all will allow him to have possessed an intellect of very superior order; and this may be thought no trifling commendation; but, then, what is it worth, when in the same breath it is said that his principles were of a dangerous tendency—his reputation was doubtful—and his splendid talents even were worse than useless, because perverted to bad purposes. In spite of the forced and false respect paid to him while living, what will his unblushing claims to immortality all be worth, compared with the unassuming virtue of the private citizen, whose soul never felt the desire of glory?

It is a singular inconsistency, too, for one who prides himself upon his wisdom and superior genius, who would be ashamed to have any but his best thoughts appear before the eyes of the world—to long for the admiration of those, who are ignorant, prejudiced, or capricious, and therefore incapable of forming a correct judgement. As a private individual, he would openly avow his contempt of their approbation; and yet he desires the collective approval of those, whose judgement is not founded upon reflection, whose individual favor is confessedly not worth the having; for such men make up a greater part of the community, whose good opinion he strives to gain. Perhaps a very small fractional part of his fellow-men—qualified by education for

judges in literature—may pronounce a favorable judgement upon his writings; and their voice, echoed throughout the rest of society, becomes the voice of the public. How can he, upon serious reflection, satisfy himself that his fame is a reality or has any durable foundation, when he knows it to depend upon the approval of thousands, whose approval should be a reproach? “Is it reasonable,” says Montaigne, “that the life of a wise man should depend upon the judgement of fools?” And he cites the following from some old Latin author:—“Can any thing be more foolish than to think, that those you despise single, can be any other when joined together?” And we have the authority of Cicero—himself of all others the most ambitious of glory—for the opinion, that, “though a thing be not foul in itself, it cannot but become so when commended by the multitude.” None but a fool or madman would deck himself in a foul garment, merely because it looked beautiful at a distance.

The great folly of being an enthusiastic lover of glory lies in the vain hope of expecting to survive ourselves, and in letting the present moment fly from us, while the mind is intensely fixed upon the uncertain future, or, in the concise language of Pascal, “in never living, but always hoping to live.” The great evil lies in its tendency to make us over-anxious about the opinions of our fellow-men, to weaken our judgement, to destroy our firmness and intellectual vigor. The truly high-minded and worthy of esteem care not so much what they appear to be, as what they are. A proud consciousness of inward strength never fails to inspire a love for the loftiest exertions. The man who is stimulated to action only by a passion for glory, is no better than a fop, whose thoughts are wholly bent upon dress and outward appearances, that may attract the stare of the multitude. Montaigne showed the true spirit of a philosopher, when he said—“I care not so much what I am in the opinion of others, as what I am in my own. I would be rich of myself, and not by borrowing.” Indeed, it is the business of a life for one to learn, by observation and reflection, to form an opinion for himself, and when to distrust his own opinion. To be able to do this aright, should be the highest glory of him, who would feel conscious of a mighty power within. T. H.

LYING OVER.

Asks a friend of one living in clover,
 “Have you any thing over to day?”
 “I’ve a note,” he replies, “that lies over,
 Which I shall be glad, if you’ll pay.”

HIEROCLES IN BOSTON.

HUMAN LIFE.

There is a land beyond the sea—
 The cradle of the human race—
 Where, in the young world's infancy,
 Men talked with angels, face to face,
 And the same paths, which mortals trod,
 Were followed by the sons of God;
 And the same earthly paradise,
 Whose beauty charmed the souls of men,
 Was gazed upon by heavenly eyes,
 Who left their glory in the skies,
 To mingle with our fathers then.

So in the Infancy of man,
 His sinless soul is nearer heaven,
 Than when the dark, denouncing ban
 Of unrepented—unforgiven,
 And deeply cherished sin, has driven
 His spirit from its place of birth,
 To toil and suffer here on earth.

For Childhood is the Paradise—
 The very Eden of our life—
 And then, unseen by mortal eyes,
 The depths of the unbounded skies
 With heavenly visitants are rife,
 Who hover o'er us like the light
 Which lingers on a mountain height,
 —The sunset's parting ray—
 Bright ministers, sent down from heaven,
 To whom the blessed charge is given,
 To keep us on our way.

O! could the flush of Youth remain—
 The hope, that is the spirit's light—
 The joy that may not come again—
 The beauty that we seek in vain,
 When time has thrown its withering blight
 O'er all that we have loved on earth,
 Our fading gift of life were worth
 The wo, the agony, the tears,—
 All that we bear in all its fleeting years.

But this is worse than vain—the rushing stream,
 Which bears us onward to the shoreless sea,
 That through all coming ages is to be
 Our dwelling-place, is hurrying like a dream;
 And, as we go, Ambition, Love, and Hate,
 And all the woes, that on our nature wait,
 Invest the visions of our thoughtless youth
 In the plain garb of all-disclosing truth.

And first, Ambition—the deep curse,
 That with the sinning angels came
 To mar this glorious universe,
 And light the never dying flame,
 That in the world of wo had birth,
 Here on this once all happy earth—
 O! when it steals into the heart,
 How doth all human love depart!
 The splendor of a deathless name—
 The glory, and the power—
 These are the soul's perverted aim,
 The spirit's only dower;

Human Life.

For these the world will sacrifice
 The hope which God has given,
 Of an unending paradise
 In the bright world above the skies—
 The hope of life in heaven.

O! how unlike this thirst for fame,
 Is that undying, God-like flame
 Of deep, and self-devoting love,
 Which, like a spirit from above,
 Comes down to cheer us, as we go
 Through this strange world of joy and wo,—
 A gift from heaven—a blessed ray
 To light us on our lonely way.

But earth is not the home of Love ;
 —The canker blight of jealous hate,
 The false pride, that would soar above
 The limits of its destined fate—
 The low-born curse of Avarice—
 The Envy, that can find no pain
 Like seeing in another's bliss
 The joy it cannot gain ;—
 These throw a withering blight o'er all,
 That yet remains of heaven on earth ;
 These are the idols that enthral
 The soul of heavenly birth,
 The gods, before whose shrines we fall,
 As if their wretched gifts were worth
 The bitter shame—with bending knee—
 And craven soul, and stooping brow,
 In such a base idolatry
 Unblushingly to bow.

Strange that a spirit, whose proud flight,
 Might be beyond the mist, that shrouds
 Our mortal vision, should alight,
 From its high eyrie in the clouds,
 Without a single wish to rise
 To its bright home beyond the skies.
 O! comes there not to him, who clings,
 Like a strong bird with fettered wings,
 To the low joys of earth,
 A voice from mountain, sea, and sky,
 Bidding him seek his home on high,
 And prove his nobler birth?
 He heeds it not—the lust for gold—
 The quenchless thirst for power—
 The vileness, that cannot be told—
 The selfish meanness, deep and cold,
 That, in life's morning hour,
 His heart hath cherished, have turned back
 His spirit from its glorious track,
 And sent it down, far, far below
 The depth of infamy and wo,
 To which earth's vilest brute may go.

But Life may not remain. There steals
 A dimness o'er the flashing eye,
 And manhood, in its vigor feels,
 The chill, the languor, that reveals
 The bitter truth that we must die.

O Death! how terrible art thou,
 When o'er the youthful cheek and brow
 Thy paleness creeps! Yet we have seen

Earth's loveliest, fairest ones depart—
 While yet their pathway here was green,
 Ere grief had chilled the youthful heart—
 Calmly and gently, as if earth
 Had lost the charm, that bound them here,
 And all its joys were scarcely worth,
 To him, whose spirit claimed its birth
 In heaven, a single tear!
 We've seen the beautiful and gay
 Sink in a calm and slow decay;
 And though our love was strong as death,
 When the weak pulse and laboring breath
 Came gaspingly and slow,
 We've felt, that, to their home on high,
 With a calm voice and tearless eye,
 Our souls could bid them go.

The Dead! where are they? do they yet
 Linger around us as in life?
 Cannot the chainless soul forget
 The joy, the agony, the strife,
 That held the immortal spirit here,
 In the first hours of its career?
 O! sometimes, in our waking dreams,
 The spirits of the dead return;
 The eye with the same lustre beams,
 And life's inspiring fervor seems
 In the full soul to burn.
 We see them as they lived on earth;
 We see the joy, the grief, the mirth,
 Which made them gay, or sad;
 We feel the same warm love once more,
 The same deep fountain running o'er,
 Of pure affection, which before,
 In their first life, we had.

'T is past! the grave has closed above
 Those visions of the shrouded dead,
 Whose forms our never-dying love
 Brought from their narrow bed.
 Above their graves the wild winds sweep;
 Calm be the quiet of their sleep.

Youth, Manhood,—with their splendid dreams
 Of glory, wealth, and power,—
 Have vanished like the fading gleams
 Of sunlight, at the evening hour;
 And now the darkness and the gloom,
 The shade, that hovers o'er the tomb,
 Comes stealing slowly on—
 The brightness of the eye grows dim,
 The sunken cheek and trembling limb,
 With age are weak and wan:
 Yet even now there is a light
 For Life's departing day,
 Which makes Death's gloomy pathway bright,
 And cheers its dull decay;
 For to the good man's death-dimmed eye,
 A light breaks forth beyond the sky,
 That others cannot see,
 And in the splendor of its power,
 He bears the horrors of that hour—
 —Death's mortal agony!

PROFESSOR JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.

WHILE eloquence and mental philosophy, in almost every form, had reached a high degree of perfection, and poets had set examples for all coming ages, the healing art had made but slow progress in those branches of science, so important to the profession of medicine. Correct codes of laws had been formed, which had, in a good measure, settled the great doctrines of property and personal rights; some of the arts had nearly attained their perfection, nice discriminations had been suggested in morals, and sublime views of hope and faith in religion had been promulgated to the world, before Vesalius had turned his acute mind to an examination of the human frame; and the settlement of this country had commenced before Harvey had demonstrated the fact, that the blood circulated in the veins of man. From the earliest ages, human blood had been poured out like water in every battle, but no observer of nature had discovered that it had a regular tide through his own heart.

There were, it is true, physicians of antiquity, who performed wonders in the advancement of medical knowledge; but their names appear, in the distances of Time, like pyramids in the deserts, grand and imposing, but of little utility to the world. Many mighty minds, from Æsculapius to Galen, had been brought to bear upon physic and surgery, and ponderous tomes had been written on every branch of the healing art; but the age of inductive philosophy had not come, and nature had only been partially unveiled. The aphorisms, laid down by Hippocrates and others, have often been misunderstood, and their prescriptions misapplied. Whatever rays of medical science there were scattered through the world, they had not been concentrated, and but few efforts made to bring them to a focus, until a little more than a century ago, when the eclectic school of medicine was founded in Scotland, which was followed by others in London, France, and other places; yet, in justice it should be stated, that these philosophers of the "House of Wisdom" had lit their lamps in the medical school at Padua. In this university the Greek and Arabic works on medicine had been studied.

Much earlier than is generally imagined, the accounts of what was doing in the old world were promulgated in the new. Soon after the establishment of these medical schools in Europe many physicians of this country were desirous of drinking at their fountains. Those, who could not cross the Atlantic themselves, frequently sent their most promising pupils to drink inspiration from the pure waters, which were rolling from these springs. If a fortunate few only enjoyed these privileges, the number was sufficient to give a new impulse to the profession in this country. Even before the commencement of the revolution, Rush, Bard, Warren, and Hunter began to collect pupils, and diffuse medical instruction in their respective circles. The political struggle, if it suspended their individual efforts, for a while, increased the general knowledge in medicine and surgery throughout the country. After the peace of 1783, they renewed their efforts; the place of General Joseph Warren being supplied by his younger brother John Warren. Their paths were full of difficulties, but they were men of genius

and firmness of purpose, and would not yield to any obstacles thrown in their way. Before these pioneers in their profession were called to depart from the scenes of their labors, they saw others, better educated than themselves, filling the chairs of the schools they had founded. This first generation of professors had no ordinary share of fame, when they were living; and their pupils, who now wear their mantles, have, in gratitude and affection, taken no small share of pains to preserve materials for the biographies of their masters. These materials have greatly assisted the Nestor of their profession—the venerable Dr. Thacher—in making up his valuable volume of the lives of medical men who have been lights in their day, and deserve an ample page in our records.

No man of historical information will, for a moment, question the assertion, that there is as good a share of learning, acuteness, and perseverance, in the medical profession in the United States, as in any other walk of life. A noble rivalry has taken place among the medical professors, and youthful aspirants for distinction are every where found. This emulation not only abounds in the cities, and larger towns, but there is scarcely a village throughout the land, that does not contain a respectable practitioner of medicine, and often, in the same person, a good surgeon. Where quacks and charlatans once swarmed,—"creatures," to use the language of Hippocrates, "whom no law can reach and no ignominy disgrace,"—respectable physicians now administer to assuage the pains that flesh is heir to, and cure the maladies of the mind.

Prominent among those, who have labored hard for the benefit of mankind, and for the honor and advantage of the healing art, may be ranked Professor JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D. a practitioner of medicine in the city of New-York—his birth-place. He was born in the year 1789—that eventful period of our national history, when the constitution of the United States went into operation. His father, Melchiaz Francis, was a German from Nuremberg, and known in New-York as an enterprising, upright trader in groceries, possessing a very liberal and charitable spirit, whose career of usefulness was suddenly cut short by the yellow fever, which, in those days, often visited the city. The mother of Dr. Francis was born in Pennsylvania; her family, by the name of Sommer, were originally from Berne, Switzerland. Her children were young when her husband died; but she was left in circumstances sufficiently easy to give them a good elementary education, which opportunity, as a good mother, she improved. John was continued at an English school of no little reputation, under the charge of the Rev. George Strebeck; by particular arrangement he studied the Latin language then, for a while, but afterward pursued his classical studies under the instruction of the Rev. John Conroy, a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. By the aid of this excellent scholar he was enabled to enter Columbia College in an advance standing.

While Dr. Francis was an undergraduate, he was pursuing his medical studies with great zeal and success; this was effected by a capacity, an ardor, and perseverance, which have marked his whole course of life. He had not only mental energy, but a vigorous constitution, which sustained him in intense application in the acquisition of knowledge.

In 1807, he commenced his professional studies with David Hosack, M. D. who was then professor of *Materia Medica*, and Botany, in Columbia College, and among the most extensively engaged in the practice of physic and surgery in New-York. Under this distinguished preceptor, Dr. Francis had excellent opportunities of seeing practice. During his attendance on the lectures, he never absented himself from one of them, nor suffered one to pass without making notes or abstracts on the subject taught by the lecturer. Every moment of his time was engaged; he never looked to society around him for amusement or recreation,—finding both in the variety of the subjects under his consideration.

About this period, several laws for the greater improvement of medical science were enacted by the legislature of the state of New-York. County medical societies had been formed the year before, and promised to be auxiliary in promoting the cause of medical science. "The College of Physicians and Surgeons," under the regents of the university, was organized in 1807. From this institution, in 1811, Dr. Francis received the degree of M. D. This was the first commencement of that body, under the presidency of Dr. Samuel Bard. The inaugural thesis for that honor was a dissertation on *Mercury*, embracing its medical history, curative action, and abuse in certain diseases. It was a fine subject, and admirably handled. His researches were extensive, and many of his views were novel and profound. This hundred-armed giant, Mercury, in the *Materia Medica*, had never before found so discriminating an historian. This production gave him great fame at once, among his fellow-graduates, and the Faculty in general, both in this country and in Europe. It has been repeatedly noticed by different writers in various languages, and maintains its reputation at the present time.

Dr. Francis had been in practice a few months only, when his late preceptor proposed to him a copartnership in business. This proposition, from the high standing of his friend, was too flattering to be neglected. This connection lasted until 1820; from that period he has exercised his art on his own responsibility. No man ever reached the head of his profession until he had ventured to act solely for himself. The mind, to attain its utmost energy, must poise itself on its own strength and decision, and take all the consequences of action.

We have mentioned the establishment of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the city of New-York, under the regents of the university. From the organization of the institution, the chairs of every department were filled with men of distinction. Alterations were soon after made in the charter, and Dr. Francis was appointed, by the trustees, a lecturer in the Institute of Medicine and the *Materia Medica*. Shortly after this period, a union was effected between the Medical Faculty of Columbia College and the "College of Physicians and Surgeons," and Dr. Francis, in 1813, received from the regents the appointment of professor of *Materia Medica*. He delivered the first public course of instruction to a class of one hundred and twenty students, declining all compensation for his services. The consolidation of two schools of medicine into one, brought together so numerous a body of professors, that the price of education was necessarily enhanced to those, who wished to attend all the courses of instruction; but Dr. Francis

was not among those who sought for pecuniary rewards alone; the flattering manner, in which his conduct was estimated, was such a return as he desired for his exertions. About this time he published an *Historical Sketch of the College*.

Delighted at the prospect of this rising school, and fairly estimating the intellect of those engaged in building it up; impressed, at the same time, with the ample resources, that the city of New-York possesses, of supporting such an institution, he at once made up his mind to visit Europe, and to examine all that related to the subject so near his heart. The vision of a medical school, second to none on the American continent, that should, from its superior advantages, draw together the students from all parts of the country, was constantly in his mind.

While in London, he became a pupil of the illustrious Abernethy,—attended the lectures of Brand, at the Royal Institution, those of Pearson, of St. George's Hospital, &c. &c. Between Abernethy and Francis there sprung up a strong attachment. They possessed the same cast of mind, the same decision of character, the same openness and directness in uttering opinions, and the same scorn of dawdling ceremony and grave pretensions in the healing art. Such was Abernethy's regard for Francis, that he offered him a share of his business, which was then oppressively extensive.

The mention of an anecdote, which the American physician has often related, will show that the proud Englishman loved honest fame. Dr. Francis presented Abernethy with an American edition of his own writings, just published, as the former left his native shores. Abernethy had not anticipated such a testimonial of his professional merits from the United States. He seized the two volumes, cast his eye over them, and exclaimed, as he placed them on the mantle-piece of his study, "Stay here, John Abernethy, until I remove you. Egad! this from America."

From England, Dr. Francis went to Scotland, Ireland, France, and Holland. With an eager curiosity, he examined all that was rare and prominent in these countries. His letters gave him access to all the savans and literati, wherever he traveled. In Scotland he shared the liberality of the great professors, in their schools, which has been proverbially extended to all, who come to drink of the wells of knowledge, which they have, by their sagacity and industry, sunk to produce healing waters for the benefit of mankind. Here, too, he witnessed the early experiments of the philosophic Brewster, in his private study, on the polarization of light. In Dublin, he was received with true Irish cordiality. In France, he found the sweetest courtesy. With Denon, he viewed, in his cabinet, and in those institutions under his care, all that was magnificent in the arts. With such a guide, he could not mistake what was worthy of examination. Gall displayed to him the rich materials of his collection, on which he founded his system of Craniology. With Cuvier he noticed that which was more intimately connected with his own profession. Such a mind as Cuvier's, so full, so holy, so abounding in love to God and man, must have imparted a magnetic influence to the minds of others. Dr. Francis is warm in his admiration of those lights of knowledge he any where met in his travels. He went forth to learn, to gather up matters worth pre-

servicing ; and a mind so disciplined to receive information, treasures it with wonderful facility. The amount of a year's labor is almost incalculable. The mind, on such an adventure, plucks gems "of purest ray serene," with all the avidity of Aladin in the wizard's cavern, after securing the lamp of the genii in his bosom.

Dr. Francis was enamored with the learned men he met in different countries ; but his political affections were wedded to his own, and in the midst of his admiration of European learning, he was still a republican.

Upon his return, he brought out with him a curious and valuable library, collected with taste and judgement, which has ever since been open to those who are engaged in writing any thing to enlighten the public. When he reached New-York, he found that the chair of *Materia Medica* had been added to that of Chemistry ; but he was at once appointed by the regents to that of the Institutes of Medicine. In the year 1817, Dr. Francis filled the chair of Medical Jurisprudence, which had become vacant by the death of Dr. Stringhom, in connection with his other duties. In 1819, by reason of the resignation of a professor, another change became necessary ; the professorship of the Institutes of Medicine was added to that of Practice, and the regents appointed Dr. Francis Professor of Obstetrics, with his former branch, Medical Jurisprudence. These chairs he held until 1826, when he resigned, at the same time with Doctors Hosack, Mott, Macnevin, Mitchell, and others. The causes, which led to the course pursued by the professors of the Medical school, are not minutely within the writer's knowledge ; but whatever they may have been, the friends of medical science must have deplored the event. The regents, while they accepted the resignation of that old established Faculty, bear testimony to their able and faithful services, in the discharge of their duties.

It must be evident that the faithful discharge of duties in teachers, when the respective departments were so repeatedly changed, must have required the exercise of much labor and trouble. The professor had hardly engaged in one branch, with means to teach, before he was transferred to another. Nothing daunted with his task, while remembering the maxim of the Grecian philosopher,—“ the gods sell all things to industry,”—he put off or put on the harness of his chair, without any complaint, and in every department proved his merits by the number of his pupils, and by the satisfaction and gratification they constantly expressed in regard to their teacher. The school, with these professors, was second to none in merit in the United States, and inferior in numbers, only to that of Philadelphia, notwithstanding the singularly formed constitution of the college was, from its foundation, unfriendly to its proper development and advancement. The celebrity of the professors was such as to command students from every part of the Union ; and these, wherever scattered, have borne testimony to the talents, intelligence, and zeal of their instructors.

Soon after the resignation of the professors of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, they founded and organized chairs in Rutgers College. They erected a most convenient building for their purposes, and entered on their respective duties with spirit, and continued their exertions for four terms. A great number of pupils flocked to their

school; but there were such difficulties thrown in their way, by legislative enactments,—particularly in the revised statutes of the state,—that the Faculty gave up their school with a large number of students. Dr. Francis partook largely both in the labor and losses of this undertaking, and the latter was of no small amount.

In this institution, Dr. Francis was Professor of Obstetrics and Legal Medicine; and his success was very flattering. In amount of pupils, his classes were second only to those of Anatomy, which always commands the greatest number of pupils in every well-arranged Medical School. The close relationship, which exists between many parts of the physiological portion of a course of instruction on midwifery, with numerous topics discussed in forensic medicine, enabled the professor to enlarge, with practical advantage to his auditors. The professor had a rich museum, to illustrate his various and learned disquisitions. In Dr. Francis's edition of Denman's Midwifery, a large amount of facts and opinions on the obstetric art and medical jurisprudence, may be found. His history of the art, from the time of the ancients to that of the latest writers on the subject, has received the approbation of the most erudite and practical. He had devoted from four to six hours a day to private and public instruction, for many years, and at the same time had been engaged in the labors of practice. The number of students under his care, while he was connected with the institutions above named, was, probably, greater than that of any other profession in New-York. He now made up his mind to confine himself to practice alone, refusing to engage in private or public instruction.

Even an extensive practice and the duties of instruction did not absorb all the time he devoted to labor; for his pen had a share of his attention. Before he received his medical doctorate, while a student, he united with his preceptor, Dr. Hosack, and issued a prospectus for a new medical journal; it was called the "American Medical and Philosophical Register." The work was continued to four volumes. It was filled almost entirely with original materials, and contains a large amount of information on medical subjects. After the completion of the fourth volume, the editors assumed the responsibility of the work, and announced their names. This journal has been held in high consideration, and is often had recourse to, for matters of deep interest or curious inquiry.

Dr. Francis, in conjunction with the late Dr. Dykman and Dr. Beck, was for some time editor of the New-York Medical and Philosophical Journal, which they projected; he continued with them until the termination of the third volume. This work contains a number of his medical observations and records; it has ceased to exist.

Dr. Francis has written papers in many different medical and scientific journals, in the United States, on subjects connected with his profession; among the most prominent of these, and of a practical nature, are his observations on the Use of Vitriolic Emetics in Cramp, with details of cases, in which this novel remedy was effective, after the formation of the adventitious membrane lining the trachea; also, remarks on the Goitre, as it prevails in the western part of New-York, and elsewhere, drawn from his tour of observation in 1823; on Sanguinaria Canadensis; Cases of Morbid Anatomy; on Phlegmatid

dolens ; on Elaterium, and the Croton oil ; to which potent agents he was the first, in this country, who invited the attention of practitioners. He gained great credit for a paper on the successful treatment of cases in Ichthyosis. The last tractate which we have seen, from his pen, is one on the Mineral Waters of Avon, which he recommends as possessing valuable medical properties for several physical infirmities. His Letter on Febrile Contagion, dated in London, June, 1816, addressed to Dr. Hosack, contains the exposition of the views of certain British writers on the insusceptibility of the constitution to a second attack of yellow fever. This curious fact concerning the disease, which was pretty fairly demonstrated by various writers of Great-Britain and the West-Indies, received additional confirmation from the investigation, which this letter brought to light, by American physicians, who had observed the pestilence in different parts of the United States.

Dr. Francis was not only distinguished in the chair of Medical Jurisprudence, for collecting a mass of facts and arranging them in a clear and satisfactory manner, and for explaining them to the comprehension of his humblest pupils ; but for the promptness of his expositions when called upon in courts of criminal jurisdiction. During his whole professorship, and almost ever since, in every case, which involved a principle of medical jurisprudence, he was present ; seldom were his opinions controverted, and never overthrown. He was in attendance for the municipal authorities, in these courts ; but his integrity was above all bias, and it was seldom that the advocate of the accused summoned any other medical man.

In the opinion of the writer of this article, no branch of science, taught in our schools, requires more careful investigation, or greater acuteness and strength of mind, than that of medical jurisprudence. Comparative views and analogical reasonings, so often important in decisions of less responsibility, are of little service in juridical medicine. To obviate difficulties of this nature, Dr. Francis invariably availed himself of the information, which the morbid anatomy and pathological investigation of the case afforded.

There is not a middle-aged lawyer in the country, whose memory does not furnish him with cases of gross injustice done in criminal trials, by reason of defective medical jurisprudence. A sagacious advocate, thinking that he is justified, in favor of human life, to entangle the physician, if he can, bends all his strength to the object, and not unfrequently succeeds in throwing him into a state of confusion. In cases of supposed death by poison, the most contradictory opinions have been given by medical men on the stand. The doings of death are, indeed, singular, and it is difficult for the wisest physician, at all times, to decide upon the causes of a sudden and unexpected instance of the extinction of human life ; and how can a common observer among the Faculty, tell whether it was accident, violence, or the natural winding up of the machine so fearfully and wonderfully made, or from suicidal frenzy, that "*the silver cord of life was loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel at the cistern.*"

Long and deep reflection, with all the helps of science, can only reach an approximation to the exact truth, so many are the avenues to the courts of death. It is with pride, the friends of Dr. Francis re-

view his testimony given in difficult cases. His opinion was always clear and decided; for he always gave the subject a thorough examination.

His fondness for science has not led him to neglect polite literature. His biographical writings are quite extensive; not confined to those of his own profession,—but in that department they are more numerous than have come from the pen of any other physician in the country, if we except that of Dr. Thacher, of Massachusetts. These biographical notices are drawn with a free and manly hand, with great faithfulness and discrimination, and will hold a permanent place in the standard biographical works in our country. His sketch of the distinguished philosopher, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, with whom he was long associated in collegiate labors, is an honorable testimony to the memory of that remarkable man, whose genius and character will grow more luminous the longer his merits are contemplated.

The occasional addresses of Dr. Francis are written with taste and spirit, and evince, like his other writings, great research. His address to the New-York Horticultural Society is a specimen of his style and manner—flowing, sweet, and unaffected. The oration before the Literary Societies of Columbia College, in May, 1831, presents an intrepid and masterly outline of the life and services of that distinguished patriot, the late Chancellor Livingston. The venerable President Madison could not withhold a letter of approbation to the author, for the service he had done biography, by his interesting account of the revolutionary patriot.

Dr. Francis is a member of many societies, and a liberal friend to all; his intellect and purse are devoted to their prosperity, and some of them owe their continuance to his great exertions.

A liberal physician is taxed severely for the poor; his property is assessed for them the same as that of other men, and, in addition, his time and professional skill are at their service. In the latter visitations of the yellow fever, Dr. Francis was at his post, and in constant attendance on the sick. In 1832, while the cholera was raging in the city of New-York, and the citizens were flying into the country, and many physicians and divines with them; when one, at noon-day, might see a mile of Broadway without a person in it; or, if any vehicle was seen, it was a curtained bier, hiding the death-struck visage of some patient for the hospital;—if you, at such a time, crossed into narrow streets, you might see the subject of this sketch, and a few other humane physicians, with a moral bravery that far surpasses animal courage, entering into the abodes of cholera, to extend the power of the healing art, and to combat Death in the most furious form in which he ever strode the earth. And, for the honor of human nature, it should be known that, in their wake, and directed to the same abodes of anguish, holy men were seen, carrying the consolations of religion to the dying;—a Schroeder, a Wainwright, a Powers, and a few other kindred spirits, when half their brethren had fled from the contagion, were as constantly exposed as the physicians themselves. During the period of ten weeks, Dr. Francis had hardly an hour's respite, day or night, so incessant were the calls for his professional services. The history of that period should be written, and credit given to those who deserve it. Nearly four thousand fell vic-

tims to the pestilence. In the midst of these labors, Dr. Francis took notes of the most prominent cases of the cholera, and gave his observations to the press, which have spread far and wide, and formed a guide for that part of the Faculty who had not been conversant with the disease. The authorities at Havana, when the cholera was there, had the work translated into the Spanish language, and widely distributed throughout the island of Cuba.

Dr. Francis is an honorable practitioner; he has no petty disputes with his professional brethren. He gives his views of a case with openness and candor, but avoids all collision, by leaving the field to those who are pertinacious in a difference of opinion. He indulges in no envious feelings at the success of others, and takes no airs at his own. Free to advise, he is surrounded by the junior members of the Faculty, who consult him when any difficulty is found in the course of their practice. He unites courtesy to independence, and flexibility to determination. Mature in judgement, firm in health, and accustomed to incessant labor, he finds a field sufficiently large for vigorous action and liberal inquiry;—that he may long live to cultivate it, is the earnest wish of all who know him. S. L. K.

THE TAILOR'S SONG.

THE story from time immemorial ran,
 "Nine tailors together would make but one man;"
 But quickly I'll prove, that, as clear as the sun,
 A tailor is equal to nine men in one.

Derry Down.

As a Cook, he has ever on hand a *hot goose*;
 As a Player, his *bare bodkin*'s ever in use;
 No Caulker more careful his *seams* closes round;
 No Sailor more constant *on board* can be found.

Derry Down.

Like a Gardener a plenty of *cabbage* contents;
 Like a Landlord, he anxiously hunts up his *rents*;
 An Economist true his example may quote,—
 According to *cloth* he still cuts out his *coat*.

Derry Down.

What Lawyer so many *suits* handles, as he?
 Or what one more dextrously swells up a *fee*?
 What Parson stands by you, a more constant friend,
 Good habits to form, or bad habits to mend?

Derry Down.

And thus you will find are combined, in a tailor,
 A cook and a player, a caulker and sailor,
 A gardener and landlord, to carry the farce on,
 And last, the economist, lawyer, and parson.

Derry Down.

If the tailor's a *dandy* in dress and in shape,
 He's equal, you'll own, to *nine men* and an *ape*:
 If all this be true, some rich tailor will show it,
 By sending a full suit of clothes to the poet.

Derry Down.

VENICE.

WHEN Attila advanced upon the Roman cities, he verified his fearful threat, "that where his horse once trod, the grass never grew." To resist was destruction, and to submit was little better. The only safety was in flight. The inhabitants of Padua and other cities, as the "Sword of God" advanced, abandoned their hearths and retired to spots difficult of access and without allurements to rapine. The numerous rivers, that discharge themselves from the northwestern coast of the gulf, have deposited sand that forms numerous but small islands, embanked against the open sea, by long and narrow slips, which are so many natural breakwaters. Towards the land there are other protections; for, except in channels made by rivers, or in artificial canals, the *Lagune* is not navigable but for the lightest skiffs. The entrances of the outward barrier are few; and within, the navigation is most intricate and difficult.

Rialto, the chief of the islands, had long served as the port to Padua, and it had a few buildings; the disadvantages of its situation was its greatest recommendation to the exiles. *Rivo alto*, (deep stream,) had been abbreviated into Rialto. Here was commenced a city, which the settlers called the "Port of the deserted city," and which was afterwards named *Venice*.

There is a tradition, that the earliest buildings were reared on the spot now occupied by the church of St. Mark; and they were commenced, says an old writer, on the twenty-fifth of March, the day on which, as the historian discovered, Adam was created. Justiniani has an astrological scheme of their foundations, calculated to the hour of noon, on the 25th of March, A. D. 421, and he affirms that the horoscope was most auspicious.

The only employment of the inhabitants was fishing and making salt; but their commonwealth gained in strength and numbers, so that the magistracy, which was at first exercised by Tribunes, was committed to a single hand, called *Doge*, or duke, whose dignity was for life.

In the year 827, Venice became possessed of the relics of that saint, which is the patron of the city. They were obtained by a pious stratagem, in Alexandria, or by adroitly substituting the remains of a female saint, Claudia. The treasure was smuggled on board in a basket, covered with pork, an abomination to all Osmanlis. During the voyage the ship would have been lost but for the saint, who had nautical skill enough to direct the management of the sails. Venice received the relics with exultation; and, in after times, her shout, whether of joy, sedition, or battle, was *Viva San Marco*. The relics of the saint were intrusted to officers specially appointed, and the receptacle which they provided for them in the church was known only to themselves and the doge. It was an undivulged secret.—So early was a mystery esteemed by the rulers of Venice. Mark is on her coin and her flag, together with a winged lion, having an open book under his paws, in which is inscribed *Pax tibi Marco, Evangelista meus*.

When the Crusades came, to demand half of Europe, the Venitians engaged in them rather with commercial than religious views. The

state had already become rich by commerce with the east, and was unwilling to make war upon her best customers, without some greater advantage.

She did not immediately ally herself with the crusading states; and when she did, it did not dissolve the closer connection which before existed between her and her own interest.

A Venitian and a Pisan fleet, allies, and bound against the infidels, had a battle off San Nicolo, and the Pisans lost twenty galleys and five thousand men. The occasion was that fruitful mother of broils—a division of spoils. Both fleets had amicably united to rob the Caloyers of the bones of Saint Nicholas, after they had failed to get the same by a satisfactory bargain. The Pisans claimed half the relics, and the Venitians, following up their principle of acquisition, and being, moreover, the strongest, refused to part with a little finger. These fleets, it must be remembered, were on their way to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from unbelievers.

The Greek emperors had little love for the crusaders, whom they feared as much as they did the infidels, and war sprung up between them. When money was wanted in Venice, to carry on the war against the execrated Greeks, the doge had recourse to a forced loan, and the contributors were made creditors at the interest of four per cent.—a rate far below the standard of that age, or, it may be at present said, of this. These creditors were afterwards incorporated into a company for the management of their joint concerns; and this was the basis of the Bank of Venice, and of all banks that now are so familiar in our daily conversation. This was the first instance, too, of a permanent national debt, which has been so happily followed by Great-Britain to the amount of eight hundred millions of pounds. But so ancient a model must needs be much improved.

In 1177, a great victory, achieved by the Venitians in a few vessels, over the combined fleets of Pisa, Genoa, and Ancona, as allies in a war with the emperor, was the occasion of a solemn annual ceremony, that endured to the end of the republic. As the Admiral touched the land, the Pope met him and gave him a ring. "Take this," said he, "and with it take, on my authority, the sea, as your subject. Every year, on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity, that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." Of this grant the Venitians were most tenacious; and, though the Adriatic is now "spouseless," for more than six centuries these nuptials were annually renewed.

This victory, and a defeat on land, so humbled the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, that he was willing to receive peace on any conditions, and he solicited that he might ratify it in Venice. He was received at the Piazzetta by the doge and his train, and conducted to the church of St. Mark, where the Pope Alexander III. awaited him, in tranquil severity, and more like a victorious gladiator than a Christian Pontiff. The emperor, as he drew near, uncovered his head, cast off his purple mantle, and, prostrating himself, crept forward that he might kiss the holy father's feet. But Alexander, like most other men, was not of a temperament to forget the injuries of twenty years. He placed his foot upon the neck of his prostrate foe, and repeated

the words of the Psalm, "Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet." "It is not to *you*, it is to St. Peter," murmured the indignant prince. "It is both to *me* and to St. Peter," answered the Pontiff, giving him another kick. A square red stone, in St. Mark's, indicates the spot of this singular reconciliation.

About the year 1200, on the occasion of the fourth crusade, the Venitians agreed to transport the army of the crusaders, at a stipulated price. On this memorable occasion, the fleet and army turned from their original purpose, and, against great odds and greater probabilities, took Constantinople. Dandolo, the doge, old and blind as he was, was the hero of this romance. In this campaign, the Venitians replenished their stock of relics; having obtained, by their usual process, a portion of the lance that pierced the Savior, a portion of the cross, an arm of St. Gregory, a part of the head of John the Baptist, a phial of the Savior's blood, which had flowed miraculously from a statue, which the Jews pierced at Berytus, a fragment of the pillar at which he was scourged, a nail from the cross, and a thorn from the crown of thorns.

The plunder of Constantinople was immense; there was no end to the treasures. But, alas, it was the perishable dross that was sought and prized;—the victors cared nothing for the preservation of books, that contained the literature of antiquity, and that never can be replaced; for statues, obelisks, and bronzes, prizes from Greece, Rome, and Egypt, and which had rendered the city the wonder of nations. The bones of saints and confessors were sent as precious relics to distant countries; but no one prized the matchless forms, shaped by the best sculptors of ancient Greece.

The Venitians alone carried away a work of art,—the four horses of bronze gilt, which crown the porch of St. Mark. They are not the best specimens of the art, but they are spirited and their possession has always been coveted. Octavius, after the battle of Actium, brought them from Egypt to Rome, and placed them on a triumphal arch; and they were successively removed, by Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine, to arches of their own; and the latter emperor afterwards carried them to his new capital. Napoleon carried them to Paris, and, in 1815, they were restored to Venice, in a vessel, of which the commander was a descendant of the great Dandolo.

The spoil was divided equitably; a fourth part was reserved for the future emperor, and the rest was shared between the French and Venitians. The Venitians, like good merchants, had previously offered to farm the whole, and were willing to guarantee to each footman one hundred marks, twice that sum to each horseman, and four times as much to every knight.

The Venitians received a great accession of territory in the East, and Dandolo was permitted to tinge his buskins with the imperial purple, and to annex to his former title, "Despot of Romania and Lord of one-fourth and one-eighth of the Roman Empire." He died at the age of ninety-eight, and was interred in Santa Sophia.

After his demise, some new institutions were founded at Venice, one of which was three *inquisitori del doge defunto*. Their duty was

to compare the acts of a dead prince, with his oath of office; to inquire into charges against him; and they were empowered to condemn his heirs to make restitution.

The second Baldwin, emperor of Constantinople, was the poorest of emperors. He was obliged to raise money upon an assignment of his son Philip to some burghers, who afterwards transferred him to some Venitian Shylocks. To other usurers in Venice, the indigent emperor entrusted a deposite, then deemed beyond all price, and on which they advanced money equal to seven thousand pounds. This was no less than what was believed to be the genuine crown of thorns. The pledge became forfeited, and Louis of France was happy to redeem it, and place it in a shrine especially erected for it.

In 1261, some changes were made in the manner of electing the doge, which had been, heretofore, done by forty-one electors. It was now an election, combined of chance and free choice. Thirty members were balloted for by the grand council; these were reduced by ballot to nine, who named forty provisional electors; ballot reduced them to twelve, the first of whom named three, and each of the others two electors. These twenty-five were reduced by ballot to nine, each of which chose five electors; and these forty-five were diminished by ballot to eleven, who named the forty-one definite electors.

As the Italians turn every thing into rhyme, this process was versified, and in English reads thus, though the proportions are changed:—

“ From the council's nomination,
Thirty meet,—nine keep their station :
Forty next by these are chosen,
Who, by lot, become a dozen ;
Five-and-twenty then combine,
To produce another nine :
Hence are five-and-forty given,
Which, diminished to eleven,
Are by forty-one succeeded—
Of whose final votes are needed
Five-and-twenty, to create
The presiding magistrate.
The Serene, by whom elected
Thus, our statutes are protected.”

The electors were watched more closely than our jurymen: they were shut up, but magnificently entertained at the public expense. Lest any individual partiality should appear, whatever one called for was furnished to all. One asked for a rosary, and forty-one rosaries were brought; another, *Æsop's Fables*, and the booksellers' shops were searched for forty-one copies.

About the beginning of the thirteenth century, Gradenigo, the doge, obtained a decree, which was the foundation of the future oligarchy. Hitherto, the distinction had not been great between plebeians and patricians. The want of land kept Venice aloof from the lordships and vassalages of the feudal system, and her origia had been friendly to the preservation of equality.

The great council claimed the right of naming the twelve electors, by which itself was to be renewed, so that, in point of fact, it re-elected itself, and was afterwards declared permanent and hereditary. The pride of birth, however, was discouraged, lest it should lead to disunion

among the nobility; and great severity of punishment awaited those, who disparaged others by boasting of superior antiquity. The spies, of which there were regiments, were ordered to report all expressions of this tendency. For the first offence there was imprisonment in the dungeons, from which few returned; for the second, the babler was secretly drowned.

The populace, having lost all power, were amused with a semblance of equality. The fishermen had an annual privilege of embracing and kissing the doge.

Early in the fourteenth century, a conspiracy was discovered by the doge, on the eve of its execution, and a commission of vigilance was therefore instituted, with entire sovereignty and freedom from appeal. These *ten* magistrates (*I Dieci*) were soon declared to be permanent. They sentenced and punished according to reasons of state. The accused was never confronted with the accuser or witnesses—trial, condemnation, and punishment, all were secret. This institution controlled every branch of the government; and, though hated and feared, it held its powers for five centuries. Existence may be purchased too dearly: that of Venice, for so long a period, was owing to the execrable and formidable Council of Ten. The doge, who, from his station, bore the odium of tyranny, was, in fact, its victim; yet he was not permitted to decline this splendid slavery. Virtues and talents were not the qualities most desired in a doge. In 1392, the choice fell upon a miser, Morosini, instead of the hero, Carlo Zeno, who had saved the republic.

As if there needed more inventions for oppression, there was created another portentous tribunal, composed of three inquisitors of state, which had all the power of the Ten; that is, all power whatever. They were limited only by their own wills. They held the keys of the dungeons and of the treasury. Of a tribunal, whose chief elements were mystery and terror, little was known; but their statutes, now exposed to the public eye, comprehend more systematic, undisguised perfidiousness and wickedness, than any other human system.

This code, which was only in manuscript, was deposited in a box, of which each of the Three by turns held the key. In the outset it declared, that every process of the tribunal was forever to be secret,—that no inquisitor should disclose his office. When the accused was acquitted, (a rare occurrence,) he learned his good fortune only when the jailor thrust him out, with "What are you doing here? out with you." There were spies among every class of citizens, and their sense of honor was attended to in the provisions of the code. Should they be taunted with being spies, their accuser was tortured till he revealed whence he had obtained his dangerous knowledge. Four of these agents, unknown to each other, watched every foreign ambassador, under very precise rules. Intrigue was a science, and the stiletto a common political means. Spies even were allowed to murder, that they might claim refuge with a foreigner without suspicion.

Any nobleman, in the service of a foreign court, was to be assassinated, after two months declining to go home after recall. Any nobleman, speaking in the senate, who should touch upon prejudicial matters, was to be interrupted by one of the Ten: if the orator proceeded, he was to be arrested at the close of the sitting; and if he

could not be directly convicted, put to death privately. Where such restraints existed upon freedom of public debate, there could be little safety in private conversation. A noble, who had been twice admonished of indiscretion in speech, was, for the third instance, debarred from the public streets or councils for two years; if, after this, he became not more tractable, but "returned to his vomit," as the original has it, he was drowned, as incorrigible. A voter, who dropped into the ballot-box more than one ball, was liable to be thrown from the window,—a provision that might be copied in some modern republics.

The close of the fifteenth century was the epoch of the loftiest elevation of Venice. From her oriental maritime stations, she disposed of the merchandize of the world. In Italy, she held Ravenna, Trevisano, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Crema, Brescia, and Bergamo. Friuli connected her with Istria; Zara, Spoleto, and the Dalmatic islands, with Albania; Zante and Corfu continued the chain to Greece; and the Morea, and many islands in the Archipelago, supplied the remaining links with Candia and Cyprus. In a few years, a league was made, which deprived the republic of all its continental possessions; but, like august Rome, when she was most depressed, she rose with renewed strength and spirit. She had few cordial allies; all states hated her. The French ambassador at the emperor's court, expressed the general fear and hatred in a speech, that would serve as a model for invective against a national bank. "These Venitians, these crafty and malignant foxes, these proud and furious lions, have entertained the design of subjugating Italy first, and the Roman empire afterward. These brides of Neptune, or husbands of Thetis, espouse the sea by a ring, a folly unheard of, but worthily adopted by these insatiate whales, these infamous corsairs, these pitiless cyclops and polyphemi, who are devoted to Mahomet, wicked harpies, venomous aspics, sanguinary tigers, *louis garoux*, mischievous goblins, who raise storms at sea, and destroy crops," &c. &c.

The decline of Venice was the new channel of commerce opened by Gama to the East. Cadiz and Lisbon rose upon her decay. At the battle of Lepanto, and in Candia, she was all her former self; but it was an expiring blaze of glory. Her gradual decline we may not trace. She is now almost a shadow—she is dying, but beautiful in death. A vampyre is sucking her best blood, and there is for her no restoration. Commerce, that made her, can never return to the shallow Lagune.

These indistinct traces of what she has been, are abridged from a recent publication: what she is, the writer will attempt to depict, from his own observation, in some other number.

NATIONAL POSTURES.

It is a general and well-founded opinion, that the character, temper, and ruling propensities of man, may be discerned by the tones, the pitch, and compass of the voice. An old English writer undertakes to prescribe musical rules, by which this matter may be tested scientifically. He writes as follows:—"Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice, that, in ordinary discourse, *words* were spoken in perfect *notes*; and that some of the company used *eighths*, some *fifths*, some *thirds*; and that his discourse, which was most pleasing, his *words*, as to their tone, consisted most of *concord*s, and were of *discord*s of such as made up harmony. The same person was the most affable, pleasant, and best-natured in the company." Our author then proceeds to say,—"*Cfa ut* may show me to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition. *G sol re ut*, to be peevish and effeminate. *Flats*, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who hath a voice, which will in some measure agree with all cliffs, to be of good parts, and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the *TIMES*: so *semi-briefs* may speak a temper dull and phlegmatic: *minims*, grave and serious: *crotchets*, a prompt wit: *quavers*, vehemency of passion, and scolds use them. *Semi-brief-rest*, may denote one either stupid or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; *minim-rest*, one that deliberates; *crotchet-rest*, one in a passion." Who, that has ever suffered his soul to bathe in glorious visions, as the rich and mellow voice of the young and beautiful died upon his ear, and been startled from that trance by the "crackling thorns" of some good old duenna's shrill trumpet, will not become a convert to this philosophy?

In every traveler's note-book, from the Exodus of the Israelites, to the Sketches of "the Shanscrit Fidler," we may find occasional notices of peculiar National Postures; but, we believe, that, as yet, no author has attempted the reduction of these facts to a system; a system, which should show that every people, and every class of people, has its own distinctive bodily posture, and that each of these physical positions has an allegorical origin and meaning. Without attempting this in full, we merely design to prove, that there is foundation for such a *position*, in the strong hope that some future Chidioc Titchbourne may arise to frame such a work, for the enlightenment of this our land,—

"So green and fresh in an old world."

And if, by chance, such a writer, in his investigations, should discover, upon the surface of the globe, a nation

"Deformed, unfinished, sent before its time,
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,"—

let not that people murmur, but reform.

Every bodily posture expresses some mental emotion. The actual universality of this proposition is capable of rigid demonstration. Who will undertake to draw the dividing line between those positions of the body, expressive of a state of mind, and those which are not? But there may be a difference where we can make no distinction; FOR,

says Coleridge, "it is a dull and obtuse mind, that must divide in order to distinguish; but it is a still worse, that distinguishes in order to divide!" This is undoubtedly true, in general; and, therefore, wishing to avoid all sophistry, we introduce the above query, not as argument, but as illustration.

Our assertion is, that every posture of the body expresses some intellectual emotion. Now the body is in itself inert, the instrument of the mind; it, therefore, can assume no position, but under the direction of the soul; the soul directs through the will; the will is guided by the prevailing bias of the mind; the soul will, therefore, cause the body to assume a position, corresponding to its own state. If the bodily position be not expressive of the mental state, it must either assume such a position, independently of the soul, or, in opposition to its guidance; both of which suppositions are seen, by the above postulates, to be impossible. The emotions are nothing but the manifestations of the state of mind; therefore, every bodily posture is expressive of the prevailing emotion of the mind.

It was remarked by Burke, that, when the features of his face had assumed a position in accordance with any passion of the mind, he found it impossible, even by strong exertion, to retain that expression, upon the entrance of a different passion into the soul.

The famous Campanella has also observed, that, if he came in contact with an individual, whose features had assumed a peculiar conformation, in order to discover the ruling emotion of that man, he had only to throw his own face into the same position, and immediately the corresponding state of mind was excited.

If, then, this theory be correct, it follows, that if we can discover the National Postures of any people, not only their outward habits are determined, but their character, their susceptibilities, and their intellectual strength. We will now bring forward occasional facts, in proof and illustration of our doctrine;—and

"Excerpta, si non inveniam, faciam." Lord Bacon.

For, if the theory be fact, it should be established, even at the expense of minor truths; for, in what nobler cause could Truth desire to suffer, than in the defence of Truth? "What is the character of a family to an hypothesis? my father would reply. Nay, if you come to that, what is the life of a family? The life of a family! my uncle Toby would say, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg. Yes, the life—my father would say, maintaining his point."

The authority of Sterne would surely convince any reflecting person of the truth of a paradox.

In picturing to our minds the lordly, slavish Turk, we see him by day reclining his body upon the luxurious ottoman, his foot slightly pressing the delicate and richly-embroidered cushion, while the misty vapor of the orange-water mingles with the curling smoke of the highly scented weed, enveloping him in its murky atmosphere; and the night is distinguishable from the day, only by the greater intensity of his narcotic dreams.

"Sedet, aeternumque sedebit."

So does his soul recline upon the Houris and the "divine hookah;"—by day, his mind is in a sleepy dream,—by night, in a dreamy sleep. What could be more illustrative of the character of the Turks, as individuals, and of their condition, as a people? As men—as men, endowed with souls, like the Giaour, "they ask no Paradise, but rest;" as members of society, they have no character; and as subjects, they are but the cushioned, yielding ottoman, for their lords, temporal and spiritual, to lean upon.

"And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either passed in doing nothing,
Or, bathing, nursing, making love and clothing." *Lord Byron.*

The modern Greeks *dance*.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins *dance* beneath the shade."

The Greek *crouches*;—for years, he had crouched beneath the Moslem; and *now*, he bows before a foreign domination.

"Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, *crouching* slave,
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?"

Dancing and crouching are but allegorical representations of Grecian character and Grecian history. For a thousand years, has that nation been engaged in dancing ONE, GREAT, HISTORICAL COTILLON. They commenced the dance with bowing to their Roman partners, till those partners enslaved them; and it has since been nothing but retreat and advance, till, finally, after talking of liberty, one sixth part of the world's existence, the dance has ended, with another closing bow. While others prate of the "*march* of mind," surely the Greek should sing of nothing but the dance of mind.

You have traveled over sunny Italy, and you have breathed her air of balm;—when the meridian heat made the breath come short and smothered, you have sought refuge in her cool grotts, or, perhaps, have penetrated the artificial caverns of her temples,—and, when moonlight hallowed the scene, you stood in the Coliseum, and shouted—No! who could *shout* in such a place, in such an hour? I would as soon shout in my father's sepulchre! You thought of the past,—you *whispered* the names of the great dead, and you looked about you for their sons. Mark that Italian, as he saunters forth from out that ruined gate of Rome,—he has come forth to meditate amidst these noble monuments. To *meditate*! He lies down in the shadow of that marble pillar, and he leans his head upon her fallen capital—to sleep! That man is an *Italian*,—he is no Roman!—he came out from Rome, but he is not of her! Would a Roman have lain down to sleep *there*? I once saw a party of Frenchmen *dancing* by moonlight in the Coliseum. This was not strange, for—they were Frenchmen. The Italian sleeps in the shadow of that temple, and he prefers the shade, for he can sleep the more soundly. So does his soul sleep amid the moral darkness of his country, and he would have no sun shine there, lest it break his slumber. His every bodily motion,—if he move at all,—is an affecting allegory of his soulless state. There is not impetus enough left within, to rouse his enervated body, and he

lies down to sleep in that Coliseum. A *Roman* would sooner have slept the sleep of death!

“Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even Nature's self abhorrent;
Let each breathing heart, dilated,
Turn, as doth the lion-hearted;
Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome.”

Hic jacet is written upon every column of the seven-hilled city,—and *hic jacet* should be inscribed upon the brow of every dozing Italian sleeping amidst them. And yet,—

“Their's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath.”

The Spaniard's posture is but a premature epitome of his own grave-stone. He stands—fixed, upright, motionless.

“He walks, an object new beneath the sun,
So stiff, so mute! Some statue, you would swear,
Stepped from its pedestal to take the air.” *Pope*.

So does his nation stand in the annals of Time,—proud of the past, but making no advance. The Spaniard has but one position of body, and his character is a unit. That oneness is his pride.

“So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fixed statue on the pedestal of scorn.”

Shylock gazes on the earth, from whence he was taken. It is an humble posture; but mark that Jew more closely; ever and anon he throws a proud look upward, and for a moment, his looks are on the East, and his stern heart swells, and his veins dilate almost to bursting, and his eye burns, and his flesh quivers, and he anticipates a Deliverer yet to come! It is the *same* face, that, in olden days, gazed upon the glorious Temple of Jerusalem. The nations of the earth are now to him as *Gentiles*. But the star rises not in that eastern horizon, and his prone head sinks again, and the swarthy calmness of the Israelitish face again settles upon his countenance.

Traffic with a Jew,—every movement of his body is slow and cautious,—you receive his purse, and he follows it with his small, black, twinkling eye, as though he hoped yet again to recover it from your grasp. So did his ancestors traffic away their inheritance,—but the sons of Jacob yet look wistfully for their patrimony, hoping against hope, that it may yet be bought again.

Hail! land of possible impossibilities! How standest thou? or, rather, Mein Herr, how *sittest* thou? The German! that immaterial materiality!

“He 'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse,
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl.” *Hudibras*.

The German *sits*, and smokes, and puts his hand to his mouth, and—puts it down again. As it curls and plays about his head, he watches the ascending smoke, “borne from a short, frail pipe,” and he imagines it to be the clouds of heaven settling upon his pate, and crowning him with empyrean glory. This is German character. He

sits in the chair of philosophy, and imagines himself to be soaring away among the farther and inner expanse of metaphysical cloudland,—when, in reality, he is circling in the narrow sphere of his own self-raised mysticism, beclouded, in more senses than one, by its dim, ghost-like presence. He is indebted for all his immateriality, to that material pipe,—for all his spirituality, to that *sensuous* smoke. In short, his posture shows him to be “a psychological materialism,” “a personality of man, subsisting only under the condition of his being the same body,”—“the cosmological, the existence of the world being owing to other circumstances, than to that of its being in space.” Vide Kant, with Fichte’s EXPLANATIONS.

The posture of the Frenchman, in the beautiful and novel phrase of a distinguished writer, “may be more easily imagined than described.” He *dances*,—“as every body knows,”—he *bows* and *scrapes*.

“But hark! the chiming clock to dinner call,
A hundred Frenchmen *scrape* the marble hall.” *Pope—altered.*

His most abiding attitude, is that of a man, about commencing a profound bow,—or, rather, that of a man, who, from a constant habit of such expectation, has attained a most ungraceful wrench in the neck. A Frenchman is always round-shouldered,—like a man suddenly frozen, in the midst of a salam projectile. It is an exemplification of his history,—he always lives in a sort of paulo-post-futurity,—for centuries he has been *getting ready* for freedom; but a *wrench in the neck* is all that has resulted from his exertions; and now, he can neither throw back his head to its pristine state of monarchical independence, nor can he bend it down to the attitude of proud humility, which belongs to democratic docility.

We leave the country of milliners and revolutionists, and track our way to the good old Presbyterian land of Caledonia. Scotchmen *walk arm in arm*—

“But here’s the Scotchman, that will plague them both,
Whose air cries *Arm!* whose very look’s an oath:
The Scotchman’s honest, sirs, and that’s enough,
Though his soul’s bullet, and his body buff.” *Pope.*

This walking posture is but the development of his clannish character; touch one point of the national thistle, and the surrounding fibres close around your hand, to sting you for the reward of your intruding touch. The elevation of a Scotchman’s eye-brow, and the frequent casting up of his eye to heaven, show the peasant reader of Hume, and Adam Smith, and Stewart, and Brown, and John Knox, and Duns Scotus. As their own great poet has said,

“Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye’re wise;
I see ye upward cast your eyes,—
—Ye ken the road.”

If in the land of Phillips, and Cobbett, and O’Connell, and Sheil, we could find no distinctive and striking national posture, we would reject our theory, and set out in chase of some other, equally plausible, and more easily proved. A waking Irishman is always talking. “Be *he* man, woman, or child,”—be he “an Irishman from England or Scotland,” his tongue never faileth. If then we would discover his national posture, we must catch him at speech-making,—an easy task. Cased

"in the rhinoceros skin of impudence," he stands, firm and erect, as though he had been planted in the earth, and taken root there. His right arm and his left—like the pump-nose and pump-handle—are both in use; the one, horizontally extended, pouring forth a stream of eloquent action,—the other, with clenched fist and stiff, partially protruded from the body, is seen playing occasionally in mid-air, as the fountain of oratory sinks low, or knocking in the head the poor, luckless bystander, who refuses to be saturated with the streaming eloquence. An Irishman is not only all talk, but all attitude. Judy O'Flanagan scolds, little Patrick prates, and the Hon. Mr. O'Cobsheil spouts, in the same expressive posture. But we have one consolation here, that we cannot always find in the case of their neighbors,—

"They stare not on the stars, from out the attics,
Nor deal (thank Pat for that) in Mathematics."

The posture of the Englishman is too well known to need an elaborate description.

"Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and looked six inches higher;
Erect, morose, determined, solemn, slow—
Who knew the man, could never cease to know." *Crabbe*.

Incedit Anglus. Incedit Dominus. In foggy weather—that is, nine tenths of the time—as said the venerable old Falstaff, "he doth walk before you like a sow, that hath lost all her litter at once." If the sun chance to shine upon London, he struts forth to comment upon the excellence of the climate, and invidiously to compare it with the clear sky of Italy. So it is with him in political life,—if his misty precedent-loving government deigns, for one brief moment, to shine upon him, he stalks abroad, in all the pride of freedom, to bless his sunny, and most gracious king,—

"Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porter crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone." *Shakspeare*.

We are, at length, at home. O Posture! here thou dost outdo thyself! In complication of positions, in graceful awkwardness of body, in awkward gracefulness of carriage, in genuflexions, that the meanest Catholic saint would disdain to acknowledge,—who can compete with the American?—

"He spits foreright; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's handdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the timid woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse."

The Yankee has not, like other nations, *one* distinctive posture. He sits—after a sort;—he stands—but never stands still;—he walks—"setting endeavor in continual motion;"—he runs, he ambles, he trots, he scuds, he wriggles, he hitches, and he *sommambulates*. If he sit, his

chair is thrown directly backward ; his *left* is brought to bear upon one leg of his stool—generally the north-east limb—his head is thrown backward, and, with one eye open to watch for a bargain, he goes to sleep. The “hinge joint” of his neck is said by anatomists to be wanting ; he consequently never bows ; but the socket joint is confined by no ligament, and, of course, his head

“ In speedy revolution, on its pivot, still revolves.”

Skybosius. Canto X.

The allegorical meaning of all these flourishes and postures needs not to be described.

The National Postures of the Abyssinians, the Laplanders, the Zealanders, the Esquimaux, and the Caffrarians, would afford instructive information in respect to the intellectual state. We can only, in the present connection, refer to the interesting travels of Father Lobo, in Abyssinia—a Portuguese Missionary of the Romish church—as descriptive of a race,

“ Who *crawl* from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondmen of a slave.”

Father Lobo writes thus :—“ It was necessary to consult their Lobo, or king. I found him in a straw hut, something larger than those of his subjects, surrounded by his courtiers, who had each a stick in his hand, which is longer or shorter, according to the quality of the person admitted to the king’s presence. The ceremony made use of at the reception of a stranger is somewhat unusual ; as soon as he enters, all the courtiers strike him with their cudgels till he goes back to the door ; the amity then subsisting between us did not secure me from this uncouth reception, which they told me, upon my demanding the reason of it, was to show those whom they treated with, that they were the bravest people in the world, and that all other nations ought to bow down before them.”

The mode of salutation among various nations, is, in every case, perfectly expressive of their character and social state. In D’Israeli’s *Curiosities of Literature*, the *facts* on this subject may be found to be extensively and satisfactorily treated.

The various professions, trades, and occupations of men, are plainly exhibited in the postures of the individuals engaged in them.

“ Tom *struts* a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will *sneaks* a scrivener, an exceeding knave.” *Pope.*

We intend merely to give a few illustrations of this fact.

Why is a clergyman always known as such, even by the careless passer-by, in the crowded street ? Not by his dress, for that is now common to other professions, but simply by his attitude. What constitutes the peculiarity of his carriage, it would not be so easy to determine.

The man of briefs and parchments needs no green bag to frighten away the timid from his path. The very position of his thin, curled lip, betokens the man,

“ Full of wise saws, and ancient instances.”

Dr. Ollapod, “ with spectacles on nose,” hastens through the crowd to minister to his dying patient, and the multitude instinctively give

way, though he flourishes no outstretched lancet before him. It is his manner they regard.

Who does not recognize,—and to recognize is to pity,—the poor, sedentary, half-starved author? Meet him where you will,—in the busy mart, or, by the silent lake, or, in his own ill-furnished garret,—his gait bewrayeth him. You see in his cramped and wayward walk, that, for long, long, sad hours, he has sat in his solitude, torturing his mind that he may keep his body,—miserable as it is,—in being. And too,—as said crazy John Dennis,—“many disorders come by criticism.” Spare him, then.

There parades a man,—“with hair on end, like quills of porcupine,”—every muscle strained to its utmost degree of tension, his fists clenched, his feet moving, nor fast, nor slow,—he stands, a Napoleon! he sits, a Cæsar!! he reclines, an Alexander!!! he walks, a god!!!! Who does not recognize the schoolmaster?

That useful class of citizens, the tailors, who pass their own lives in making other men, have, from time immemorial, been known by their habitual postures. Says the facetious Lamb,—“Observe the suspicious gravity of their gait. The peacock is not more tender, from a consciousness of his peculiar infirmity, than a gentleman of this profession is of being known by the same infallible testimonies of his occupation. ‘Walk, that I may know thee.’” The same writer remarks, that, “the legs transversed thus X crosswise, or decussated, was, among the ancients, the posture of malediction.”

Individual character may be always determined by the posture. With what effect does Sterne make use of this fact, in his delineations! “It was one of those heads that Guido might have painted,—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth: it *looked forwards*; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk’s shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.” And again, what could be more expressive of the sadness, yet placid meekness of that poor monk’s soul, than his movements, when his petition is rejected?—“letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.”

Hail to the theory of that cold and mildewed philosopher, who has abstracted his soul away from all communion with material grace and beauty—all hail! Say you, why is it that the blood dances so joyously and the deep affections so eagerly gush forth, when the beautiful face of childhood swims in the joy of his early sports, and we gaze upon the free and bounding movements of his unfettered limbs? Is there no meaning in the soft up-raising of that gentle eye? Is there no eloquence in that smile? Is there nothing in the rich and varied expression of that beautiful, yet saddened, face to move the soul, to rouse the intellect, yea, even to purify the deepest and most venomous of earthly passions? Man! gaze upon that heavenly countenance,

“Before decay’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,”

and ask thyself, if God has not directed its creation, to reprove thee, who delightest to sully His noblest works!

Whose "lyre would lightly breathe," when the beautiful and the beloved is taken away? Who does not then recall the past, as though the present were not?

"And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Egean wave,—
'Now Thyra gazes on the moon!—
Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!"

Hail to thy theory, most discreet, most prudent, most judicious, most cool, most frigid philosopher!

"Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you, too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby you see there is not — — — — —."

HAMLET.

BACKBITING.

THE best comedy of modern times, is the School for Scandal, because every one admits it to be a picture of real life and fashionable conversation. Is there no remote corner of the world for an honest man or woman to live in, where their actions will not be misrepresented and their motives misconstrued?—truly, such a spot would be colonized by willing emigrants, from cities and villages. In our cities, no man lives, who is not amenable to a self-constituted irresponsible court, in which the judges act as jurors and witnesses, and where proof is not necessary to support a grievous charge. If the charge be bad enough, the judges are ever ready to condemn.

There is no way to oppose this evil, but as men oppose intemperance,—by acting on the belief (and a reasonable one it is,) that each one may himself be a victim,—unless he prefer that the evil should remain, willing to incur the risk, that has at least the attraction of bearing as hard upon his enemies, or friends, as upon himself.

Were societies formed to abstain from scandal as from spirits, what a blessed time it would be when their principles became general. At present, when two or more parties meet, after the established inquiries for each other's welfare, the second question is upon the misfortunes or faults of their neighbors, which regale them as the losses of Antonio delighted Shylock.

In cities and in villages, there is a struggle for precedence,—though it may be vested under a love of equality, which it is not,—for all are more anxious to bring down others to their own level, than to lift up any to it.

Rumor or slander, according to the poets, walks on the earth, though she hides her head in the clouds. Her source is unknown:—it is easier to trace that of the Niger or the Nile.

Would any one try the experiment, let him listen to conversation,—where it is free,—and write it down; he will find that at least half of his manuscript, if printed, would subject him to the law of libel.

"No thief e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;"

and no wolf or fox would have a better estimate of a trap;—but an honest man may, nevertheless, without impeachment of motive, write

botillies against slander, when the evil is so great that it poisons the purest springs of social life,—making us distrustful of enemies and friends, destroying benevolence, and prompting to revenge. The evil is great, and has many ramifications.

In New-England, to speak the truth of our respectable mother, scandal is as deeply rooted as bigotry in Spain; and we must try to account for it in a way the least mortifying to a good patriot. It has been said that there is more slander here than in Europe, because there is more virtue. In Italy, for instance, where there are no hypocrites or pretenders to virtue, nor any to regard it, there are none to assail the reputation, which is the shadow of virtue; so that, with all the other evils, the Italians have little slander. We, however, have enough and to spare. If it is a measure of our virtue, we are the most virtuous as well as enlightened people. The Scripture says, that out of the mouth comes what defileth a man; and a slander is surely more disgraceful to the utterer than to the subject—that is, when it is found out or admitted to be such—perhaps after both parties have gone to a juster judgement.

By the account that a person gives of others we can judge of his estimation of himself. The uncharitable man condemns himself. Words are things—at least, they show the bent of the heart as much as actions.

In the fairy tale, the words of the good damsel turned into pearls and diamonds as they fell from her lips, while those of her bad sister were converted into toads and other reptiles. This is but an apologue, representing Charity and Slander.

P.

WHIG AND TORY.

IN Britain, whose language we speak, whose literature is in some sense ours, whose old ancestral fame belongs in part to us, whose political and historical records are also for many purposes our records,—in Britain, the party-names of Whig and Tory have acquired a fixed meaning, transmitted through the various political controversies of a century and a half, and established, at length, by universal consent. At the close of the War of Independence, that distinction of party disappeared from this country, simultaneously with the utter extinguishment and merger of all political opinions whatsoever, in the single appellation of Whig, borne by every man, who adhered to the cause of the colonies. Its revival, at the present time, is a curious and interesting event, respecting which we propose to make some few explanations, pertinent to the occasion and the subject. The origin of the words Whig and Tory,—their signification as deduced from British and Anglo-American history,—and the propriety of the application recently given to them in the United States,—are the points we design to examine.

What are the facts, which constitute the ground-work of our inquiry? Stripped of all incidental matter, and presented in their plain indisputable substance, they are simply these:—The President of the

United States performs an act—the removal of the public treasure from its legal place of deposit—which, in the fact itself, and the mode of performing it, a majority of the Senate, nearly one half of the House of Representatives, and a vast majority of the whole people of the United States, so far as by petition or address they have pronounced any opinion, deny to be within the legal and constitutional function of the president. The President deliberately, elaborately, and upon a review of the whole matter, asserts the entire legality and constitutionality of the act, in a solemn Protest addressed to the Senate.

Setting out of view all consideration of the consequences of the removal of the deposits, and the merits or demerits of the measure on the score of public expediency, the question arising upon that, and upon the Protest, is clearly a question of *the extent of the executive power*. So it is admitted on all hands in debate, so it is expressly assumed and argued throughout the Protest. The President claims that “the custody of the public property, the “public money” included, “always has been, and always must be, unless the Constitution be changed, intrusted to the Executive Department ;” that “Congress cannot, therefore, take out of the hands of the Executive Department the custody of the public property or money, without an assumption of executive power, and a subversion of the first principles of the Constitution ;” that in him is vested “the **WHOLE** executive power ;” that all officers of government, except judges, are his “agents,” for whose acts he is “responsible ;” that the power to remove all such officers is “an original executive power,” which is *left* unchecked by the Constitution ;” and that “the President is the direct representative of the American people.” All these propositions, and others, which might be cited from the Protest, are *novel assertions* of executive power, no where set down in the Constitution, and never claimed or uttered before in any state-paper or other writing published in the United States. The President undertakes to deduce these things from the Constitution *by construction* ; his adherents maintain that it is true construction, his opponents, that it is false construction ; whether true or false, it is, on the one side, an ascription of certain powers to the executive, and, on the other, a denial of certain powers to the executive.

Now, following in point of time upon the removal of the deposits, and, as the Opposition say, having that for its main cause, came a most disastrous shock to the commercial exchanges of the whole country, spreading dismay and ruin from Maine to Louisiana. Thereupon, thousands of freemen ; in various parts of the Union, setting forth the extreme and universal distress of the commercial and industrious classes, petitioned the President or Congress to interpose for the common relief, by restoring the public deposits to their former place of custody ; and some, but comparatively few in number, addressed Congress in approbation of the act of the President. Under these circumstances, the name of Whig, all at once, came into use, to designate the *petitioners for relief* ; and that of Tory, to designate the *addressers*, who denied the public distress, and defended the conduct of the executive. And, it may be added, as a passing memorandum, that this new application of the old party-names of the Revolution was first suggested in the Salem Gazette, a newspaper published in the State of Massachusetts.

And it is a coincidence, worthy to be noted, that the word Tory has obtained currency at the present time, under circumstances strikingly similar to those attending its original application. The facts are narrated substantially to the same effect, by all the historians. We copy them from the pages of Hume, partly because he is the standard historian of his country; partly because he is the Tory historian of his country, and cannot be called a partial witness, biassed in favor of Whigs.

"Notwithstanding several marks of displeasure, and even a menacing proclamation from the King, petitions came from all parts, earnestly insisting on a session of Parliament. Tumultuous petitioning was one of the chief artifices by which the malecontents, in the last reign, had attacked the Crown; and though the manner of subscribing and delivering petitions was now somewhat regulated by act of Parliament, the thing itself still remained, and was an admirable expedient for infesting the court, for spreading discontent, and for uniting the nation in any popular clamor. As the King found no law, by which he could punish those importunate, and, as he deemed them, undutiful solicitations, he was obliged to encounter them by popular application of a contrary tendency. Whenever the church and court party prescribed, addresses were passed, containing expressions of the highest regard to his majesty, the most entire acquiescence in his wisdom, the most dutiful submission to his prerogative, and the deepest abhorrence of those who endeavored to encroach upon it, by prescribing to him any time for assembling the Parliament. Thus the nation came to be distinguished into PETITIONERS and ABHORRERS. Factions, indeed, were at this time extremely animated against each other. The very names, by which each party denominated its antagonist, discover the virulence and rancor which prevailed. For, besides petitioners and abhorrrers, appellations which were soon forgotten, this year (1680) is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of WHIG and TORY, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventiclers in Scotland, who were known by the name of Whigs: the country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and the Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of Tory was affixed."

Thus far Hume. Each of these appellations, it will be perceived, was originally a term of reproach. That of Tory clung to the high prerogative party, in spite, says Defoe, of all their efforts to shake it off. That of Whig, being soon afterwards immortalized in the expulsion of James Stuart, effected by the men who bore it, came to be admitted by the anti-prerogative party, as implying their identity with the friends of liberty and just government, and as, therefore, a term of honor rather than offence. And although, in subsequent times, each of the parties occasionally found itself in a false position, yet, in the main, they represented settled differences of opinion, growing out of "the diversities of condition and of moral temperament generally subsisting among mankind." The Tories of 1680, like the Tories of 1776, and the Tories of 1834, were, as a Tory himself describes it, they who professed "the highest regard" for the Executive, "*the most entire acquiescence in his wisdom, the most dutiful submission to his prerogative, and the deepest abhorrence of those who endeavored to encroach upon it;*" whilst the Whigs were they, who distrusted the Executive, and at all times relied upon the Legislature as the means of checking and balancing his power. This distinction is, also, pointedly stated by Hallam, who says,—

"The Whig had a natural tendency to political improvement; the Tory an aversion to it. The one loved to descant on liberty and the rights of mankind,

the other on the mischief of sedition and the rights of kings. Though both, as I have said, admitted a common principle, the maintenance of the constitution, yet this made the privileges of the subject, that the crown's prerogative, his peculiar care."

And in his *Essays*, Hume still more frankly discloses the peculiar traits of a Tory, as distinguished from a Whig. His words are:—

"When we compare the parties of WHIG and TORY, to those of ROUNDHEAD and CAVALIER, the most obvious difference, which appears between them, consists in the principles of *passive obedience* and *indefeasible right*, which were but little heard of among the CAVALIERS, but became the universal doctrine, and were esteemed the true characteristic of a TORY."

To the same effect, is the writer of the article *Tories*, in Rees's *Cyclopædia*, who says,—

"During the unhappy war, which brought King Charles to the scaffold, the adherents of the king were called *Cavaliers*, and those of the Parliament *Roundheads*; which two names were afterwards changed into those of *Tories* and *Whigs*. * * *

The Cavaliers, or Tories, then, had principally in view the political interests of the King, the Crown, and the Church of England; and the Roundheads, or Whigs, proposed, chiefly, the maintaining of the rights and interests of the People, and of Protestantism."

In Bissett's *George III.* there is another pertinent representation of the same subject.

"The *tyrannical proceedings* of Charles formed the opponents of his pretensions into a firm, well-compact, and powerful body. By promulgating the doctrines of *passive obedience*, so contrary to the rights and liberties of Englishmen, to common sense and common feeling, the King * * * united the supporters of opposite sentiments under the appellation of Whigs."

It needs not, however, to multiply citations on the original meaning of these words, and the class of opinions to which they were severally attached; because the nature of the distinction is evinced by undisputed facts and authority. And the use of the words at the epoch of our revolution, while it has consecrated the name of Whig, and endeared it to the memory of every freeman and patriot in America, has rendered that of Tory as universally odious.

Yet, recurring to the abstract questions involved in the removal of the deposits, and arising on the face of the Protest, it is impossible to deny the perfect historical accuracy of the present application of the names of Whig and Tory, as representing the opponents and the advocates of the extravagant executive pretensions of the President. The administration and its hireling supporters may wince, and cower, and fret, and grind their teeth, and lash themselves into a foaming rage, under the application of the name of Tory; but its admirable fitness renders the name, and the stigma it infers, alike impossible to escape. The poisoned shirt is upon them; it is eating into their flesh; and their party cannot rend it off but with the very extinction of its vitality. And their ludicrous endeavors to mend the matter by mis-spelling the word Whig, while it tends to confirm the use of the name, exhibits the miserable baldness and barrenness of their wit, and manifests their desperate conviction of the fitness of this appellation also, as applied to the whole opposition.

The party appellation of Whig, then, as it is a great and glorious one, so is it eminently just. It designates all those, who prefer the

interests and welfare of the people, to the President's pride of opinion and wilful persistence in a mad and wild experiment on the currency and the public patience; all those, who, in a question of construction, lean towards the rights of the country rather than the prerogatives of power; all those, whom the wickedness and misgovernment of the administration have associated in opposition to the President. So, also, the party appellation of Tory, insupportable as it may be, is eminently just as now applied. In Congress, it designates those, who sacrifice the interests of their constituents and the welfare of the people, in slavish subservience to the will of the Executive. Out of Congress, it aptly designates those, who, whatever the President may do, defend it; who are always filled to overflowing with admiration of his wisdom; who inculcate dutiful submission to his arbitrary pretensions; who loudly express their abhorrence of the Senate, because it will not, like the House, meanly truckle to the dispenser of office; who, in every controversy between the wilfulness or wrongheadedness of the President and the sufferings of the nation, are clamorous in behalf of the President. These are genuine Tories; and they have their reward, in that gold, which is the god of their present idolatry, the price of their patriotism, and the recompense of their blind devotion to the executive.

C.

LINES ON WATCHING WITH A SICK FRIEND.

'T WAS night; a glorious night. The bright moon sat
 Enthroned in her fair halls of cloudless blue.
 O had my earthly lot been cast mid those,
 On whose benighted minds the glorious sun
 Of our divine religion ne'er had shone,
 How would my inmost soul have worshiped thee,
 Thou beauteous Queen of planet-peopled skies!
 'T was night, the time of rest; but not to rest
 My form composed itself; for I had gone
 To watch beside the couch of feeble age;
 And, as I sat within that silent house,
 The breath of summer wafted to my ear
 The soothing sound of music, suiting well
 The stillness and the beauty of the hour.
 Gently the strains arose, then died away,
 And Silence held her empire o'er the scene.
 Through the thick tracery of the leafy vine,
 That veiled the windows of that dim abode,
 The placid moonbeams fell imperfectly.
 Upon her lowly couch was laid the form
 Of one, who, in her youth, had filled a place
 In spheres of elegance and ease; and fame
 Has said, that beauty dwelt upon that brow,
 So deeply furrowed now by time and care.
 How changed her lot! for once, beneath this roof
 Her friends were welcomed oft with cheerful warmth.
 And here the happy band of sisters dwelt.
 That band is severed now. Alone she stands
 Within her father's halls, the last, the last.

M.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER XXI.

SOME of my readers may probably object to the introduction of such a portion of Irish History as I have presented in a former letter, and am about to offer in my present one, as somewhat foreign from the biographical sketch I undertook to publish. I therefore crave permission to state the reasons that have led me to adopt this course. Whether or not they are valid, must be left to the decision of the reader. Let them pass for what they are worth.

The publication of the *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ* was among the most important operations of my life—and one that affords me as much heart-felt satisfaction as any thing I have ever done, not excepting the defence of the Protecting System, and the publication of the Olive Branch. I therefore felt desirous of presenting a brief view of the leading features of a work, in which I undertook to put down some of the most atrocious libels that ever disgraced and dishonored the sacred name of history. One of those miserable libels, the charge of the conspiracy of 1641, had never, I repeat, been controverted by any preceding writer, not even Lingard, a Roman Catholic; notwithstanding it carries palpable fraud, imposture, and perjury, distinctly stamped on its brazen front in the most legible characters.

For if the most irrefragable evidence, drawn from the calumniators themselves, and the judgement of some of the most competent persons to decide on the evidence I have adduced, be allowed proper weight, I may venture to hope that I have placed that odious calumny on the same shelf with the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor and Baron Munchausen.

The testimony, on which this conspiracy rests, would not, at the present day, be received in the lowest court in this state against the most abject member of society.

In addition to this motive, which alone would be sufficient to induce me to pursue the course I have taken, there was another consideration, which had some influence—I thought this historical matter would break in upon the monotonous tone of the biography of a man, whose life presented none of those stirring scenes that give a zest to the memoirs of individuals who have moved in conspicuous situations and in public life. And, moreover, I had so good an opinion of my readers, as to believe, that they would not be dissatisfied to spend a few minutes in reading the attempt to remove the injurious stains from the character of the most calumniated nation on the habitable globe; and, should the attempt prove successful, that it would be grateful to them to eradicate from their minds the erroneous impressions they may have had of the subject from their earliest days.

After this preface, I proceed to examine the question of the number of persons asserted to have been massacred in the insurrection in question.

Let me first assume as a postulate, that when a witness is convicted of gross, deliberate, and heartless falsehood, to serve the purposes of his malice, his avarice, or his revenge, his testimony is unworthy of attention, on other points, where detection may be more difficult and

the fraud better covered. I trust I shall establish such arrant falsehood on the part of the witnesses in this case, as will render their evidence entirely valueless.

I will first state the allegations, and then the grounds of refutation.

"*In one week, they (the Irish) massacred very near 100,000 persons, men, women, and children.*" [Warwick's *Memoirs of the reign of Charles I.* p. 149.]

"*On the 23d of October, and the following days, above 40,000 English Protestants were massacred by the Irish.*" [Rapin's *History of England*, vol. 9, p. 340.]

"*Above 200,000 men, women, and children were murdered within the space of one month.*" [May's *History of the Parliament of England*, p. 81.]

"*It would be almost endless to give an account of all the cruelties acted by these incarnate devils upon the innocent English, of whom they destroyed near 300,000 in a few months.*" [Burton's *History of the Kingdom of Ireland*, p. 37.]

"*Above 154,000 Protestants were massacred in that kingdom from the 23d October to the 1st March following.*" [Warwick, p. 199.]

"*There being, since the rebellion first broke out, unto the time of the cessation made September 15, 1643, which was not full two years after, above 300,000 British and Protestants cruelly murdered in cold blood, destroyed some other way, or expelled out of their habitations, according to the strictest conjecture and computation of those who seemed best to understand the numbers of English planted in Ireland, besides those few which fell in the heat of fight during the war.*" [Rapin, IX. 343.]

"*The depopulations in this province of Munster do well near equal those of the whole kingdom!!!*" [Temple, 133.]

To rebut all these scandalous stories, it will be sufficient to state, that Sir W. Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, the most accurate statistician of his day, one who had profited immensely by Irish confiscation, published a calculation, founded on the best data then procurable, of the population of Ireland in 1641, which made the total number 1,246,000, of whom the Protestants were as two to eleven. Of course, their number was about 225,000, men, women, and children. [Petty's *Political Anatomy of Ireland*, p. 18.] Now had the Irish acted the scenes of the Sicilian Vespers, they could not have massacred even 100,000, to say nothing of 154,200, or 300,000 out of 225,000,—and still left enough to carry on the war with alternate success until the final subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell.

But of the 225,000, thousands, when the war raged with violence, expatriated themselves to Scotland, Wales, and England.

It would be wholly superfluous to descant on this item of the calumnies, but to prove the utter recklessness with which not only truth but even plausibility was disregarded. It is stated by one of the above historians, that 100,000 persons, men, women, and children, were massacred in one week. Counting from the 23d, inclusive, the week terminated on the 29th. On this very day, the lords justices issued a proclamation, in which they expressly stated that the insurrection was confined to such of the old Irish in the province of Ulster as have plotted, combined, or been active in this treason, "and others who adhere to them." [Temple, p. 35.] This proclamation made not the slightest mention of murder or massacre.

Moreover, it is proved, that for six weeks the insurrection was confined almost altogether to Ulster*—that there were not above 20,000

* "Had the lords justices and council acquitted themselves like men of probity and understanding, there was time enough given them to suppress an insurrection, which, for six weeks, was confined almost to the province of Ulster, without any chief that was so considerable as Sir Phelim O'Neal." [Warner, p. 130.]

"No one nobleman of the kingdom, nor any stated gentlemen of English race, engaged in the rebell-

English in that province—that the remainder of the inhabitants were Scotch, whom the insurgent leaders had ordered not to be molested in body or goods*—that of the English, several thousands, according to Carte, had escaped to Dublin; † that 6000 had been saved in Fermanagh, and took refuge in the strong places in Derry, Coleraine, Carrickfergus—and went thence to England. ‡

Let me now proceed to take a view of the evidence, which is, in almost every instance, hearsay—Tom told Dick—that Harry heard it said, that the Protestants were roasted on gridirons, &c. &c. We hear of ghosts screeching for vengeance for weeks together—of candles made of the fat of Protestants—of women whom a naked sword could not pierce—of bodies lying for weeks together in the open air in a moist climate without putrefaction.

Among the affidavit-men, by whose testimony the tales of the murders and massacres of the hundreds of thousands of Protestants, who fell victims to the barbarity of the Irish, are supported, Dean Maxwell cuts the most conspicuous figure, and claims a bold pre-eminence. The abridgement (yes, the *abridgement*) of his deposition extends to twelve closely printed folio pages in Borlase's History, and rests almost altogether on *hearsay*. The best, and the most curious and entertaining part of the affair is, that his information was derived almost altogether *from the rebels themselves*.

He swore that there were upwards of 12,000 slain in the Glenwood, [Temple, p. 114.] “*as the rebels told this deponent;*” that there were 954 murdered in one morning, “*as the rebels themselves told him;*” [Idem, p. 113.] “that there were, moreover,” above 2000 murdered in their own houses, “*as he was informed by a Scotsman;*” [Ibid.] and that Sir Phelim O’Neil himself reported, that he had left neither man, woman, nor child alive, from Armagh to Newry, [Ibid.] a distance of about twelve miles. He further swears “that it was *credibly told him*, that the persons slaughtered amounted to 154,000, whether in Ulster or in the whole kingdom, HE DURST NOT INQUIRE.” [Borlase's History, Appendix, p. 132.]

Capt. Stafford, who was a prisoner for fourteen months, during the early part of the insurrection, deposed to the murder of a great number of persons,—and adds, “his cause of knowledge of said murders is, that *some of his, this deponent's servants, who were among the rebels, did give him the relation.*” [Temple, p. 110.]

Jane Stewart deposes to various murders—“all which particulars *the deponent was credibly told by those that escaped, and by her Irish servants and others of the town.*” [Idem, p. 108.]

ion, or joined with the rebels in action, till the month of December; for, as to those gentlemen of the county of Louth, who submitted to them before, being unable to defend themselves, or to make resistance, they had not yet appeared in action. *The rebellion, till then, had been carried on by the mere Irish, and CONFINED TO ULSTER, to some few counties in Leinster, and that of Leitrim, in Connaught.*” [Carte's Ormond, vol. I. p. 243.]

* “The Irish, either out of fear of their numbers, or some other politic reason, making proclamation that no Scotsman should be molested in body, goods, or land.” [Carte's Ormond, vol. I. p. 177.]

† “It was resolved” by the insurgents “*not to kill any*, but where of necessity they should be forced thereunto by opposition.” [Temple, p. 65.]

‡ “It cannot reasonably be presumed, that there were at most above 20,000 English souls, of all ages and sexes, in Ulster at that time; and of these, as appears by the lords' justices' letter, there were several thousand got safe to Dublin, and were subsisted there for many months afterwards; besides 6000 women and children, which Capt. Mervyn saved in Fermanagh, and others that got safe to Derry, Coleraine, and Carrickfergus, and went from these and other parts into England.” [Carte, vol. I. p. 178.]

Dame Butler being duly sworn, deposeth that "*Sir Edward Butler did inform her, that James Butler of Finnyhinch had hanged and put to death all the English that were at Goran and Wells, and all thereabouts.*" [Temple, p. 116.]

"Richard Bourk deposeth, that *he heard and verily believeth* the burning and killing of one hundred at least in the Castle of Tullah, and that the same was done after fair quarter promised." [Temple, p. 84.]

"Elizabeth Green deposeth, that *she is verily persuaded* that the rebels, at several times and places, within the county of Armagh, drowned above 4000 Protestants, enforcing the sons and daughters of those aged people, who were not able to go themselves, to take them out of their beds and houses, and carry them to the drowning, especially in the river of Toll!!" [Idem, p. 91.]

"John Carmack deposeth, that *he did hear that there were about 152,000 that they had destroyed* in the province of Ulster, in the first four months of the rebellion." [Trial of Lord Maguire, appended to Temple's history, p. 225.]

"James Geare, of the county of Monaghan, deposeth, that the rebels at Clownes murdered one James Netterville, proctor to the minister there, who, *although he was diversely wounded, his belly ripped up, and his entrails taken out, and laid above a yard from him, yet he bled not at all, until they lifted him up, and carried him away!*" [Idem, p. 88.]

"James Shaw deposeth, that many Irish rebels, in the time of this deponent's restraint and staying among them, *told him very often, and that it was a common report, that all those that lived about the bridge of Portnedown, were so affrighted with the cries and noise made there, of some spirits or visions, for revenge, as that they durst not stay, but fled away thence, (so as they protested,) affrighted, to Market-Hill.*" [Idem, p. 121.]

"Joan, the relic of Gabriel Constable, deposeth and saith, that *she hath often heard the rebels, Owen O'Farren, Patrick O'Conellan, and divers others of the rebels at Drumard, earnestly say, protest, and tell each other, that the blood of some of those that were knocked in the head, and afterwards drowned, at Portnedown bridge, still remained; that often there appeared visions or apparitions, sometimes of men, sometimes of women, breast-high above the water, at or near Portnedown, which did most extremely and fearfully screech and cry out for vengeance against the Irish that murdered their bodies there; and that their cries and shrieks did so terrify the Irish thereabouts, that none durst stay nor live longer there, but fled and removed further into the country.*" [Idem, p. 121.]

Of the remaining depositions I shall give merely the heading, to show the miserable grounds on which the evidence of the numbers massacred and the cruelties practised by the Irish, rests. One is "*credibly informed*"—another "*sincerely believes*"—a third was "*informed by the rebels themselves,*" &c. &c.

John Montgomery, of the County of Monaghan, deposeth, that *he was credibly informed, &c.* [Idem, p. 89.]

Thomas Fleetwood deposeth, that *he heard from the mouths of the rebels themselves, &c.* [Idem, p. 90.]

Charity Chappel deposeth, that *she hath credibly heard, &c.* [Idem, p. 90.]

Martha Culm deposeth, that *she heard some of the rebels themselves say, &c.* [Idem, p. 92.]

James Hacket deposeth, that *an Irish gentleman told him, &c.* [Idem, p. 93.]

John Clark deposeth, that *he heard credibly from Mr. Lightfoot, minister of the Naas, &c.* [Idem, p. 93.]

Katharine Cook deposeth, that many of her neighbors *said and affirmed, &c.* [Ibid.]

Christian Stanhaw deposeth, that a woman who formerly lived near Langale, *absolutely informed this deponent, &c.* [Idem, p. 94.]

William Lucas deposeth, that *he doth confidently believe, &c.* [Idem, p. 97.]

Alexander Creighton deposeth, that *he heard it credibly reported among the rebels, &c.* [Temple, p. 100.]

John Stubs deposeth, that *he heard by some of the sheriff's men, &c.* [Idem, p. 90.]

Elizabeth Champion, of the County of Fermanagh, deposeth, that *she heard the rebels say, that they had killed so many Englishmen that the grease or fat which remained on their swords and skeins might well serve to make an Irish candle.* [Ibid.]

I hope the reader will pause a few moments, and ponder on these depositions in two points of view : first, as to the ground on which millions of acres were confiscated—and estates, which had descended from father to son, in regular order of succession, for centuries, were feloniously transferred from their rightful owners to, in some instances, the most worthless of mankind, and the owners doomed to penury and wretchedness, on evidence that would, I repeat, be scouted out of any honest court in Christendom, without a moment's hesitation. Let us try this point by the *argumentum ad hominem*. Suppose a man accused of murder—and that George Washington swore that James Madison told him that he "*verily believed*" the man guilty, or that "*he was credibly informed*" of his guilt, would such a declaration have the weight of a feather with court or jury? Certainly not.

The other point of view regards the history of the period in question. Temple is almost the only original authority for the rebellion, as it is called. Borlase and others of his cotemporaries, are mere compilers from him. On such miserable authority, partaking largely of the character of Baron Munchausen, has the foulest stigma been impressed on the character of one of the most oppressed and plundered nations in the world. Hume, the great and mighty Hume, out of forty-five references on the subject of this insurrection, has twenty-four from Temple's History !!

However irrelevant these historical details may seem, I cannot allow myself to believe, that the candid and honorable will regret the time bestowed on their perusal. I should form a very humble opinion of the head or heart of the man who would not rejoice at the opportunity thus afforded him for emancipating his mind from the galling shackles of prejudice, by which it has been enslaved almost from his infancy, whereby he has been taught to abhor a portion of the human family who have had, for above six hundred years, as large a claim to sympathy and commiseration as any other portion has ever preferred.

The Rev. Ferdinando Warner, LL. D. Vicar of Ronde, Wilts, Rector of St. Michael's, London, and of Barnes, Surry, a Protestant of high reputation for fairness and candor, wrote a history of the Irish Rebellion, in the preparation for which he had occasion to consult all the anterior authorities, and finally came to this conclusion :—

"It is easy enough to demonstrate the falsehood of the relation of every Protestant historian of this rebellion." [Warner's Irish Rebellion, p. 296.]

He sums up the account of the murders in the following words :—

"The number of people killed, upon positive evidence, collected in two years after the insurrection broke out, adding them all together, amounts only to two thousand one hundred and nine ; on the reports of other Protestants, one thousand six hundred and nineteen more ; and on the report of some of the rebels themselves, a further number of three hundred ; the whole making four thousand and twenty-eight. Besides these murders, there is, in the same collection, evidence, on the report of others, of eight thousand killed by ill usage : and if we should allow that the cruelties of the Irish out of war, extended to these numbers, which, considering the nature of several of the depositions, I think in my conscience we cannot, yet to be impartial we must allow, that there is no pretence for laying a greater number to their charge." [Warner, p. 297.]

This statement reduces the hundreds of thousands to 4028, exclusive of 8000 killed by ill usage—and even this number he thinks too great ; for he says, "in his conscience he cannot believe it extended to these numbers."

Who can reflect on this statement of a respectable Protestant historian, without indignation and horror at the stupendous falsehoods of the writers whom I have quoted above? What becomes of "the hundreds of thousands" murdered in a few weeks? •

Before bidding adieu here to the *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*, I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing the opinions of the work of two individuals of high standing:—

"You have victoriously proved all your positions, and not only vindicated our common country, but fixed an indelible stigma on her oppressors. * * This book does more for its purpose than any other extant; and entitles you to the thanks of every lover of Ireland, and indeed of every lover of truth and humanity of any country." *W. J. MacNeven, M. D.*

"Your brother's book has done more to vindicate Ireland than all that ever was written or published on the subject." *Letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, to Wm. Carey.*

Philadelphia, Aug. 12, 1834.

M. CAREY.

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JUN.

"Another interesting object in Mount Auburn Cemetery, is a Cenotaph in honor of a young man of talents and great promise, of whom the simple inscription says,

'The sea his body, heaven his spirit, holds.'

And here is his unmade tomb, here the record of his name and death, here the place of tears, and the spot where he is remembered and loved; but he is not *here!*

"There is also one at rest in his tomb, in this inclosure, who was known to a large circle of friends, and whose bright prospects were early shut in by death. Having enjoyed every advantage for the improvement of his mind, and of preparation for future usefulness by visiting foreign lands, he returned to the bosom of his family to die. Here he sleeps in the neighborhood of that seminary where he spent four of the most important years of his life, and in which he formed attachments of peculiar strength, and where he afterwards loved to come, and in the spirit of faithfulness and affection converse upon subjects which had assumed an infinite importance in his mind." *American Quarterly Observer.*

HERE, in the ray of morn and eve,
Gleams the white stone, that bears his name;
But far away, beneath the sea,
Is sepulchred his frame.
But here, with solemn step, may come
Affection, with her streaming eye,
The father, with his manly grief,
The mother, with her mournful sigh,
The brother, with his brow of care,
The sister, with her secret prayer.

Dear Youth! when seeking in a foreign land,
New vigor for thy wasting form,
How fondly didst thou pant, once more
To join the anxious group at home;
Or hope, at least, to bid farewell
To life, beside a father's hearth,
That kindred hands might close thine eye,
And kindred hands place thee in earth.
But no;—strange faces watched thy dying pain,
And strangers laid thy body in the main!

Another grave! another name
Graved on the lonely church-yard stone,
Another youthful heart at rest,
Another youthful spirit flown!

And oft parental love shall seek
 To pour its aching sorrow here,
 And oft fraternal fondness bring
 Its anguish and its tear.

And thou, too, in a foreign land
 Didst follow after sacred lore,
 Still panting for the joys of home,
 When all thy wanderings were o'er.
 But soon, alas! ere many days
 Had joined thee to that long-wished home,
 That blooming head and youthful frame
 Were slumbering in the tomb!

Dear Youth! as by thy early grave
 I hear the long grass, dirge-like, sigh,
 Bright thoughts of other years arise
 Till sorrow fills mine eye.
 I think of youth, and joy, and bloom,
 Of childhood's sports, and boyhood's glee,
 When life seemed all a golden dream
 And each young heart beat free.
 The happy sun that smiled at morn,
 The bird that called us forth to play,
 Awaked us then to no sad thought,
 Awaked us to no toiling day;
 Together, when the school-bell called,
 Our willing youthful feet obeyed,
 And when the eve grew dim, our heads
 Were on the self-same pillow laid.

But never more that happy voice
 Will cheer me on life's thorny way,
 And never more that buoyant frame
 Will rise with me at peep of day;
 But low within the silent vault,
 Beneath the dull and senseless clod,
 It rests until that trump shall sound,
 The awaking trump of God!

FLY-TIME.

THE seasons are nicely balanced: summer has fruits, deep foliage, and beauty; but there are snakes in the grass, and flies among the leaves. The cold of February may give more pain than any thing in summer, except a steel-trap; but the evils of summer, though small, are so annoying, that in August one almost longs for December. Our blessings, then, are so coupled with evils, that we are apt to fall into the impatience of the old gentleman, who was so pestered with settling his brother's estate, though the sole heir, that he broke out to his lawyer, "Confound it, 'squire Grab, I almost wish brother Joe had lived."

Uncle Toby was a marvel of patience when he let go that rascal fly that buzzed about his nose and tormented him all dinner time. He probably had company to dine, or it was the only fly in the room. What would he have done, "had he the motive and the cue" to anger that I have? for I dine in a room whereof the ceiling is black with flies, every one of which descends on sounding wings, and taints the feast, like the harpies in Virgil, while they assail, also, the master,

mistress, and guests. They have more appetite than taste; for they assail my tough old epidermis as soon as the bloom of the prettiest child present. I can conceive that Pharaoh, after he became hardened, could endure the frogs; but it is inexplicable that he should hold out after suffering the flies.

To destroy them is easy; but it only invites in a more hungry brood. Is there no chemistry, "no poppy or mandragora," that will operate on these winged plagues, to debar them from our parlors, kitchens, and chambers. It is the feet of a fly, and not the gimplet-like proboscis, that causes the most annoyance. It is his philosophical tree-toad-like apparatus for walking with his feet uppermost, that makes his alighting on the face so unwelcome to the party visited.

But a fly is a gentleman and a Christian, compared to a musquito, which is not a twentieth part its bulk, though a hundred fold superior in talent for tormenting. Comparing our evils with those of our southern brethren, we must, however, consider ourselves comparatively, if not absolutely, fortunate. Here, in our chambers, sacred to peace and repose, three or four dozen insects buzz and bite; in Charleston there is such a flood, that the inhabitants keep them out as the sea is kept at bay in Holland—by raising barriers against them. The beds are enclosed with nettings; and though the circulation of the air is checked, that of the blood is preserved. The musquitos may roar like the devils around paradise, but they have none to bite but themselves. They may look in through the grates, as a boy looks at a confectioner's window, but to sharpen their appetite, without the means of gratifying it. L.

EVENING HYMN.

"FADING light—farewell! farewell!"
Hark! the evening chorus swell,
Rising from the distant dell,—
"Jesu Christe, salve nos."

Hushed be every worldly care—
Hear the suppliant's evening prayer,
Floating on the silent air,—
"Jesu Christe, salve nos."

"When the weak disciples slept—
Thou, who in the garden wept,
And nightly vigils sadly kept,—
"Jesu Christe, salve nos."

"Thou, who in the desert prayed—
Where thy precious head was laid,
When afflictions on Thee weighed—
"Jesu Christe, salve nos."

"Save us from temptation's power,
Save us, when afflictions lower,
Save us, in death's awful hour,
"Jesu Christe, salve nos."

"Fading light—farewell! farewell!"
Holy Savior, guard us well,—
Save us, save from death and hell,
"Jesu Christe, salve nos."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sermons by the late Rev. Ezra Shaw Goodwin, Pastor of the First Church and Society in Sandwich, Mass. With a Memoir.

Though our personal acquaintance with Mr. Goodwin had been slight and transient, we were gratified with the information, that his friends were preparing for the press a short memoir of his life, and a selection from his sermons. The productions of his pen, which had been given to the public, and the views we had formed of his intellectual and moral worth, led us to anticipate something, which would be not only interesting to his familiar friends, but conducive to religious improvement through a much wider circle. True, some peculiar disadvantages attend a posthumous publication from the manuscripts of one, who has written for his own eyes alone, or for no other publicity, than was to be given by his own voice, in which an extemporaneous correction may rectify those slips of the pen, which, in the fervor of composition, may escape the notice of an accurate scholar. The editor of such a publication may and should be diffident of making any other alterations, than those which are required by the imperative laws of grammar or logic; and he will probably retain many expressions, which the author, on a careful revision, would have exchanged for others—and some thoughts, perhaps, which he would either have omitted, or placed in a different light.

It is likewise true, that the public are already furnished with so many and such a variety of sermons, that some may question the expediency of adding to the number. It would not be difficult to make out a catalogue of two or three hundred volumes in the English language, in which every important subject, both in the practice and theory of religion, has been discussed by men of great learning and eloquence. Why, then, it may be said, should we not be content with what we have? Why not read our old books, instead of accumulating new ones? To inquiries like these, we would reply, that, if our recommendation would be of any avail, we would urge the perusal of many a volume, which has stood on the shelf for years, if not for ages, with no other attention, perhaps, than that of an occasional glance at the title. A taste for novelty, however, is a peculiar trait of the present day; and, as it is prominent in every thing else, so it is conspicuous in many things connected with religion. Sermons are, in no small degree, subject to the influence of fashion. Sentiments vary. Some things, which were once believed, are discredited; and many things, which were once admissible, in compositions of this kind, the taste of the age would now exclude; and this remark applies not only to style and method, but to the selection of sentiments and thoughts. Hence, if we are not supplied with new sermons, many will read nothing of this kind.

It is desirable, indeed, that among the multitude of books, which are every week issuing from the press, none should be obtruded upon us, without some peculiar claims to attention; and this remark most certainly may be applied to sermons. To justify publications of this kind, however, we do not think it necessary that the intrinsic merit should be pre-eminent. Other considerations may

render discourses of a second or third degree in essential worth more useful, within certain limits, than those of the first. We refer particularly to the advantage to be derived from the known character of the author, and especially where that character is held in affectionate regard or veneration. The standing, which an able and devout minister once held, not only to the people of his parish, but to all the societies whom he frequently addressed, and to whom he was familiarly known, would conduce much to the interest, with which they would read his posthumous discourses; and especially if he were taken away in the vigor of life, and the height of his reputation. In the perusal of such addresses, it is hardly possible for a person of sensibility or common thoughtfulness to avoid the constant impression, that the author is speaking to him from the land of spirits, and that with an earnestness, which is inspired not by faith alone, but absolute knowledge. We would, therefore, venture the opinion, that if publications like the one before us were more frequently made, the cause of religion might be essentially promoted by them. What if they did not find their way to every remote region? What if they were unknown beyond the circle in which their author moved? What if they were limited to his parish and his personal friends? When we consider the peculiar effect, they would be likely to have on some within these narrow bounds; when we consider the probability that they might be the means of saving some, who would otherwise be lost, and of rendering many others more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy forever—we can hardly discourage those, who would put these means in operation.

It is true, the circumstances we have supposed may in future be seldom realized. In the present state of things; with the temporary settlements, which are now becoming almost universal in our country; with the sentiment, which is every day becoming more prevalent, that there is nothing very peculiar in the contrast or the connection between a minister and his people—it may be doubted whether any will hereafter close their life in the sacred office, unless they are taken away in the very flower of youth; or whether it will be a frequent thing to continue long enough in any one place, to form those mutual attachments, on which the efficacy of preaching has been supposed in a great measure to depend. Still it may be hoped, that whatever seems unpropitious in the course of our ecclesiastical affairs at present may be counteracted by something of an opposite tendency, or be corrected by the discipline of experience, and that the practical benefits of our former customs may be generally retained. In this case, another reason may perhaps be urged for the more frequent publication of posthumous sermons, from the pens of those, who have been distinguished for the ability and faithfulness of their ministry; and have died in the full enjoyment of that confidence and regard from their people, which would be likely to give the greatest effect to their instructions or exhortations. It is not a very animating thought to one, who is laboring day after day upon a sermon, and feels himself obliged to bring forth something new every week, to expect, that, when he has preached it once or twice to his own people, and a few times, perhaps, to other societies, it is to be thrown aside as waste-paper, and, that the labor of years will soon become the food of worms; and, if the general custom of parishes should justify the expectation, that some few remains would be preserved in a state in which they might promote the virtue and happiness of survivors, when they have gone to their rest, it would sometimes, if not always, afford an encouragement, which would render their labors more easy, and, at the same time, more acceptable and more useful to their people; and, in this way, compensate, and more than compensate beforehand, any expense the custom would involve.

It would not generally be desirable, that the selection should be a large one. Many, who have published three or four large volumes, would have acquired more reputation, and probably have done more good, if they had reduced them to half the amount of one. Twenty, fifteen, or even five good sermons would compose a volume, that would not be rendered more valuable by any addition of those which had no prominent merit.

The selection before us contains fifteen sermons on the following subjects :—

1. The Providence of God in the Settlement of New-England.
2. The Duties and Dangers of Young Men.
3. Peter walking on the Sea.
4. Secret Prayer.
5. Mary at the Feet of Jesus.
6. The Death of Adams and Jefferson.
7. On Understanding the Scriptures.
8. The Doctrine of Election.
9. Spiritual Sleep.
10. The Close of the Year 1826.
11. A Remembrance of the Past.
12. A due Estimate of the Present Life.
13. The Dissolution of the Present State.
14. The Resurrection of the Soul.
15. St. Paul's Preparation for Death.

As may be seen, most of these subjects are practical, and, with a single exception, those which might be supposed controversial are treated in a practical manner. On some points, and especially on the resurrection and the judgement to come, the author dissented from the opinions, which have been most generally held; but his dissent, whether well-founded or not, is expressed in a manner which can give no reasonable offence. The sermons, on the whole, correspond very nearly to our anticipations. They are serious and evangelical, in the proper signification of those terms. They are methodical, and, in general, the plan is more prominent, and, therefore, decidedly better, than that in which the caprice of fashion confounds a sermon with an essay. The simplicity of the style is well suited to the sacredness of the subjects, and to the great purpose of moral effect.

The last sermon derives peculiar interest from the fact, that it was the last which Mr. Goodwin ever delivered, and may be regarded as a funeral discourse, preached for himself, a few days before his death; and that from one of the most appropriate texts to be found in the sacred volume. "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." 2 Tim. iv. 6.

The style of thought and expression, by which these sermons are generally characterized, is pretty fairly represented in the following passage :—

"Man may enter into his closet, but the world may follow him there. It is not in doors or walls alone to close up the entrance to the mind. There is the secret sympathy of feeling, which brings absent objects to the presence-chamber of the soul, and introduces them to the heart in as distinct forms, as when they stand forth to the bodily eye. This sympathy is strong between the human heart and the objects of its attachment on earth. The images of these things will therefore often intrude upon the soul's retirement, and take up its thoughts and feelings, when they ought to be employed on God, and Christ, and everlasting life. It therefore may happen, that man shall overshadow his natural eye by thick darkness, and close up the avenue of every sense in the secret closet, and yet the mind shall retain its secret tie to things without, and carry them along with it when he goes in to pray; and sure we ought not to say of such an one, that he has withdrawn himself from the world, and is alone with his God. He is rather in the midst of society, with earthly objects fitting before him, and is holding his conversation with these, instead of his Father in heaven. To enter into the closet in the strict sense and spirit of the term, is to retire from beyond the reach of those objects, which move the senses and lead the imagination to wander. In the literal sense, it is to go into the secret chamber, and close the door about us, that nothing new may come in upon the mind to distract the attention or discompose the feelings. And it is at the same time, to tear away from the soul those pleasures, pursuits, and plans of the world, which are always following close upon the mind, and are endeavoring to obtrude themselves to steal away the thoughts." p. 82-83.

The memoir is brief, but sufficient, we should think, to excite a lively interest in those, who had no previous acquaintance with the subject. For ourselves, we had before seen evidence enough of his talents and learning, to give him a place among the first scholars in our country; and, from the testimony of his intimate acquaintances, we believe his moral and religious qualities were equal to those of his literary character. As members of the great community, therefore, we cordially sympathized with his particular friends in that afflictive providence, which deprived us so early of the co-operations of one, from whose ability and zeal we had expected much for the mental improvement, the piety, the virtue, and happiness of mankind.

W. H.

A Sermon on the Death of General Lafayette, preached to the First Church in Boston, on Sunday, the 29th of June, 1834. By N. L. Frothingham, Minister of the Church.

This sermon is a perfect honeycomb, filled with the most fragrant products, drawn by Attic bees from the choicest flowers on Mount Hymettus. It has the dignity, the simplicity, and the grace, of an antique sepulchral monument. It is eloquent, without a stain of declamation; philosophical, finished, but not finical; original, but not eccentric; and, unlike most eulogies, strictly true. It presents exactly the traits for which Lafayette was so remarkable, and does not pretend to claim for him others, which he had not. Mr. Frothingham appreciates, entirely, the moral beauty of such a character, whose soft and pure radiance presents so remarkable a contrast to the glaring and dazzling spirits, with whom, though not of whom, he was. Though short, too short, it is a complete whole, and leaves nothing undone, which is attempted.

How nobly and impressively the discourse opens:—

If it were only a political leader, a great military commander, a national friend and benefactor, an illustrious man,—according to any of the vulgar patterns of fame,—that has at length gone the way, where the meanest must follow, where the most different conditions are made equal, and there is no more place for rank and pride; his memory would hardly be a fitting subject to mix with the services of the Lord's house. If it were some mere man of the people, some man of the times, some creature of splendid accidents, that claimed to be made mention of, here is not the place where such a claim would be regarded. If the feeling, that now pervades this community to its furthest borders, were a party feeling; if the tribute, that is now paying to his name from the freemen of all nations, were a tribute to station and chance, to talents or historical renown, and not to character, to a pure and noble desert; if the voice of praises and regrets, that is lifted up on every side of us, were only a popular acclamation for some transient benefit, or an unmeaning echo of what it has become customary for half a century to repeat; the pulpit at least might well be silent. But the circumstances are altogether otherwise; and the preacher may be more than excused if he is not silent, however inadequate to the occasion his words may be, and however lost and forgotten among worthier expressions of eulogy.

The man of whom I am to speak, and whom no one needs name, was perhaps even more remarkable by his conduct and personal qualities, than by all the various situations of his eventful life. At the top of fortune and power and favor, never elated; in the depths of disappointments and hopeless afflictions, never stooping or depressed; amidst the most magnificent temptations, never beguiled; amidst the wildest disorders, never discomposed; amidst the most difficult and delicate conjunctures, never at a loss; amidst the sharpest perils, never afraid;—he was true to himself and his principles, through the most agitating succession of changes that ever swept over the world. And therefore it is, and not because he stood on an eminence, and not for any advantages which he might have but chanced to bestow, that we may make mention of him in our holy places and the offices of devotion.

One may look in vain among the names of ancient or modern celebrity, to find any other who closely reminds us of the Father of our Country, by a similar combination of noble endowments. But He not only recalls him, but presents the most striking resemblance to him. He was formed of like materials. He was trained by a like discipline. A son of his house, and a pupil of his school, he appears with such a similarity of moral features as is seldom transmitted by natural descent, or formed by the influence of any model or education. No one shares with him this distinction. "Elias it was, who was carried up in a whirlwind; and Eliseus was filled with his spirit. Whilst he lived, he was not moved by the presence of any prince, neither could any bring him into subjection."

How much comprehensiveness of thought, richness of style, and truth of sentiment, in the following paragraph:—

A leading name has been struck from the roll of the living. A golden band, that connected us with the history of two generations and with some of the most interesting passages in the history of man, is broken. A venerable form, marred—as you have seen it—among the exposures of his daring devotion to what was right; familiar with all extremes of fortune, with the rough exercise of camps, and the dazzling pomp of courts, and the dreary solitude of dungeons;—equally collected in halls of legislation and fields of battle, and in popular crowds whether they were moved at his eloquence or muttered their discontent, whether they offered him garlands or demanded his head;—equally at home in the quiet joys of the vintage and the harvest and the summer flowers, and in the stormy labors of three revolutions;—wherever it has been, it has now gone to mingle its dust with a long line of distinguished ancestry. A brave and a loving heart has added one more to the company of the glorified. They who shall visit like pilgrims his residences in the old world will look round in vain for his cordial hand and benignant countenance; and he will not cross the sea for a fifth time towards the land that he helped to redeem. He has disappeared. He has lain down in the great rest. The ground is not consecrated by the ashes of a more single-minded and estimable and admirable man. Do not call death an equalizer, when it thus puts obediently the seal of a stamped decree and an eternal distinction upon the deeds and the name of one, over whom it has no power.

What life and spirit in the following panoramic sketch, and how much calm eloquence in the closing reflections:—

"Whilst he lived," says the text, "he was not moved with the presence of any prince, neither could any bring him into subjection." What a train of the crowned and the discrowned, now for the most part but shades of kings, passes before us at the repetition of these words. They brought their impertinities to him, or they laid their orders upon him; but they found him just as he has now been described. What was royalty, in its threats or persuasions, to the royal law in his own breast? A German sovereign once, and a deposed monarch driven from two thrones long afterwards, were taught by him that the vengeance of the one and the intercessions of the other were alike vain, when they would urge him to crouch to a galling necessity, or dissemble his cherished sentiments, or compromise his pure fame. In his own city, five princes reigned, from the time when he first entered into its busy affairs, to the day when he closed his eyes upon it forever. We have only to look at his intercourse with them, to perceive that there was something in him above their regal state.

The first, and most unhappy, both leaned upon him and feared him; and might have been rescued by him a second time, if it had not been thought too much to be indebted to him a second time for deliverance. The next was that wonderful chief, who almost dazzled the world blind with the blaze of his conquests. But there was one, who kept fixed upon him a searching and sorrowful look, as unshrinking as his own, and, as the event proved, more than equal to his own. He had retired quietly to his country home. He refused even an interview with the "emperor and king," in his palace hall, since he had assumed to be a despot over his brethren. Palaces! He had seen all their hollowness and false lustre. He was entitled to them as his resort from his early youth, and he had witnessed more wretchedness than he had ever beheld elsewhere in their envied inmates. The places that had been the objects of his boyish delight, he knew as dwellings of bitter cares and sorrows, before they were burst open by violence and spotted with blood. And is it strange, if he should have lost something of his reverence

for courts? But let me add, that, when the conqueror was subdued,—when the city, that had well nigh been made the capital of the earth, was traversed and encamped in by insolent foes,—he endeavored earnestly to befriend the fallen majesty, whose domination he had resisted. He had no hostility against the imperial fugitive, now that his ambition had overleaped itself and was no longer a terror. His indignation was turned to the opposite side; and when the English ambassador offered peace on the condition of delivering him up to the invaders, he replied, "I am surprised, my lord, that in making so odious a proposition to the French nation, you should have addressed yourself to one of the prisoners of Olmütz."

The third figure that rises, is that of an unwieldy pretension to royalty, set up by foreign hands, and speaking what he was told to speak, and almost as helpless while he reigned, as the phantom that he seems to us now. His infatuated successor is an exile, one hardly remembers where, from an authority that he neither knew how to limit nor maintain. What could he, of whom we are now thinking, have to do with pageants like these,—except to warn them that they must pass away?

Another interval of murderous contention, and another king is in the seat that had been so rapidly and ominously left empty. Him he met as an adviser, and not as an inferior, as a patron rather than as a dependant. But his deed and intention returned to him void, and his expectations were once more baffled.

Let it be so. He has at length gone where there is no more disappointment, and where his faithful works will faithfully follow him. We will not wish that he had remained for further trials. We cannot bear to think of his furnishing opportunities for cavil, to those who do not revere and cannot understand him, by any falterings that might possibly have crept along with his old age,—by any clouding of his clear judgement, any declension of his well-used strength. Let him pass upward in peace to the King of kings and the Lord of lords, by the signs of whose "presence" he was always "moved," and to whose holy Providence he brought himself cheerfully "into subjection."

No; we will not desire him back. He has done enough; endured enough; enjoyed enough. It is time that he was translated. But we will write up his name as on a banner. We will plead that his memory may be sacredly appreciated and never forgotten. His example should shine out as a lesson, in these days of sycophancy and rank abuses, of party spoils and political profligacy and greedy gain; when Elias has been carried up in his chariot of glories, and they who never felt his spirit, and even scoffed at his immortal services, presume to connect themselves with his fame.

The bones of the disciple-prophet were said to awaken the dead. "He did wonders in his life, and at his death were his works marvelous." The miracle is done over again yet, and more nobly done. The name and character and deeds of the just are often a living and divine touch, after "their bodies are buried in peace." May it be so with him! May the memory of that Eliseus, whom I have endeavored to bring to your hearts to-day, stir up a community, that is already turning into corruption, to a fresh and purer life!

We have quoted the larger half of this sermon, and would gladly have quoted the whole. It is to be praised (as has been said before by somebody, we know not whom,) only by writing at the bottom of every page, "*pulchrè, benè, optime.*"

Why does not Mr. Frothingham publish more? His productions are so finished, graceful, and striking, that they present the most agreeable contrast to the slipshod and careless style in which most of the class to which they belong are written. He writes like a true scholar, who has too much respect for his gray goose-quill to make it an instrument for recording common-place thoughts, and who never leaves a sentence till he has made it perfect.

Miriam Coffin, or the Whale Fisherman.

The writer of this Novel has laid his scene in a region, around which are gathered many popular associations. Every body has heard of the Nantucket whalemen, and their wonderful adventures; every body knows something of the primitive character of those enterprising islanders. Ample materials, of the richest

kind, are ready for the literary artist to work up in fiction. The attempt has now been made, with a tolerable degree of success.

The introduction is tedious. It resembles, in some respects, the tiresome prefaces, placed, like stumbling-blocks at the door, at the beginning of many of Walter Scott's novels. So far as it contains information, not already possessed by the community, it is well enough; but when the author goes on to give a silly account of the manner, in which he got possession of the manuscript, the thing becomes stale and common-place, and will, of course, be skipped by every body but ourselves.

The time, in which the events of the tale are represented to have taken place, is just before the breaking out of the revolution. Whether the author was judicious or not in selecting this particular period, we are not prepared to say. At any rate, he is obliged to bring his fictitious scenes, many of which, are highly improbable, into collision and connection with events of historical interest and renown. This has an unpleasant effect on the mind of the reader. Some of the characters, also, are connected with names and families yet in existence. Now if these are mere creations of the poet's brain, they place their flesh-and-blood relations in rather a droll predicament. To be first cousin, or brother, or husband, to a non-entity, is a sort of relationship not recognised by the law-books, nor by the church-books. Yet, we do not see how Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and the respectable family of the Folgers, are to get rid of this semi-supernatural consanguinity.

The story opens with the scene of the annual festival in Nantucket,—the sheep-shearing. Among innumerable other visitors from the continent, two young men, one a doctor, and the other a lawyer, make their appearance, and fall in with two of the most famous belles of the island,—to wit: Miss Folger and Miss Coffin. This, of course, lays the corner-stone for the romantic part of the superstructure. The doctor pays his devotions to the lovely Mary Folger, and the lawyer (Grimshaw, by name,) to Ruth Coffin, daughter of Miriam, and sister, if we read aright, to the before-mentioned gallant admiral. Our heroes, from the main land, find it rather harder to win the hearts of the island beauties, than their vanity had anticipated. One has bound herself by a vow, never to receive a lover's addresses until said lover has harpooned his whale;—the other cordially detests the sneaking fellow Grimshaw. Several young whalers, moreover, interfere with the claims of our gentlemen, in a manner likely to lead to serious consequences. However, the doctor goes to sea to try his luck in letting the blood of a whale,—having previously played the scoundrel with a young Indian on the island. It so happens, that one of the lovers is killed by a whale, and the whale, if we remember right, is killed by the doctor, whose character, as a gentleman and whaleman, is now established. Before they reach home, another of the young gentlemen falls by the hand of a revengeful Indian, and the doctor lends a helping hand in securing the murderer. These several events, of course, procure the doctor a welcome reception, and afford him the means of carrying out a long-meditated scheme of revenge against the lady, who had sent him on this chase after the whales. The offer of his hand is accepted; preparations for the wedding are speedily made; but the bridegroom is no where to be found. At length, a letter arrives, declaring that he has no idea of marrying so cruel a fair, who has exposed his life to the dangers of the deep, and the jaws of a whale. The assembly breaks up in great confusion, and the bride retires in mortification and despair. It may as well be stated here, that she afterwards consoled herself for the loss of the doctor by taking a young whaler.

Meantime, Miriam Coffin, the mother of Ruth, and the wife of Jethro, takes a fancy to Squire Grimshaw, who has, as before hinted, taken a fancy to the daughter. The good lady has already let her brain be filled with gigantic schemes of wealth and power. The signs of the times portend a war between the mother country and the colonies. The husband goes on a voyage, leaving her sole manager of his fortunes. In conjunction with Grimshaw, she plans and executes a scheme of oppressing the island, and amassing wealth, by keeping in favor with the British commander in New-York, and acting under the protection of the British flag. This scheme, of which we cannot stop to relate the details, though successful at first, fails in the end, as it ought to. Jethro, after sundry heavy misfortunes abroad, returns, and finds his affairs thrown into confusion at home. His skill enables him to retrieve them, partially. The lawyer finally marries the daughter, having won her susceptible heart by the most dogged teasing. He establishes himself comfortably on the premises, spends his days in competence and respectability, and hunting and fishing. So ends this strange eventful history.

In some respects, this work shows no little talent. Many of the descriptions are wrought up with skill and power. The operations of the whale-fishery are delineated with graphic force. The sinking of the French privateer, or pirate, (they are different names for the same thing,) is a thrilling and masterly scene. In drawing characters, the author's hand is feeble. They are all vague and indistinct; some of them are self-contradictory; some impossible and absurd. The plot, or story, is awkwardly put together, and the conclusion singularly bad. The language is sometimes powerful and pure; at others, careless; and, at others, outrageous. The wit is not always happy, and, sometimes, is absolutely without point. On the whole, it is a very creditable performance, and will draw, we hope, the attention of writers of fiction to a rich source of amusement, hitherto but little used for literary purposes.

Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys. By a Teacher.

This little book is one of the most valuable works on the subject of education, that our country has yet produced. The writer's views are wide and liberal. He treats the topics of his several chapters with an elegance of style and precision of thought, which render the book highly attractive. Every page abounds with proof, that the work is the production of an able scholar and accomplished gentleman; of one who knows, by close observation and careful study, what is essential, and what is ornamental, in a course of liberal education.

The method of teaching the classical languages, recommended in this treatise, is excellent. The observations on a course of classical illustration, borrowed from history, mythology, and, more especially, from the remains of ancient art, are judicious and important. The eloquent and discriminating style; the simplicity, grace, and beauty, of the language; the clearness of the arrangement, and the freedom from professional cant, show a mind, on which classical learning has exercised its happiest influence. We quote the following chapter, on "accomplishments," because we think the views there exposed of great importance, and deserving the special attention of parents and teachers.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

I have now discussed the manner of studying those branches which are usually pursued, or which ought to be pursued, in classical schools, but I cannot forbear in this place recommending to parents to employ other teachers still for their chil-

dren, and cultivate them in other pursuits. It is a well-known fact, that notwithstanding the school hours, much time hangs heavily on the hands of a young child, sometimes from weariness or other circumstances which prevent his playing, sometimes from want of companions, distaste for reading, &c. There are, however, many resources to fill up the vacant hours, which unfortunately do not seem to be improved as they ought. And first of all, I would recommend those exercises which strengthen the frame systematically, as gymnastics of every kind. I am aware that these are in use among us, but they are rarely insisted on as a duty; children are left to their inclination, and this in a country where the excessive heat in summer and cold in winter, induce to want of energy and inactivity. I wish that an hour a day might be set apart and rigidly kept for these exercises. The results of such an education are truly astonishing. The system has been pursued with great success in the military school at Paris, where the young men perform feats, that must be seen in order to be realized and believed; the gymnastic exercises in that institution are under the direction of Colonel Amoros, an intelligent Spanish gentleman, whose works upon this subject are worthy the attention of all parents and teachers. The leading idea in his system, is the union of the moral with the physical. His pupils sing as they exercise, not like our sailors, merely as a signal for simultaneous action, but words and music which shall inspire and encourage. Besides these exercises, the more amusing ones of fencing and boxing ought to be taught to all boys. It is melancholy, indeed, in our institutions for learning, especially our colleges, to see so many puny looking young men; hollow chests, round shoulders, and bending body, are characteristics of our students, and premature old age, or consumption, carry off but too many of our most gifted men.

Dancing is an accomplishment so commonly taught, that it need not be urged here. Besides this, are other accomplishments, which are very rarely thought worthy the attention of school-boys, and, among us, are never considered necessary. First of these, is drawing. I will not enlarge upon the additional means of happiness afforded to a child, when he is taught the use of the pencil: for the classical scholar, I think it a necessary acquisition: a child who is to be a thorough scholar, should begin early to draw, and his attention should be directed as soon as possible, to the human face and form. In this way, when he comes to the study of Mythology and Antiquities, he will be greatly aided. In no way can so perfect an idea of the antique be formed, as by copying such drawings as may have been preserved, or the works of artists like Flaxman, or still better, by copying ancient busts and statues, or casts from them. Such exercises fix the knowledge obtained, indelibly on the mind, and still more, by the great accuracy thus obtained, the student will at length be able to make his own illustrations. I need not point out the immense advantages, which a person thus taught, will possess over one ignorant upon the subject; all will be clear to his mind; the camp, the chamber, the banqueting-hall, the forms of Grecian beauty, the battlefield, and the funeral pyre, will present themselves vividly before him, like household scenes.

Next to drawing, I would recommend music. This is considered indispensable in the system of public education pursued in Prussia, which is the best in the world. What Milton thought of the effect of music, and its importance to students, we learn from his treatise on education. After recommending severe bodily exercise before dinner for the schools, he goes on as follows: "The interim, of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may, both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing their travelled spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute, or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions."

To the literary man, especially one who is to lead a more retired sort of life, music is a source of endless comfort. Above all, to the teacher, whose life is almost identified with the name of patience, this divine art comes like a consoling spirit, to soothe his ruffled nerves, and give rest to his weary thoughts. Next to sleep, it refreshes and invigorates; and a parent who places his child in a situation to acquire this art, bequeaths to him a blessing, which death alone can

deprive him of. In the midst of busy life, in the land of strangers, where it is the only language he understands, in the hour of sorrow, even in the delirium fit, and the horrors of the mad-house, music never abandons him who has once welcomed her to his soul.

*History of Ipswich, Essex, and Hamilton. By Joseph B. Felt.**

Inasmuch as Mr. Felt does not write for the present day, he may truly be said to be in advance of his age. It is to be wished that he would make a "Britannia" on New-England, or such a work about it as Camden did about Old England. We do not presume to say how well antiquaries of our times will think of such a labor, but we hazard not much, we presume, when we say, that, whatever may be the judgement of moderns, posterity will prize it highly; for, certainly, it appears to us, that a Dugdale or a Polwhele could have been scarcely more indefatigable, in local researches, than our author.

It will, doubtless, appear very strange to such as can only be delighted with a book because it is *new*, how a man can spend several years in making up a book, which presents little else besides a series of dates and obsolete sayings. He will glance his eye rapidly from page to page, to catch some reflection of the compiler, or some lively delineation of characters and manners to repay him for the time (if he be no antiquary) which he is throwing away. But if any such read this article, they are hereby admonished not to lay down Mr. Felt's book because they do not meet with long and pleasing reflections in the first few pages; for we can assure them they will find many interspersed, which, for solidity and real weight, will show that the mind that produced them, if not the most brilliant, is an honor to an enlightened age.

Ipswich being a very old town, or one of the oldest in Massachusetts, many incidents have occurred there to render it worthy of a more particular work than some of less antiquity. Although the proportion of matter contained in the volume before us, in the author's own words be small, yet, it must be allowed, that, in works of a local character, it is, by far, better to fill their pages with real matters of fact, than with pleasing verbiage drawn from a very few of the most prominent incidents in its history. We have now before us a volume of 304 pages, in small-pica type, octavo, of the common size. Every page presents an unvarnished array of facts, enough, were they woven with a common amount of smooth sentences, to make, at least, five times the quantity of matter. Hence it is easy to see of how much more value such a work, made up in such a manner, really is, than it would be, were one fifth of its facts used, and the rest made up, as it easily might have been, with one fifth of the labor. Few authors, in our times, expect profit from their labors, unless they can treat their subject in what is called a popular manner; now if this must be done at the evident expense (or suppression) of facts, it is easy to see, that, in *some* age to come, a just censure must be passed upon the taste of the present. To say a great deal about a very little, and to say it in a playful manner, that is, to talk wisely about talking, may please the majority of readers; but we can apprise such, that the history of Ipswich will afford them no amusement of that kind. But, on the contrary, he who expects matters of history, as they occurred, will there find them without that useless waste of time too often experienced in other works.

The author spends no time in prefaces and introductions, but at once steps into his work, like the farmer to his plough, or, like the mower to his grass, with an

* The editor has not seen this work, and is indebted to a friend, (with whose criticisms he has not interfered) for this notice.

instrument kept in readiness from year to year. He tells us that Ipswich, that is, the place now so called, was particularly noticed by that wonder of wonders, Capt. John Smith, as early as 1614, when there was nothing like an European settlement from Manhattan to Newfoundland. At this time, and for considerable space after the arrival of the English, the country thereabouts was called *Agawam*, which was its real Indian name; a name, our author thinks was given to it from its abounding in "fish of passage." This may be true, although numerous other places noted for the same, are not named Agawam. As to the name *Ipswich*, it was given to that place by its English inhabitants, to remind themselves and their posterity of the kindnesses that were extended to them by the inhabitants of Ipswich in England, from whence many of them took their departure for America. Few names in our country, except those given by the Indians have any reference to their situation or products. It was not so in England. Places there were named, originally, according to the true definition of their names:—thus *Exmouth* was situated at the mouth of the *Ex* or *Az*; Norfolk, or *north folk*, and Suffolk, *south folk*, or the south people, in contradistinction to those on the north of them. The name *Ipswich* is not quite as clearly defined, but denoted its situation upon the river Gippen, which was at its confluence with the Orwell. In Dooms-day-book it is written *Gyppeswick*, *Gyppewic*, &c. This spelling gradually changed to *Yppyswyche*, and lastly to Ipswich. To an ancient Briton, as well as to an original American, the name of a place at the same time told him what its situation was, or for what it was noted; but the modern inhabitant can no more tell whether a place be upon a river or a good way from one, by the signification of its name; whether it be noted for its animals or its fruits, its trees or stones.

Although Ipswich was occupied by the whites in 1633, yet they do not appear to have purchased it of its real owner, until 1638. This year the Sachem called Masconomet, or Mascononomo, sold Agawam to Mr. John Winthrop for £20.

Mr. Felt has treated his subject in a different manner from others who have heretofore written town histories. He has collected the facts of every department under suitable heads in the manner following:—

First Settlers.—As in other towns of the colony, no persons were admitted as inhabitants without the consent of its freemen. When this custom fell into disuse we are not told. In 1634, Rev. Thomas Parker with a company of about 150 persons took up their abode in Ipswich.

Grants, &c.—In 1635 the Genl. Court ordered that no dwelling house should be built above half a mile from the meeting house in any new plantation, without the leave of the court, &c. 1649, Ipswich is allowed two fifts of Plumb Island.

Common Lands.—On 16 April, 1663, it was ordered that no man shall cut any grass on Plumb Island before the 10 July, nor any family use above two scythes at a time.—1757. Voted, that Capt. Jonathan Fellows, of Cape Ann, have the use of all the sandbanks lying in Ipswich, for one year at £9 13s. 4d.—Those must have been golden days for the gentlemen of the chord; for many a shoe left the best part of its sole upon the sanded floor, which it had shuffled but one night.

Titles.—The title of *Mr.* was borne only by officers of the militia, captains and mates of vessels, eminent merchants, schoolmasters, doctors, clergymen, persons who had received a second degree at college, and who had been made freemen. To be deprived of this title was a great degradation. The wives of those thus entitled were called *Mrs.*

Sept. 27, 1631. Josiah Plinistow of Boston, was sentenced by the court of Assistants to be deprived of his title of *Mr.* Our author should have added that the offence was for stealing corn from the Indians. Besides losing his title of gentleman he was ordered to pay \$5.

Lightning-rods.—There has been none in Essex or in Hamilton. The only one recollected eighty years since, was on the old jail. There are now seven in Ipswich. A probable reason for their not being formerly more introduced here, was the prejudice, very prevalent through the colonies, that the erection of them upon buildings was a resistance to Providence, because attracting the electric fluid from its direct course. It is well that such Mahomedan fatality has not the influence it once had, in preventing the improvements of science.

1659. The General Court grant each town copies of Mr. Norton's work, in the press, against the Quakers, in proportion to its rates. Thus the artillery of the legislature of the commonwealth was brought into the field against a poor handful of fanatics, to whom indifference would have been far more formidable.

Ipswich owes not a little of its ancient renown to that worthy and excellent man, the Rev. William Hubbard. For an account of him as well as others, who should be mentioned, we can only refer our reader to the work of Mr. Felt. But

as every thing is of the greatest interest which in any way concerns that eminent individual, we note the following facts which happen to be known to us:—

15 Feb. 1665. William Hubbard of Ipswich & Mary his wife deed to Robert & Samuel Williams of Roxbury, "all that his fowerteen acres of Salt Marsh, be it more or lesse Lying at the lower end of the field called ye Lower Calves Pasture, within the precincts of Roxbury, and not farre from the tyde mill in Dorchester," &c.

Concerning what the author has said about Mr. Hubbard's presiding at the commencement in 1688, we offer the following extract from an old manuscript letter, dated 2 July of that year, by Mr. John Richards. Said letter was for Dr. Increase Mather, then in London:—"The commencement is to be managed this year by Mr. *William Hubbard* of Ipswich. The Govr. sent to Mr. *Lee* to do it, who likewise intended, but was not positive in his answer, and so Mr. Hubbard is to manage it. [He] hath been here about it."

In Judge Sewall's celebrated Diary is this entry:—14 Sept. 1704, Thursday. Mr. William Hubbard of Ipswich, goes to the Lecture, after to Col. Appleton's, goes home and dies that night.

We will close our short notice of this valuable work with the following extract. After giving some facts concerning "Unity Lodge," in Ipswich, and candidly observing that its members "do not undertake to assert, that no lodges in our country have become so corrupt, as to engage, that, if expediency or necessity require, they will violate laws both human and divine," very sensibly proceeds:—

But they can truly declare, that neither they nor any lodge of New-England, with which they have any acquaintance, have ever understandingly covenanted to countenance, much less to practice immoralities. They feel themselves bound to condemn the murderers of Morgan, if such there be, and the attempts to prevent the infliction of justice upon them, as upon other members of the community. It would, however, be infatuation to pretend, that Masonry is free from every fault. Like all institutions of human origin, it has imperfections. Among these imperfections is a part of the figurative expressions and forms, used on the admission of its members. Such things, if they were not formerly defects, have become so, wherever the benevolent spirit and enlightened views of Christianity prevail. The object of legitimate Masonry can now be accomplished without them.

With regard to the proposal before our legislature, it is a question deserving serious and general consideration, whether they should not only forbid Masonic, Phi Beta Kappa, and other literary societies oaths of secrecy, but also oaths of every description. The true man will tell the truth without an oath. The false man will declare falsely with an oath. Indeed, who is not shocked to witness the frequent perjury which takes place in our courts of justice? In cases of this sort, the perjurer implicitly calls upon his Maker to destroy his soul, if he do not speak truly. There is nothing really so awful as this in the obligations of Masonry. While the axe is laid to one root, let be laid to the whole. Let a law be passed, prohibiting oaths of every kind, and requiring, when necessary, the solemn affirmation of the Friends. Let this be done, and then the public welfare will not have cause to complain, that while one part of its claims are listened to by a numerous legislative assembly, the other is neglected.

OUR FILE.

"A New Theory of Comets,"—

"Visions of the Past,"—

"Rainy-Day Musings,"—

"Political Parties,"—

are on file for the next number. Several contributions from unknown writers are under consideration, and may find a place, when we are made acquainted with the authors' names.

The short poetical articles from a lady, whose former contributions have been inserted, have too local or personal applications to interest the majority of readers.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

INCLUDING NOTICES OF COLLEGES UNIVERSITIES, &c.

UNITED STATES.

Since the adjournment of Congress, the political discussions of the public journals have turned chiefly upon the local politics of individual states. Elections have already been held in some of the Western states, the results of which, so far as they are known, are supposed to manifest changes of opinion in regard to the National Administration. In others, elections are soon to take place, and the preparations indicate a fierce contention. New-York and Pennsylvania, it is said, form the battleground, on which the great question between the Tories and Whigs, or the Administration party and the Opposition, is to be decided. The elections in these states will be held in October and November.

The President of the United States left Washington, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, for his residence in Tennessee, where he arrived early in August.

New Gold Coin. On the first of August, the coinage of gold, according to the new ratio of gold to silver, commenced at the Mint. The peculiarities, which distinguish the new gold coin from the old, are stated thus, by the Director of the Mint, in a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury:—

On the face, the new coins will be readily distinguished by a head of Liberty disencumbered of a cap.

On the reverse, the surplus motto, "E Pluribus Unum," which for many years has occupied a portion of the disk above the figure of the Eagle, is now omitted.

These changes, independently of the facility to be derived from them, in distinguishing the future from the past emissions of our gold coins, are recommended by a nearer adherence to the provisions of the law, as well as by the rules of taste and classic authority.

In regard to the omission of the motto above referred to, the same improvement was introduced in the quarter dollar in 1831, the subject having, by communication of the 29th January, of that year, been submitted to the President, through the Department, and approved.

The Eagle of the former issues weighs 270 grains, the Half Eagle 135 grains, and the Quarter 67½ grains. The Eagle, under the present law, will weigh 258 grains, the Half Eagle 129 grains, and the Quarter 64½ grains. These

weights are recited because desirable to be kept in mind, rather than as affording a farther criterion of distinction between the two classes of coins—since an inspection, much more cursory than that of weighing, will distinguish them by the preceding characteristics.

The Eagle and Half Eagle of the new coinage will be less in diameter than those of the former emissions, and that in a greater proportion than the diminution of weight would indicate. This, however, though a decided amendment of our coinage, is of less value at a distinctive mark, since the comparison would require the presence of coin of both classes.

Another letter from the Director of the Mint to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated August 16, presents the following facts:—

Statement of the amount of gold subject to coinage under the new ratio, deposited within the period commencing 1st June, and ending 1st August, 1834, with the whole amount coined to the latter date from August 1st, and the amount of coin delivered.

Gold Bullion deposited in June—coinage deferred under an anticipation of the action of Congress, \$61,500

Gold deposited in July, and deferred, viz:			
Uncoined Bullion,	-	133,300	
Coins of the United States,		926,300	
Foreign Coins,	-	47,400	
			407,000

Gold deposited from the 1st to the 9th August:—			
Uncoined Bullion,	-	25,000	
Coins of the United States, of former standard,		48,000	
Foreign Coins,	-	3,000	
			76,000

Whole amount coined from 1st to 9th August,			544,500
			310,000

Remaining uncoined August 9th,			\$234,500
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Commerce and Navigation. From the statements published of the commerce and navigation of the United States, for the year 1833, and comparisons of some of the items with those of preceding years, the Baltimore American has gleaned the following statistical items, which are interesting for reference.

The whole amount of exports for the year, was \$90,140,433, of which \$70,317,698 were of domestic, and \$19,822,735 of foreign articles. The total for 1832 was \$37,176,443, of which \$63,137,470 were domestic, and

\$24,039,473 foreign. For 1831, the total was \$31,310,583, of which \$61,277,057 were domestic, and \$20,033,526 foreign.

The exportation of flour for the three years, was, in 1831, 1,806,529 bbls; 1832, 864,919 bbls; 1833, 955,788. Of cotton, Sea Island, 1831, 8,311,762; 1832, 8,743,373 lbs; 1833, 11,142,987 lbs; of other cottons, the exports were respectively, 268,668,122, 313,471,749, and, 313,555,617 lbs.

The aggregate value of all the importations into the United States, was, for the three years, severally, \$103,191,124, \$101,029,266, and \$108,118,311.

The navigation tables furnish the following as the total of the tonnage of the United States, registered, enrolled, and licensed for those years; 1,191,176, 1,267,846, 1,439,450, tons. In 1833, there arrived 1,111,441 tons of American shipping, and departed 1,142,160 tons. Of foreign shipping, there arrived 496,705 tons, and departed 497,039 tons.

There were imported, in 1833, 15,698,050 gallons of molasses; 14,634,822 pounds of tea; 99,955,020 of coffee; 85,689,944 pounds of brown sugar; and 11,999,089 pounds of white sugar.

The Navy. The number of vessels now in the American Navy, is as follows:—Twelve 74s, fourteen 44s, three 36s, two 24s, thirteen 18s, seven 12s, one 3; total, ships 52; guns, 2071. Captains in the Navy, 37; Masters Commandant, 41; Lieutenants, 252; Surgeons, 43; Assistant do. 48; Purser, 43; Chaplains, 8; Passed Midshipmen, 134; Midshipmen, 314; Sailing Masters, 29; Boatswains, 18; Gunners, 17; Carpenters, 14; Sail-makers, 14; total officers, 1012.

West Point. The following is the conclusion of the report of the Board of Visitors at the late examination of Cadets of West Point. The report is altogether favorable to this excellent institution.

"The whole investigation of the Board led them to the conclusion, that the Military Academy is a most valuable and essential part of the army establishment of the United States; that at a cost so low as not to exceed that of a second rate man-of-war, it prepares and can spread over the whole country, officers instructed and capable of giving instruction in the military art, and this without the danger arising to liberty, from large standing armies in time of peace, enables the government to fulfil the duty which the Constitution so solemnly enjoins, of 'providing for the common defence,' and

lastly, that if our young citizens were commissioned in the army as lieutenants, in the first instance, as they must be if this institution be abolished, they could not obtain in four years, even the same military knowledge as the Cadets, while their probation and education would be far more expensive to the country."

MAINE.

Waterville College. The annual Commencement took place on the 31st of July. The exercises connected with it, (as stated by a correspondent of the *Hallowell Advocate*) commenced with the Baccalaureate Address of the President, on the Sunday evening previous—which, though on a subject of much importance, yet, on account of the commonness of such exercises on Sabbath evenings, did not excite much interest. The exercises of Tuesday commenced with an address before the Peace Society of the College, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Choules of New-Bedford, on a subject appropriate to the object. After this, the exercises connected with the public induction of Rev. Rufus Babcock, jr. into the office of President, were performed. On this occasion, an address was delivered to the candidate, by Judge Weston of Augusta, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. After a succinct history of the settlement of this state, the various and fluctuating fortunes of the tribes of Indians and bands of whites which first peopled it, especially in the vicinity of the college—he briefly adverted to the present condition of the state, her rank and importance as a member of the Union, the necessity to her maintaining a proper standing in the Union, of encouraging literature and literary institutions; and closed, by speaking of the responsibility of the President's station, his various duties and cares, and the consequent duty of the scholar. After an original hymn, (composed for the occasion,) sung by the choir, the President, in a very able and eloquent address, took a general and comprehensive view of "the teacher's office," the course of studies and instruction best to be pursued in a literary institution, the method of government, and, in a word, every thing pertaining to the office of a public teacher of youth. In the evening, an address was delivered before the Literary Fraternity, by Freeman Bradford, on "The duties and prospects of American Youth." A splendid illumination of the college buildings, closed the performances of the evening.

The order of exercises of Commencement, was as follows, viz:—Salutatory Address in Latin—Enoch Hutchinson, Newport, N. H.; The Scholar's Reward, an Oration—Silas Ilsley, Limerick; Literary Festivals, an Essay—Albert W. Poole, Portland, (excused); Phrenology, a Disquisition—Thomas Leishman, Boothbay; which has exerted the greatest influence on mankind, Poetry or Philosophy? a Literary Discussion—Charles Nickerson, Augusta, William Stockbridge, North-Yarmouth; the Druids, a Historical Disquisition—Allen Barnes, Hartford; French Oration—Joseph C. Loring, Boston, Mass.; National Prejudice, a Poem—Francis Barker, Hanson, Mass.; The Importance of the Christian Pastor, the Foreign Missionary, and the Teacher of Youth, a Conference—Chas. W. Bradbury, Bangor, Ivory Clark, Lebanon, S. G. Sargent, Methuen, Mass.; Moral Reform, a Dissertation—Zabdiel Bradford, New-Bedford, Mass.; Comparative influence on the mind of the study of the Physical and Moral Sciences, a Philosophical Discussion—Carleton Parker, Hopkinton, Mass. Enoch Hutchinson, Newport, N. H.; War, a moral and unnecessary evil, a Dissertation—Lemuel Porter, Boston, Mass.; Progress of true principles, an Oration—Edward P. McKown, Charlestown, Mass.; Valedictory Addresses—W. B. S. Moor, A. B. Waterville, a candidate for the degree of A. M. No *honorary* degrees were conferred.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon seventeen young gentlemen, viz: Enoch Hutchinson, Newport, N. H.; Silas Ilsley, Limerick; Albert W. Poole, Portland; Thomas Leishman, Boothbay; Charles Nickerson, Augusta; William Stockbridge, North-Yarmouth; Allen Barrows, Hartford; J. C. Loring, Boston, Mass.; Francis Barker, Hanson, N. H.; Charles W. Bradbury, Bangor; Ivory Clark, Lebanon; Sylvanus G. Sargent, Methuen, Mass.; Zabdiel Bradford, New-Bedford, Mass.; Carleton Parker, Hopkinton, do.; Lemuel Porter, jr. Boston, do.; Edward P. McKown, Charlestown, do.; Albert W. Paine, Augusta.

The degree of A. M. was conferred upon W. B. S. Moore, a graduate of the Institution.

Phineas Barnes, A. M. was appointed a Professor of Greek and Latin in said College. Hon. Lemuel Paine, of Winslow, was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the College, and James Stackpole, jr. Esq. of Waterville, Treasurer and Trustee; Gen. Alfred

Richardson of Portland, and Rev. J. Gilpatrick, of Bluehill, were also elected Trustees.

CONNECTICUT.

Washington College. The annual commencement took place on Thursday, 7th August, in Christ Church, Hartford. The literary exercises performed by the graduating class, were as follows:—

1. An Oration—"The infancy of intellect." Solomon Gilbert Hitchcock, Sharon.
2. A Dissertation—"The modesty of true wisdom." William Bliss Ashley, Ulster, N. Y.
3. An Oration—"The natural freedom and equality of man." Abel Nichols, Newtown.
4. A Dissertation—"The ægrotous views of the American people with regard to the civil commotions in Europe." William Henry Warren, Troy, N. Y.
5. An Essay—"The discovery of truth by the inductive theory." William Cooke, Salem, Mass.
6. An Oration—"The comparative influence of benevolence and selfishness." George Washington Natt, Philadelphia.
7. A Eulogy—"The life and character of William Wilberforce." Henry Perkins, Hartford.
8. An Oration—"The source of ordinary pleasure." Daniel Shepard Dewey, Hartford.
9. A Poem—"The victim of error." Ferdinand Rogers, Hudson, N. Y.
10. An Oration—"On carrying the warmth of early feeling into the active duties of life." William Payne, Chatham.
11. An Oration—"The moral dignity of the missionary enterprise." Thomas Hubbard Vail, A. B., Norwich, candidate for the degree of Master of Arts.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on the following gentlemen, alumni of the Institution: Daniel Shepard Dewey, William Henry Warren, William Payne, Abel Nichols, Luther Harris Perkins, Henry Perkins, Gurdon Wadsworth Russell, George Washington Natt, William Bliss Ashley, Solomon Gilbert Hitchcock, William Cooke, Ferdinand Rogers, and David Jencks Capron.

The degree of Master of Arts was also conferred on Richard Johnson, John R. Case, Thomas H. Vail, Jacob E. Clarke, Elias P. Ely, Charles J. Russ, Marcus M. Filley, the Rev. Nathaniel E. Cornwall, and the Rev. Richard C. Moore, alumni of the College; on Edward Ingersoll, an alumnus of Yale College; on the Rev. G. C. V. Eastman, an alumnus of Middlebury College; and the honorary degree of A. M. on the Rev. Jacob F. Huber,

Professor of Modern Languages in the Wesleyan University.

The next term will commence on the 25th day of September. Candidates for admission will be examined on that and the preceding day.

NEW-YORK.

Hamilton College. The annual Commencement was held on Wednesday, August 13. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on about twenty young gentlemen. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on DANIEL CADY, Esq. of the county of Montgomery.

It is understood that the Board of Trustees took measures to organize the *Maynard Law Professorship*, as soon as the funds devised to the college by the late William H. Maynard can be made productive. There was, also, a committee appointed to confer with one of the most distinguished jurists of the state, on the subject of the establishment of it, and the relation it should bear to the college, the government and discipline to which its pupils shall be subject; and of *his becoming the incumbent thereof*. The committee are, also, to report at the next meeting a plan for conducting the law school, and a code of laws for its government. There is, therefore, a prospect, and a strong one, too, it is believed, that the fund left by Mr. Maynard, will be the means of providing for those seeking a professional education in the law, much higher advantages than they have ever enjoyed. The trustees design, it is said, that practical instruction shall be combined with theoretical. The studies are to be pursued more in reference to *subjects* than to authors, and different authors on the same subject will be read. There will be recitations, followed by lectures, on the subject. The lectures to be the result of minute and careful preparation; but rather conversational than formally didactic. It is supposed that the Professor will receive applications for opinions, both on cases and abstract questions; and, also, for drafts of pleadings in special and difficult cases. The pupils are to be exercised both in writing and extemporaneous speaking. In short, it is designed, it is said, to make this law school such an one as is demanded by public opinion. [Albany Argus.]

Geneva College. The commencement exercises which were performed at the Dutch Church in Geneva, are spoken of by a correspondent of the Albany Argus, as being of a high order. Noth-

ing is mentioned as to the number of graduates or students, nor any thing of the character of the institution, except that it is under the control of Episcopalians. Hon. D. D. Barnard of Albany delivered an address to the Englesian and Alpha Phi Delta Societies.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Georgetown College. The annual commencement took place on the 29th of July. The exercises of the graduates are spoken of, in the papers of the District, in the highest terms. We have seen no account of the number of graduates, or of the prospects of the Institution.

VIRGINIA.

University of Virginia. The session of the University closed July 19. A large and intelligent audience attended the exercises of the public day. Three Essays were read by Mr. Young of Richmond, Mr. Minor of Louisa, and Mr. Holeman of Fluvanna; three Orationes were delivered, by Mr. Frazier of Augusta, Mr. B. F. Minor of Albemarle, and Mr. Lindsey of Mass. This Institution is now in a most flourishing condition. Governed by able Professors, who possess in an eminent degree the capacity of stimulating others to the acquisition of science, it cannot fail, while conducted on the same wise and liberal system, which has heretofore characterized it, to bestow incalculable blessings on our country. Yearly, it will return, as it has just done, to the bosom of society, many a bright ornament—many a chivalrous and devoted patriot.

Mr. MADISON recently resigned his seat at the Board of Visitors, which has been supplied by the appointment of Wm. C. RIVES, Esq. JOSEPH C. CABELL, Esq. has been made Rector—vacated by the resignation of Mr. MADISON. Dr. WARNER, of Baltimore, a gentleman of distinguished eminence in his profession, and who has been for several years connected with the Summer School, in that city, has been elected by the Visitors, Professor of Physiology, Anatomy, and Surgery, in the place of Dr. JOHNSON, resigned.

GEORGIA.

The Cherokees. Late Georgia papers contain a long publication signed by the counsel of the Cherokee Indians, detailing the particulars of a personal controversy between them and Governor Lumpkin, of Georgia. In a correspondence between the Governor and the military authorities concerning the

recent apprehension of hostilities in the Indian country, he had attributed the blame to what he termed a "free combination of men," who, for professional gain, were encouraging the Indians in litigation, and fomenting their discontent with the state proceedings. Messrs. Hansell and Rock well, two of the counsel of the Cherokees, considering themselves injuriously treated in this allusion, addressed separate letters to the Governor, requiring an avowal, whether, in the exceptionable passages, they,

or either of them, were intended by him. He seems to have treated the applications very cavalierly,—sending back the letters in a blank envelope to the writers. They have, accordingly, joined in an appeal to the public, in which they give an unqualified denial to the Governor's charges, and challenge him to produce proof. They apply to the conduct of the Governor such descriptive epithets as occur to men who believe themselves wronged without provocation or justice.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Boston, August 9, FREDERIC MELLEN, Esq. aged 29 years—a son of the Hon. Prentiss Mellen of Portland, Me. Although he had been somewhat indisposed for a few days previous to his death, yet no one was aware that his last hour was at hand. His death was sudden and unexpected, and will be deeply regretted by a numerous circle of relations and friends, to whom he had endeared himself by his amiable disposition, and the many amiable qualities of his head and heart. Frederic Mellen graduated at Brunswick in 1825, and afterwards applied himself to the study of the law. He was an enthusiastic devotee of polite literature and the fine arts—and the public journals and annuals have often been enriched by the offerings of his genius.

In Groton, Mass. May 11, 1834, Mrs. REBECCA DANA, wife of the Hon. Samuel Dana, in the 55th year of her age. She was daughter of the late Hon. Charles Barrett, and was born at New-Ipswich, in the state of New-Hampshire, Sept. 4, 1779. She was educated by one of the best and most affectionate of mothers, who early instilled into her mind, those sentiments of piety and virtue, which can alone render life either happy or useful, and who still survives her.

The subject of this notice was married at the age of eighteen, and lived in that relation thirty-six years; she was the mother of eight children, of whom six survive her. Mrs. Dana, though her life had been far too short for the happiness and hopes of her family and friends, had yet lived long enough to accomplish the ends of a useful and happy life. Her husband had passed through a long professional and political life, and was spending the evening of his days in dignified and cheerful retirement. She had accompanied him through the vicissitudes of a varied and eventful life, and had shared its hopes and fears, and was no less a counsellor and friend, than the cherished and affectionate partner of his fortunes. To this character, she united the more precious and endearing qualities which mark the fulfilment of all the social duties, and adorn with grace, and fill with enjoyment the tender relations of domestic life. As a parent, she inspired respect and reverence, without any sacrifice of the easy familiarity of a friend and confidant. Though she was the companion of her children, and seemed among them like an elder sister, she knew how to maintain the parental character and authority unimpaired. In society she was, as in her family, beloved,

respected, influential; she looked with intuitive penetration, into the motives and feelings of others, and adapted her address to them, with such tact and facility, as to make every one at ease in her presence, and shed around her an atmosphere of cheerfulness and delight. Her domestics loved her with almost filial affection, and the poor went from her door relieved and blessing the hand that gave relief. Her piety was fervent, constant, and retiring, free from all display, and flowing from its deep fountains in the heart. In her charities she was liberal, without ostentation, and the gift was doubled, in the delicacy and benevolence of the manner of the offering. Her affection once placed was constant, her authority inspired no fear, her goodness was free from censoriousness, and her firmness from austerity. Her fortitude was the fortitude of a gentle and subdued spirit and temper. Her balance of mind, was not the result of negative qualities, but a combination of active and efficient ones; yet so mingled, that blandness and a refined delicacy were their marked and obvious features, and their strength was visible only in a silent, but constant influence. Her's was of that class of character, that, like correct models of architecture, breaks upon us with fuller effect, the longer and more attentively viewed. Nothing stood out in such bold relief, as to arrest the attention from the whole. Her health, for several years past, had been always delicate, and, at times, very bad; but her spirits rose superior to her infirmities; she exhibited no impatience or despondency; while herself, weak, and requiring aid and support, she never omitted the most delicate and kind consideration of the feelings of others. Her endeavors were constant, to calm the fears, and dispel the gloom of her husband and children, as they witnessed the gradual failing of her strength, and watched with anguish the too certain indications of a fatal disease. She would then, though evidently conscious of her danger, speak of the coming season, and its promised enjoyments, with calm and cheerful anticipation. Indeed, to the very close, though without any indications of dread of death, she enjoyed life, with the lively relish of youth and health. The opening season seemed to quicken her spirits, and while the body was giving way to the ravages of a rapid consumption, the soul seemed, as is often the case with that treacherous disease, with the very decay of its frail and sinking tenement, to acquire new susceptibility to the beauties and influences of nature.

A few days before her death, at her request, being moved to the window, as the sun broke from the clouds, towards his setting, and poured a torrent of rich yellow light over an extended landscape, her rapture broke forth in strains of lively and deep devotion. How beautiful an emblem of her own closing life! How like the calm close of such an expiring day, is the exit of the prepared spirit from a virtuous and happy life! And the shadows of the grave that close over it, like those that gather around the fading day; how sure the hope, and how consoling the reflection, that they await the speedy approach of a glorious and happy morning of renewed life and being!

In Ipswich, Mass. Aug. 10, the Hon. JOHN HEARD, in the 90th year of his age. Mr. Heard was well known in his neighborhood, through a long life, as a man uncommonly exemplary in his domestic character and private relations. He was no less well known and esteemed for his industry, integrity, and exactness, as a man of business. In this, however, he was never so wholly absorbed, as to refuse the calls (to which every good citizen should listen) to assist in the Municipal affairs of the town in which he lived. The means of education and religion in his own town, had more widely commanded a due share of his attention, and he was ever prompt to give his aid to the support and encouragement of them. For many years, also, he was a member of the legislature, first, as a representative of the town in which he was born, and always lived, and afterwards as a Senator from the county; and, lastly, he was a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution. In these several places, and in other offices of public trust, his integrity and good judgement always won confidence and respect. He was a truly pious and conscientious man, and loved all pious and conscientious men. His declining years were tranquil; and though he did not escape from the weariness and some of the personal trials incident to old age, he escaped from every thing which makes old age troublesome to others; from every thing in his temper, and in his treatment of those around him, which lessens the pleasures of ministering those filial attentions by his family and friends, which were amply rendered to him.

In Brooklyn, Long-Island, Aug. 4, the Hon. WILLIAM JOHNSON, of South-Carolina, associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Johnson had been laboring, for a long time, under an affection in his jaw, which had recently increased to such a degree, as to render it necessary to take away the affected part. He submitted, and underwent this very difficult surgical operation in the most heroic manner, without any aid from his surrounding friends, preferring to rely on his own fortitude to sustain him under it. The exertion thus used, it is supposed, excited his nerves to their utmost power, and when the operation was safely over, a reaction took place, and he died of exhaustion.

In Washington, D. C. THOMAS LAW, Esq. aged 78. The National Intelligencer says—The history of this gentleman, could it be committed to paper, would be more interesting and instructive than some histories of greater notoriety.

We are not possessed of the materials, however, nor is this the place, to trace it at large. Mr. Law was a native of England, of highly respectable connections, the late learned and distinguished Lord Ellenborough being one of his several brothers. Early in life he accepted one of those employments in the gift of the British East-India Company, which, in most hands, insure to the possessors princely fortunes. In the administration of the highly responsible and discretionary duties of the station which he occupied, he found a wide field for the exercise of the philanthropy and liberality which, united to a nice sense of honor, were prominent traits in his character. Whilst he acquired unbounded popularity among the natives, he secured the confidence of his superiors in office, both in India and at home. As an evidence of the confidence placed in his ability and integrity, it may be mentioned that he was a member of the Revenue Board before he reached the age of twenty-one. He was afterwards chief ruler over one of the provinces of that vast empire, in which his wise, magnanimous, and beneficent administration obtained for him the enviable appellation of the Father of the People. Returning from India, after a residence of a number of years, (about the time of the trial of Warren Hastings) he remained in England for a year or two, and then transferred his residence to the United States, bringing with him a property, not large considering his opportunities, but large in comparison with the fortunes enjoyed even by the wealthy in this country. Led by his reverence for the character of Gen. WASHINGTON, with whom he soon became intimately acquainted, and impelled by that enthusiasm which formed a part of his character, in favor of the free institutions of the United States, he invested in lots and houses in the city of Washington, (then just planned under the auspices of him whose honored name it bears,) the greater part of all his funds. From that time he has been identified with the city as one of its oldest, most zealous, and enlightened citizens. With the exception of two or three occasional visits to his connections and friends in Europe, he has been a constant resident of the city, or its immediate vicinity, employing himself mostly in literary labors, and indulging with delight in such hospitalities as his narrowed means (for we regret to say, his investments of money proved any thing but lucrative) allowed him to exercise. For many years past has his originally powerful constitution successfully resisted the effects of his early Asiatic residence upon his nervous system. He lived to follow to the grave his whole family,—three beloved sons, natives of India, and a no less beloved daughter, a native of this District. He himself has gone down to the tomb, full of years, the latest of which has been troubled with disease, and overclouded by his domestic privations. That he has left behind him friends who appreciated his many valuable qualities, and sincerely respect his memory, let this brief notice serve in part to show.

At Louisville, Kentucky, of apoplexy, on the evening of the 23d July, Mr. THOMAS HILSON, long known in various parts of the United States as one of the best comedians of the day. He was apparently in perfect health until within fifteen minutes of his death.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1834.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

WE ask the attention of our readers to a subject of the highest importance, but which, when viewed in the light in which we wish to hold it up, may be dry and tedious. We do not ask them to listen to a discussion of the relative merits of the great parties, which divide our country, or to an examination of any disputed question in national politics; but to an inquiry into the nature and character of *all* parties. We know that the present is a time when readers are least disposed to attend to speculations upon general topics; but still, it is one when the guidance of correct principles is most needed. When the passions have been lashed into fury, the steady and safe voice of principle should be sounded forth, to warn the rushing mariner of the rocks, which lie in his path. A political contest is coming on, which will stir up such a commotion in the hearts of our citizens, as nothing but the waves of the sea, beaten by a tempest, can adequately represent. If we pass through and come out of that contest with false notions and a wrong spirit, it will matter little which party is victorious. The result, in either case, will be disastrous to social order and well-regulated freedom. If, when the contest has closed, the American people are found the *devotees* of a *party*, there will be little hope, henceforth, of a good and rational government.

Our object, then, in the few remarks we shall make, will be to show that parties are a *necessary evil*, and, *therefore*, to be confined within reasonable limits, and that no good citizen is to give himself up to an unthinking obedience to their mandates. While we hope that every man will exert his powers to their utmost stretch, in the maintenance and the furtherance of the right in the great struggle which is approaching, we wish to see him temper his zeal with discretion. If this be not done, we expect little substantial advantage from victory itself. Neither experience nor reason lead us to hope for much good from a mere *party warfare*.

It is usual to declaim against the evils of party and party-spirit, especially with the unsuccessful. It will be seen afterwards that we do

not think lightly of these evils ; but shall we therefore abolish parties, supposing it possible ? We think not. In the present state of public virtue and intelligence, we believe them *necessary, indispensable*. If we could and should dissolve all the old parties, and prevent the formation of any new ones, we doubt whether the administration of our government would be practicable. The majority of the people have too little forethought, or are too indifferent to the public interests, to attend at all to public affairs, unless they are led on to do it by the excitements of parties. They would be wholly engrossed by their own interests and pleasures, if these incentives were taken away. We find that now, in ordinary times of quiet and harmony, the majority of every class, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, know little and think little about politics. If parties, and the appeals they make to the feelings and understanding, were wholly removed, the affairs of government would be forgotten. We are frequently told, by a certain class of writers and speakers, that the remedy of this evil may be found in general education and the diffusion of knowledge ; but we have little confidence in their assertions. For, we find the learned and wealthy nearly as inattentive to, and as ignorant of, public concerns, as any other classes. The evil, we suspect, lies deeper, in the imperfections of human nature. Change this, and freedom will be easily preserved ; but, till then, you must be content to rely upon worldly, and, perhaps, *corrupt*, means of security. In the second place, it is to be remembered, that while, by dissolving parties, you make men indifferent or heedless, you will still have a set of *harpies*, in the shape of political aspirants, who will struggle to get their bread in some other way than by the sweat of their brows. These will riot undisturbed in the public domain. There will be little rivalry in the strife for infamous elevation except between themselves. Their contention would not be chastened and corrected, as now, by the occasional interposition of real patriots, or of business-men, roused to a temporary exertion by party zeal.

Parties, then, are *necessary*, first, to rouse the people from the lethargic indifference, into which they would otherwise fall ; and, second, to restrain the cupidity and folly of corrupt politicians. If rulers were all and always virtuous, they would govern safely and well without any restraint from the people ; if the people were always wise, they would remove bad rulers without any aid from parties. But neither are perfectly wise or virtuous ; neither so much so as to secure freedom without other guarantees. We establish a government to protect us from the bad ; and, when we have done that, we are obliged to erect other *informal* governments to protect us from the first. We must suffer some evil patiently, to avoid more. Constant vigilance is the price we pay for liberty, it is said ; we might rather say, it is the price we pay for social existence.

Parties are *necessary*, but still great *evils*. This should produce caution in our conduct as members of a party. These evils we shall endeavor to point out by observations upon the nature and effects of parties. We shall confine our attention to those, which are almost inseparable from their existence. Our object is to awaken men to a sense of their danger, when they allow themselves to be borne, without restraint, along the current of party.

The theory of parties is very simple. A number of men think alike upon some question, and are anxious to propagate their sentiments ; they cannot do this in the most effectual manner without combining ; they therefore meet together, exchange opinions, pass resolutions in conformity with their opinions, and choose officers to manage their affairs: This makes a party. Their resolutions are their principles ; their officers are their organs. *Political* parties have some peculiar modifications. In politics, the great object is the election of public officers from the party. If a party be really intent upon the application and enforcement of certain principles in the administration of public affairs, they still direct their efforts to the election of men of their own party, because it is by the election of such that their principles can be carried into practical effect. Public opinion is addressed in order to gain votes, since with us the ballot-box is the test of political truth. The need of combination is much greater in politics than in other party questions. A single individual may maintain a literary controversy with as much success, perhaps, as a hundred ; but a political contest requires numbers. One man may write essays in the newspapers in support of his views, but he can vote for himself only. We have no law, which permits us to weigh votes according to the solidity of the voter's mind, instead of counting them.

Since its numbers are the best arguments, which can be used in advocating the cause of a party, our political parties are commonly composed of a multitude. A few seem to be afraid or ashamed to be found *alone*, as it were, as if they would measure the correctness of their principles by the number of those, who had ranged themselves under their banners. The effect of this is to make a complete organization and strict discipline necessary. A large party can no more govern itself, than a nation can govern itself, without the intervention of constituted authorities. Leaders are, therefore, chosen, or else assume that station, who perform for their party all the duties, which are performed by a government in behalf of a nation. They represent it. All those measures, which purport to be the doings or wishes of the party, are really the determinations of the leaders. The principles are frequently, perhaps commonly, selected by those who undertake to be its organs, and are changed by them as often as expediency, in their opinion, requires it.

A party resembles an army more than any thing else in its actual character and management. A few leaders plan all the movements, and require an implicit obedience to their directions, just as a general in an army exacts from his subordinates and soldiers an unthinking execution of his orders. There is the same secrecy practised ; the same *feints* and false pretences employed. There is a double set of objects ; one open and avowed, but, in fact, little regarded ; another concealed and disclaimed, but yet anxiously desired and labored for. The latter is kept out of the sight of the *uninitiated* multitude. So, in an army, the soldiers and inferior officers know nothing of the real purposes of the commander. He keeps them to the silence and secrecy of his own bosom, or else confides them only to the discretion of the select circle, who approach him in rank and share in his responsibilities. A party resembles an army, too, in this respect, that it proposes to *conquer* the opposite party, and not merely to save the

country from misrule. Its plans are laid in order to obtain advantages over the hostile party, just as a campaign is arranged in order to overthrow the enemy. You see this resemblance again in the language, which party combatants employ to describe their plans, hopes, and successes. Their terms are all taken from the vocabulary of war. "We have met the enemy and they are ours," is ever in the mouths of these political warriors. You see it again in the manner, in which it is thought right to wage political warfare. You may use, without censure, the same methods of overreaching, deceiving, and entrapping your adversary, which the barbarous origin of war, and nothing else, has sanctioned in its case. An artifice, which misleads or injures your adversary, is praised, if it help your own side. Party morality is a most accommodating and liberal system of ethics; and, in this respect, more closely resembles that of war than is honorable to either.

Great mistakes are frequently made from not understanding or not regarding the real nature of parties. From such a misunderstanding has arisen the universal currency, not in practice, but in argument, of the maxim, "Principles not men." In its original meaning, it was an important truth. By it, people formerly intended to say that you should not change your conduct or professed principles, because a favorite leader had done so;—which was quite correct. But it is forced to mean, in later applications, that it matters not who are the members of the party, provided their professed sentiments are true. This is a very dangerous principle in practice. You must accomplish your object of introducing a favorite principle into public affairs through the means of men and those of your own party. Your whole efforts will be directed toward their elevation. Now, if they are bad or unsuitable men, whatever may be their principles, your party's success will be a public calamity, and you will be as much the authors of it, as if you and they had professed sentiments or principles, which led directly to the same results. You are as much responsible for their characters as for their opinions. Abstract principles require much judgement, and generally some modification in their practical application. They give out their directions too much at large, as Lord Bacon expresses it, to be applied to the regulation of a nation's concerns without any qualification. This consideration should induce us to attend to the character of the men, who are to reduce our principles to practice, as well as to the principles themselves.

But it has been commonly found, in the history of parties, that the great changes and reforms, which have been promised while the party was canvassing for public favor, have been forgotten and omitted when success has crowned their efforts. This is no doubt partly to be attributed to the exaggerations, which party-men, some from mistake and some from policy, put forth; but it is not all exaggeration. There are sometimes some real *abuses*. Yet they are seldom corrected, particularly when their continuance conduces to the ease, interest, or popularity of those, who ought to make the correction. This must be owing not to defects, not of "principles," but of "men." If parties had been as anxious to have none but *honest* and sensible men in their ranks, especially in their van, as they were to have none but *taking principles* in their political creed, they would have been saved the mortification and disappointment of accomplishing, by their zealous

exertions and loud professions of patriotism, nothing but the elevation of a few prominent leaders: And patriotism would have been saved from the cruel mockery of being esteemed nothing but the cloak of hypocrisy and selfishness. The treachery of leaders has at all times been the curse and disgrace of almost every patriotic effort toward improving the condition of mankind. He, who shall hereafter undertake to accomplish any important and especially any patriotic object by the aid or through the means of a combination or *party*, will do well to attend much more to the general character and much less to the professed opinions of the principal members of such party, than his predecessors have done. If he continue to tread in their steps, he must not complain or expect pity, if he is not exempted from their fate.

Another mistake, growing out of our ignorance of the real nature of parties, is, the idea that they are *popular*, that their opinions may be taken as a fair index of those of the people. This idea has had extensive influence, and has been employed to accomplish purposes of the grossest deception. We are perpetually bidden by the interested to look to party resolutions as the expressions of public sentiment. The process of manufacturing public opinion has become a common and regular operation, which *ought* to deceive nobody. But the *idea* itself is utterly false. The composition and government of parties has very little in it that is purely republican; they have more of the monarchial principle, but are, in fact, aristocracies. We have already referred to this feature in the character of parties, and recur to it again, because of the extensive use, which has been made of this deception. Every party has its central committee, who, in fact, possess all the power and transact all the business. All the officers and legislators, who are chosen by the votes of the party, are, in fact, appointed by a small conclave, called a committee. Frequently, there is a pretence of appointing committees and selecting candidates by public meetings, but it is, after all, but a pretence. The whole is prepared beforehand. It does not always happen that those, who are exhibited to the public in the most prominent positions, are the real leaders; but leaders, open or concealed, there always are. Often more powerful men, hidden behind the curtain, move the wires and secret springs. Thus, the rulers of parties are few in number, probably fewest where pretensions to democracy are loudest; and such are the real claims of parties to be esteemed *popular* in their character, and their resolves to be taken as the expressions of the *people's* will. Those, who rely upon newspaper statements of the operations of parties, are liable to great errors. In them, all is open and unpremeditated. Committees are appointed, reports made, resolutions passed, and candidates nominated with a deliberate formality that mimics the solemnity of a Senate. But he, who has been behind the scenes, knows that these reports and resolutions have all been enacted, and these nominations all decided upon, long before, in secret session. It is important that these things should be known; for, through ignorance of them, much deception has heretofore been practised upon the honest and unsuspecting.

One of the evils of parties, is, that they are in opposition to the *principle*, on which government of every kind is founded. That principle is, that it shall be the representative, the organ, as well as the ruler of the people. The theory of every government, from the abso-

lute despot to the temporary and limited agent of a democracy, so far as there is any acknowledged theory, is, that he acts for, and in the name of, the whole country. To him every individual may rightfully carry up his complaints, and from him expect redress, if it be deserved. There is a peculiar and private relation existing between the government and each subject, from which result mutual rights and duties, and in consequence of which, a direct and immediate communication is opened between them, by means of which, each may and should make known to the other its wants and wishes, and call upon him for his aid in supplying them. Now, parties or party organization interrupt this intercommunication between rulers and subjects, by forcing all correspondence between them to be carried on through *third* persons, that is, through party leaders. In a majority of cases, the government is composed of the leaders of one of the parties. When its own party is predominant, it can adopt what measures it pleases, avoiding, however, with all due caution, such as would endanger that predominancy; when its own party comprises a minority only, it must accomplish its purposes by compromises with the other leaders. But, in all cases, the channel of direct communication between the government and a part, and sometimes the whole of the people, is stopped up, and the stream of mutual wants, interests, and dependent feelings is made to pass through the hands of others, who are frequently interested in preventing it from ever reaching its destined point. This weakens the power of the government for national defence, and for the promotion of domestic good. It makes the nation feebler, in comparison with its neighbors, and invites aggression from them. It disables the government from benefiting its subjects when it has the inclination, because its time, strength, money, and zeal, are exhausted in conciliating or making arrangements with the great men of the hostile parties. The *inclination*, too, to engage in schemes for the advancement of the wealth and happiness of the people, is lost in the long contests, which are waged with opposing factions, and a passion for subduing adversaries takes its place.

Parties, then, in this respect, are a great evil; but what we wish to insist upon here, is, their inconsistency with the fundamental principle of all governments. Unqualified obedience must be paid to the legal commands of the government, unless, indeed, you propose a revolution; but parties, in fact, if not in form, set up another power, and thus create a divided authority. The inevitable results are dissension and weakness. True, most laws, which are actually enacted, are obeyed; but the fact is, that governments are obliged to temporize and compromise in the very enacting of its laws. They are obliged to go about and feel the pulses of the party leaders, before they attempt to take any important step. They do not venture to make any law, which they are not confident will obtain the acquiescence, if not the approbation of the powerful party-men. There may be advantages in this mode of procedure; it may produce greater deliberation and prudence; but it is certainly a very *round-about* method of managing public affairs.

All history shows the evils arising from divided states. Whenever and wherever a people have lost their national independence, it will be found they have been split into parties. The government, if it keep

aloof from them all, is sometimes placed in the awkward predicament of having no supporters, no *real* subjects; and if, as commonly happens, it take sides with one, it makes the rest its enemies, or, at least, cuts itself off from all hope of a cordial support. When parties have grown inveterate, no considerations of country are often strong enough to induce them to lay aside their differences, and turn their weapons from each other's breasts to those of their country's enemies. Party bonds are stronger than those of patriotism. This is not because party men cease to love their country, but because they forget it. Hatred of opponents swallows up every other sentiment. It is jealous, and will admit of no rival. It takes up the whole heart.

These remarks may serve to show the contrariety of parties with the fundamental principle of governments of every kind. They also clash with the true principles of our own. Ours, we are often told, is a government of the people,—a democracy. And so it is, but of a peculiar kind. Our people govern only through the intervention of delegates. Those, who exercise the powers of sovereignty, are chosen by them at stated times; but still these, and not the people themselves, must actually exercise these powers, uncontrolled by any thing but the constitution. The practical result, is, that the people are the legislators and governors in part only. So far as they are governed in their selection of officers, by the votes they know these will give, and by the acts they know these will perform, in reference to particular questions, so far the people are the government,—the sovereigns. But so far as they are guided in their selections by a consideration of the personal character of the candidates, and trust to their judgement as to the course they will pursue; so far, not the people, but the officers they choose, are the government,—the sovereigns.

It was a favorite principle with the framers of our constitution, that the officers of government should be independent in their deliberations and actions. They have made them free from all interference with their conduct, and responsible to their constituents, only at the period of re-election. It seems to have been their design that the people should elect such men as they confided in, for their character, for wisdom, honesty, and patriotism, rather than for their coincidence with themselves in opinion upon points of legislation, practice, or abstract principle. We see this in a great variety of forms. Nothing is any where said, which recognizes in the constituents of any officer, whether legislative, judicial, or executive, the right of instruction, as it is familiarly called. The members of Congress are not so much the ambassadors or agents of particular districts and states, as the trustees of the whole. Their office most resembles that of a physician, who has been indeed selected, but yet is expected to exercise his own discretion in curing his patient. We see the same principle in the constitutional provisions for the choice of President. We are not called upon directly to vote for a President, but to select a body of men, who, as the constitution supposes, are better qualified to judge of the merits and capacities of prominent men, than we ourselves. It was never intended by them that electors should be mere echoes, who sent up to the capital the sounds, which had been directed toward them. This is evident, from the bare fact of requiring electors to be chosen. For, if they had so intended, why should they provide a *round-about* method

of doing that, which might have been done directly. No; their design and expectation was, that these electors should be such men as their respective neighborhoods or states most highly esteemed for their judgement and honesty; and that they should assemble at an appointed time and place, and there deliberate upon the fitness of individuals, with as much freedom and independence, as if they were arbitrators, called upon to decide a dispute between neighbors, or a legislative body, discussing the merits of a new law. Such was plainly their intention. How little has it been carried into practice! If an elector should vote differently from what those, who chose him, supposed he would, he would be ruined forever as a politician; he would be called at once a traitor to his duty. Indeed, in times of excitement, and when men's opinions or fidelity are in the slightest degree suspected, a pledge is required of them. The very people, who, by their constitution, have plainly indicated their will, that electors shall exercise their own discretion, do in practice require of them a pledge that they will not exercise it. They call upon them to vote as they are directed, without a single inquiry into the propriety of the vote.

The reasons, on which the makers of the constitution proceed in thus giving to officers the right and duty of consulting their own judgements, are easy to be discovered and appreciated. They knew that the majority, from the nature of things, always have been, and always must be, busily occupied in attendance upon their own affairs, and, consequently, have little time, and less inclination, to understand thoroughly the great interests and wants of an extensive country; that their information is mostly confined to the affairs of their own district, which incapacitates them more or less from looking at all the effects of measures upon all parts of a great nation; which is necessary, in order to do injustice to none, and yet good to many. They considered that the mass of mankind are subject to great excitements, and liable to be imposed upon by popular declaimers, who make use of superficial, yet plausible arguments, and mislead those, whose habits of mind, defective education, and limited information, prevent them from discovering the cheat that is practised upon them. They knew that in free governments, where talent and interest of all kinds are developed, that wily and selfish demagogues would abound, determined to live by cheating the people into the belief that they were their peculiar friends; they knew that such friends of the people were the spontaneous growth of the soil, and would spring up, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night, so as to darken the whole region of politics. These were evils they wished to guard against. On the other hand, they knew that the majority, although engrossed with their own busy interests, and having little taste or capacity for the discussion of dry questions of legislation, were yet well qualified to judge of the merits of their neighbors. Upon this idea they formed the constitution, and hoped for its fruits. How different the practice! Men are seldom selected for office on account of personal fitness, but *nominally*, on account of their opinions, though *really*, on account of their party.

Party has been one of the chief means of introducing such a practice. It has done it in this way. Parties were first formed on difference of opinion, and men were elected for the opinions they held, and, of course, felt no inclination to act differently from their party. A

man holds his office because he belongs to the party, and, consequently, it is easy to introduce an idea that he ought to obey the party. He ought to be responsible, it is thought, to the party who gave him power. If he do not conform to party orders, he violates this obligation, and justly forfeits, it is said, their support; yet he cannot fairly claim the support of the other, since, if he were honest in his first attachment to his own party, his general principles must be diametrically opposite. A man, who follows independently his own opinion, is liable, therefore, to be left alone. Few, consequently, undertake the risk. All, or nearly all, are party-men. The effect has been to make Congress and the state legislatures either party arenas for political gladiatorship, or else a mere office of record, where the decrees of party leaders are registered. The leaders of a party adopt principles because they are popular, or are likely to be. The members of Congress support them because they are party measures and themselves party men.

The result is, that we have a party government. It is directed to the end of advancing the interests of the party rather than of the country. Perhaps this is inseparable from the nature of a party. It is usual to attribute to opponents hostile designs upon the liberties or welfare of the country. This is a mistake; there is no party of any tolerable size or influence, that ever meditated evil to their country. But there have been many, who, in their zeal for their party, have utterly forgot their country. We have said this may be inseparable from the nature of a party. It is true. For, if our only object be to serve the country, why submit to the government of a part only? Perhaps, it will be answered, that the support and establishment of a party is deemed necessary to save their country. This could hardly be possible, at least that the whole interests of the nation should be made to depend upon the interests of a few. No doubt that the mass of the party, who do little but vote as the leaders direct, really think that the honor and happiness of the nation hang upon the fate of their party; but the leaders can entertain no such opinion; certainly they do entertain none such, for their party labors and hopes allow them no time to think of their country. Men of honesty will always, when the interest of their country presents itself to their mind, wish to advance it; but interests of so much nearer concern, relating to the party they lead and govern, are constantly pressing upon them, that thoughts of country can seldom find admittance to their pre-occupied hearts. If we affirm that party-men commonly direct their efforts to advance their party rather than to profit their country, we do not intend to attribute to them any peculiar viciousness. It is only a proof of the imperfection of men.

Party government can never be very good—there are so many things to be attended to before the public welfare. A party, which is already in power, must reward its chief and most earnest partisans. There is no business, in which the laborer esteems himself worthier of his hire. If it be not paid him, he will soon revolt. And it is not the loss of one active supporter merely; there is no knowing what secrets he may reveal. The throne of a party is not only a lofty and dizzy, but a toilsome and perplexing height. The legislative measures, which are proposed by a party in power, must be of a popular nature, or they will endanger the influence of those who support them. Men, of great

minds and comprehensive views, are often obliged, by party necessities, to advocate temporary, inefficient, and foolish schemes, by superficial and unsound arguments, because they are recommended by these qualities to the popular approbation. No measure of permanent utility is likely to be adopted under such circumstances. It seldom happens that a law, which promises much and lasting good, is not liable to many objections, which sound well to the ear at least, whatever may be their effect upon the judgement. Now a party leader is fearful of exposing himself to attack by coming out manfully and sustaining such laws. He fears to give opponents the advantage of having popular objections to urge against him and his measures. Neither does the party in opposition effect much of substantial good. They oppose the measures of the administration, right or wrong. What can be hoped from such a course? Party success; and that is all that is hoped or aimed at. All the energies of both parties are thus wasted in struggles for supremacy. It is the natural result of parties. We do not mean that parties never do any thing else, or that all are equally fruitless of good. There are differences in the value of their services; but still all are liable, more or less, to the charge. The reason is found in the very nature, the inherent constitution of party. He, who serves a part, cannot expect to benefit the whole, at least to the greatest amount.

Parties repress all individual effort. A few minds lay out the path, in which all others are obliged to tread. It puts back, disheartens, or disgusts high-minded men, who scorn any other human shackle than their own unbiassed judgements. Such men are unfit for parties, except you make them leaders. But all cannot be leaders. A few of the most fortunate and least scrupulous in the means they employ reach this lofty but responsible station. The rest either join other parties or retire into the back-ground. But such men are those most likely to propose useful and ingenuous measures. They have habits of independent thinking, which lead them to make many useful and intelligent discoveries.

These men are dangerous in a party, because they are apt to be restive and rebel against the authority of leaders. They are, therefore, watched and kept back, at least so much so as to be safe to the higher powers. Independent minds are not willing to utter sentiments, which are put into their mouths. They will not submit to that military kind of subordination, which is almost as essential to success in a party as in an army.

The effect of parties is not merely to repress individual men of independent minds, but also to repress all exertions on the part of individuals, by representing such exertions as useless, by throwing a shade over them. They are accustomed to see all political movements and all political plans accomplished by large and organized associations, and they are led to think that every thing else would be unavailing. A most dangerous idea.

There are other difficulties, which beset the paths of parties. They must be formed on the ground of a support of a single point, or of several points. If the former be the case, then in an undivided attention to, and pressure of it, they are almost necessitated to neglect others, perhaps *equally*, and, even in their own opinion, *nearly*, as important as that which is made the bond of their party union. We see examples

of this in daily experience. One party, for example, thinks the suppression of Freemasonry the most important political object toward the accomplishing of which they can direct their efforts. Yet there are others, which they deem of high importance. Such, for example, as the overthrow of the present administration. To effect this latter object, a union with others who will not join in operations to suppress Freemasonry, is necessary. They are accordingly, in some instances, obliged to sacrifice the one or the other. They, of course, choose to let go that, which is, in their judgment, least important. We do not take this instance for the purpose of praising or blaming it, but as a convenient illustration of the difficulties of parties. Different men will differ as to the question of choice; but all must admit that, in some case, a choice must be made. The inevitable consequence is, that one must be sacrificed.

To avoid this evil, parties are sometimes formed on a great number of principles. This has its advantages and its disadvantages. It removes the difficulty of being obliged to sacrifice what are thought to be important principles, on the ground that there are "minor considerations;" yet its common effect is to sacrifice all. It is not in the nature of the human mind to be zealous upon many questions at the same time. Feeling is never very strong unless concentrated. This would be enough to dampen the zeal and weaken the efforts of the members of such a party, were they united. But they are not united. One holds to one principle, and another to a different one. They are prevented from dissolution, only by opposition, by hatred of some other party, or prominent individual. So long as this opposition continues, they may act together with unanimity, and some energy. But when this is removed or overcome, they either lose their spirit or turn it against each other. They are effective only in destruction. Coalitions destroy their adversaries, but seldom save themselves.

Sometimes parties of this stamp, while they make public profession of a number of principles and doctrines, which are commonly considered sound, yet have other objects in view, such as the elevation of a favorite politician. Indeed it is necessary that such combinations should have some object of this kind to keep them together, since they have no natural principle of cohesion in the similarity of actual sentiments. Opposition sometimes supplies this object; but when this is wanting or inexpedient, it is necessary to get some other. In fact, most of the parties, which have existed in our country, of late years, have been of this kind, and we believe that they will continue to be. It is often made a matter of complaint, that parties are formed nowadays, not upon principle, but upon men. It is useless to complain of it; it will be so, perhaps it must be so. It is not every thing that will make a principle for the formation of a party. It must be general in its nature, or it cannot be generally adopted. It must be popular in its character, easy to be apprehended, and capable of being advocated by superficial, though plausible arguments, or else the majority, who will not submit to mental labor, will never embrace it. But it is easy to find all these requisites for the formation of a party principle in the support of a man, or set of men. Every body and every section can be made to feel an interest of some kind or other in a popular character. It is as general as the country itself. There is not a district, from

Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, that may not be made to devote themselves to the support of a popular idol, by the application of the proper means. This sort of party has all the other requisites. It requires no great depth of mind to make or understand the most extravagant eulogy, though there may not be a word of truth in it. Principles sometimes have an inconvenient rigidity or inflexibility, a most unreasonable dislike to be changed. But no such difficulty need weigh down a popular character. If he have at any time professed doctrines, which seem now to be in the way of his promotion, he may readily divest himself of them. There is no reason that his mind, as well as others, should not yield to conviction; it would be very illiberal to deny the right of changing his opinion, especially where the light of reason is reflected from a popular source. But this difficulty of having expressed unpopular doctrines is now rare; our leading politicians fully understand and justly appreciate the advantages of "*non-committal*." We have no doubt that our parties, in future, will generally turn upon the support of men, and that such principles will often be even publicly avowed. Let the future reveal itself.

Such are some of the evils, which result from parties. They are not all, but the most prominent, or those which have fallen under our observation. We have not endeavored to present a frightful or exaggerated picture, which should startle or alarm the reader; but to lay before him such a plain statement as should induce him to reflect upon the tendency of such combinations, before he enrols himself in their ranks, and rushes madly into their strifes, when little calm reflection can be expected. We hoped to engage his attention by our calmness and our candor.

H.

A NEW THEORY OF COMETS.

Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative, on my first setting out—bear with me,—and let me go on and tell my story my own way:—Or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside; and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short do any thing,—only keep your temper. STERNE.

At Heroes et arma
Sint procul; adeste Dii, ludicra numina! WATTS—*altered*.

Repentance is a sincere contrition for all past offences, and a resolution to renounce in future every species of sin. PORTER.

THE three perils of man, says Hogg, are War, Woman, and Witchcraft. These, however, are of the body. The perils of the mind are Care, Coleridge, and Cant. Care is bad—its dwelling, says Horace, is in lofty places, and its seat behind the flying horsemen:—it is for this reason, I may as well observe in passing, that *pads* are provided on modern saddles, to accommodate, more comfortably, man's constant companion. Coleridge is yet worse. Michael Scott had an unruly devil, whom he wished to subdue; as tasks likely to prove too much for him, he assigned the trisection of Eildon Hill, and the construction of a barrier across the Tweed—these works were, each, the labor of a night. He finally doomed him to weave ropes of sand, and the demon

was conquered;—had he confined him to explaining Coleridge, the result would have been equally happy. But Cant is the worst of all. I can compare it to nothing. It has no equal amongst all the implements of torment. Thumbscrews, Backwrackers, and Hellebore, are beds of roses and drink of nectar, compared with it. The nonsense of democracy and the sillinesses of national vanity *can* be endured when they “come in any shape but that.” “Ten times a-day” do I thank Sterne and Johnson—the one for ridiculing it, the other for commanding it from the mind. “The Cant of Criticism is tormenting, and the Cant of Hypocrisy impious.” The Cant of Sentiment is sickening, and the Kant of Germany, *humbug*. But of all Cants, the Cant about the pleasures of the country, in which green girls and dyspeptic poets delight to indulge, is to me peculiarly vexatious. I was born a Lover of Cities; I have lived a Lover of Cities; and the funeral knell shall toll its solemn requiem over the grave of a Lover of Cities. No character in history is to me half so odious as that of Demetrius Poliorcetes. I venerate the memory of that Londoner, who being asked, when at the country-seat of a friend, if the scent of the violets was not charming, replied, “Ay! but not equal to the smell of a *flambeau* at the theatre.” Poets, it is true, in all ages, have extolled the delights of “rural sounds and rural sights;” but poetry is fiction, and poets are liars. The “melancholy Cowley” sang in sweetest strains the loveliness of rustic scenery, and lingered out his hapless life in mourning the fate that doomed him to a country residence.

The pleasures of the city are those, which Plutarch *felt* and Hume and Gibbon *observed*; at which Bayle *exclaimed* and Johnson *growled*. But I enter not upon a treatise. Panegyrics I love not—and a vindication is not requisite. To be condemned to wander listlessly along winding walks, and to pluck the dew-spangled flowers, and snuff the odor-tainted breezes, as they sigh down some myrtle avenue, far away from the manly occupations of the city, is the acme of human happiness and misery; it is delight so unalloyed and so long protracted that it becomes a galling burden. Of all the modes of death, the most ingenious Phalaris ever devised, to “die of aromatic pain” is the most agonizing.

But let not truth be sacrificed for declamation. The country *has* charms; but it brings a weariness unfelt in cities. I would say of both,

Singula placent, juncta juvant. Statius.

Give to my restless spirit, on the decline of day, the refreshing mead, and the murmuring stream, and—and—(but I am not in a descriptive mood:—so see Thomson,—or any body else you please.)* But when the curtain of night falls then let the scene be changed.

Towered cities please us *then*,
And the busy hum of men.

* * * * *
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's Child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

* Upon second thoughts, you may look into Hamilton—a sweet poet—whom to have neglected, is the disgrace of the English nation.

For this reason, do I much affect the "rus in urbe." Commend me to a fine garden, on the skirts of a metropolis,—not such an one as Bacon sketched, fit for a lordly Chancellor,—nor yet like Mason's garden, which is no garden at all,—but such as the gentle Evelyn planned, well suited to a man of taste.

It is midsummer,—I am reclining in a summer-house, surrounded by all that can charm the eye or captivate the fancy. Boston lies before me—deserted—like the "City of the Plague;"—silent, as if not a heart was beating within its wide extent;—noiseless, as the enchanted city of the Persian Tales. And now, while my vessel is stranded for a season, and I am withdrawn out of the bubbling stream of human interests and schemes, let me indulge myself in a calm recollection of yon lifeless pile—

Let me ponder and tell what I think of the DEAD!

For two things do I love thee, City of the East!—for thy nocturnal fires, and for thy book-auctions. The ecstatic joy of the former, who can portray? And, of a verity, when my auction-haunting days come trooping back in memory's magic robes, I am ready to exclaim with old Burton, "A world for such a life! the remembrance of it is pleasant." To enter the sale-room, and behold a long line of dusty volumes, "the monuments of buried minds,"* "doth work a madness in the brain."

Scott has somewhere—in the Antiquary, I think—painted the feelings of a book-worm, as he handles at a stall, tremblingly, some precious tome—no doubt, an *editio princeps*—and eyes, with jealous agitation, every pale-looking man that approaches,—in a manner that proves him indisputably one of the fraternity of bibliomaniacs, and was his best title to a seat in the Roxburgh Club:—the passage is worth all the rest of the Waverley novels.

To the auction-room I am indebted for some of the most agreeable acquaintances I have ever formed. I was one morning at my old post, looking over some books of unusual rarity and value, when — I was going to paint a scene, and a very engaging one it would have been—but, as I am writing upon Comets, the reader, no doubt, will exclaim, "Leave thy pitiful scenes and begin." Be it as thou wilt. Consider, then, the acquaintance formed, and behold me on the way to call at the house of Dr. Johnes, for the first time, after meeting him at a sale, and carrying him home with me to ascertain, by a reference to the Epistles of Erasmus, whether Moore kept a dog in addition to the rabbit and weasel, mentioned by his old biographer. The story is helped on by this abridgement; but your restlessness has lost for you a very pretty scene, in which, perhaps, I could have favored you with several classical paronomasiæ, two quotations from Southey, and one from Peter the Great.

I entered the house of Dr. Johnes (for you will remember, that, when last seen, I was on the way thither) and found him sitting in his library, with an honorable array of books lining every side of the room. On my entrance, a gray-hound and a gigantic Newfoundland dog rose from the rug, and slowly marched toward their master; and I descried

* Davenant.

two smaller specimens of the species in different parts of the room. "You seem," said I, to my new friend, after the customary salutations, "to be peculiarly attached to that gentle and spirited race, which has been dignified with the character of romantic friendship, by certain modern poets,—at least I may judge so from the number of companions I see about you, and from the doubt you formerly expressed as to Moore's goodness of heart, until you decided the question by ascertaining that he was fond of dogs." The doctor smiled, and acknowledged his predilection for the race canine. "You are right," said he; "the moderns only, appreciate them justly. They were valued by the ancients for their utility—they are now loved for the poetry of their character. Scott and Byron did much to exalt them. The dogs of both, by the way, were characteristic of their own natures,—the one, beautiful and graceful, yet strong and virile, (reader! look if this word is in Webster; if it is, erase it, and read—not *manly*, but *dogly*,) towering in majesty above his fellows, yet sweet and modest withal as was his master—'fit friend for a poetic child;' the other, like his noble owner, generous, rash, and full of genius. If I wished a correct portrait of these great poets' minds? I would have their dogs painted. Yet Byron once proves a renegade from his faith. Homer, and Southey in his noble poem of Don Roderick, have done justice to a dog's fidelity to an absent master;—yet Byron wrote these precious lines:—

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by strangers' hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

Why did he not erase them, as he sailed by Ithaca? But I must show you my entire collection: they have been dining." He rang the bell and a servant entered. "Peters, send in the dogs—they have been long enough at dinner." The attendant bowed and retired. "See, here is the dining-room of the company," said the doctor, turning to me. I looked through the window and beheld a large house; through the latticed side, I could see a low table, covered with trenchers, containing every species of food that is grateful to the palate of a dog: arranged in order, appeared a numerous host quietly engaged in the business of refection.

They were as calm in their delight
As is the crescent moon so bright
Among the scattered stars. *Wordsworth.*

Peters opened the door of the dining-room and the company rushed forth in "most admired disorder"—spaniels and terriers struggling for precedence—and lap-dogs "overwhelmed in a whirlwind of mastiffs."* As they were pouring out, the doctor exclaimed, from Akenside,†

"See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
Unasked, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper order your promiscuous throng."

* See Mr. Burke's Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts.

† Pleasures of the Imagination. Book III. lines 78-84. He is describing the manner in which comic images rise in the mind.

So saying, he threw up the sash, and directed the servant not to permit them to enter the room, until they had arranged themselves according to the established order of precedence. The door of the library presently opened, and a long procession began its entrance; they advanced two-and-two

μυρία ἄλλαι ἐπ' ἄλλαις
Ἐρχόμεναι φαίνονθ', ὥσει νέφη ὑδατόεντα
' Ὅσσα τ' ἐν οὐρανῷ εἰσὶν ἐλαυνόμενα προτέρωσσε
Theocritus.

Couple after couple—an interminable array. Preceding the phalanx, walked, “with solemn step and slow,” a single dog, with an intellectual, but melancholy, cast of countenance—differing in his air from all around him—“solitary in a world of forms like his own, without sympathy, without object of love”—rapt “in a shroud of thoughts that were not their thoughts.” Upon his nose rested a pair of pea-green spectacles, fastened by a riband of azure blue passing behind his ears. He strode sublime in attitude, the Dog of dogs! Him followed the varied mob—entering the room, as I before said, as the irrational roots enter a quadratic equation—by pairs; gradually declining, from the lofty mastiff to the humble poodle. The room was filled, and the door closed behind them.

Having caressed the mastiffs, “little dears,” of ten feet height, and kissed all the poodles, the procession resumed its march. They passed into the interior chamber to take their afternoon *siesta*.

One dog remained, unchased, unchained,
 And he did not seem formed of clay,
 For he sits on a couch, and he leans on his paw,
 And he closes his eyes from day.

“Sir!” said the doctor, reclining on a sofa, with half-shut eyes, and a slow nodding of the head—the air which a man assumes when he is about to make an impressive observation on some common subject—“Sir! the dog is a noble animal! Yes, sir, there is something about the humble creature that ever fills my mind with mingled sentiments of feeling and philosophy. Wordsworth, the great high-priest of Nature’s mysteries, has said

There’s something in a flying horse,
 There’s something in a huge balloon—

and, let me add, there’s something—besides ribs—in a dog. Cowley has called his books his ‘best friends;’ truly might I call my dogs by that name. I have found man—as all before me have found him—false and selfish, and have seen deceit in all his motions. I sought, among humanity, for a single friend—‘I asked but one’—yet (need I say it?) my search was fruitless, and I have retired, in my old age, to meditate on the vanity of human life—I trust, in no bitter spirit—and to seek consolation from an humbler source. And I have not been disappointed.

Whoe’er has traveled life’s dull round,
 Where’er his various course has been,
 May sigh to think how oft he found
 His warmest welcome—from a dog.

After reading Wordsworth, in the sombre twilight of an autumn evening, I look down at my dog yonder, and commune with him in the silent language of affection." Here the dog rose from his seat, and walked quietly to my friend; he patted him warmly on the head, as the poor dumb creature looked wistfully up into his face. Methought I could discern a gathering tear in his eye, as he exclaimed, with faltering voice—

"Ay! let them laugh, who understand
No utterance, save of human speech:
We have a language at command
They cannot feel—we cannot teach.
Yes, thy dark eye informeth mine,
With sense, than words more eloquent;
Thy very ears, so long and fine,
Are flexibly intelligent.*

That dog, sir," turning to me, "is of extreme age, yet 'his eye is not dim, neither his natural force abated,'† he retains all the vigor of his youth. He was the chosen friend of my father, who meant something else, by that word, than that man, who said, that, when he lost one friend, he walked down to 'Lloyd's,' and took another. The friendship he cherished was such as realized the gorgeous conceptions of Cicero. The object of his love would have been a faultless model for a *Man* to arrange his habits by." "Somewhat such an animal as I have seen in the family of one of my connexions," said I. "He was supposed to be the spirit of a deceased son,—as the Dutchess of Kendal imagined a pet dove was the embodied soul of her lover, the first George. He was like Yeruti, in the Tale of Paragua—

For when to church the congregation went,
None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel, and rise, and do, in all things, like the rest.

He read no other book than the Bible.

Was not in crowds, in broils, in riots seen,
And kept his conscience and his linen clean; ‡

that is, he did not defile his *habits*." "This dog, however," returned the doctor, "is still more erudite, though the *dictum* of Aristotle is not falsified, that 'man alone, of all animals, possesses *speech*.' Deeply read in the literature of every nation, he amuses his leisure by composing various works; and has the merit (an esteemed one, in these days) of being voluminous. He has long corresponded, also, under a human name, with most of the distinguished men of the age, in which he has flourished. But come, I will show you his study." I followed my conductor, until, passing through the dogs' dining-room, we found ourselves in the library of the erudite brute; a book-case of respectable amplitude extended over one side of the room, and a low table stood in the centre, covered with manuscripts. "If you think you can decipher one of them," said the doctor, "it may amuse you to read it—pray take one with you." I took up a small paper book which was lying open, and carried it home. I thought it so curious, that I obtained

* "The Widow of Nain, and other poems." p. 126.

† "The Old Testament." p. 92.

‡ Crabbe's Tales. No. XXI.

permission to have it published. I therefore present it to the public as singular (*unique*, I esteem it;) and most curious, in a psychological point of view :—

NATURAL HISTORY.

Κυνοπαίδεια, sive, vita et educatio Quinti Catuli.

A FRAGMENT IN *doggerel* VERSE.

Cum notis variorum.

Ω πόποι, ὅσον τούτο θεοὶ ποίησαν ἀνακτες
 Θηρών ἀνθρώποισι μετέμμεναι, ὡς ἐπιμηθές,
 Εἰ οὐ καὶ φρένες ὄδε νοήμονες ἐνδοθεν ἦσαν,
 Ἥδει δ' ὅτε χρῆ χαλεπαίνεμεν ὅτε καὶ οὐκί.
 Οὐκ ἄντι θηρῶν τις ἔδηρσεν περὶ τιμῆς

Theocritus, eid. 16'.

Canum tam fida custodia, tamque amans dominorum adulatione, tantumque odium in externos, et tam incredibilia ad investigandum sagacitas narium tanta alacritas in venando, quid significat aliud nisi se ad hominum commoditates esse generatos? CICERO, *de Nat. Deor. L. 2, cap. 63.*

With a *tail* forsooth, he cometh unto you with a *tail*, that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. SIDNEY, *Defence of Poesy.*

Edited by Christopher Curry Sillpup,

P. H. U. L. B. O. T. L. R. U. N. T. *

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
 &c. &c. &c.
 &c.

PROLEGOMENA.

PREFACE BY JOBONUS LANEJAW.

Before presuming to offer myself to the cynical world as a commentator upon the divine fragment which has come down to us from the remote antiquity of nearly half a century, I did consider within myself what are the qualities which constitute an immaculate editor, and I resolved that I would attain unto them. In the whisperings of no immoderate vanity, I said unto myself—"O Lankjaw! most fortunate of mortals! for thee is reserved the inexpressible glory of exhibiting to the world the real and substantial image of that ideal being long contemplated in the reveries of grave philosophers and the visions of extaticized poets—a perfect COMMENTATOR! In reflecting upon what preparations were requisite in entering upon this holy office, I discerned, that as the mind is ever in a great degree connected with, and dependant upon, the body (not, however, adopting the callosities of impious materialism) so that the functions of the former cannot be properly exercised unless the latter be in fitting condition,—I discerned, I say, that it was necessary to devote my attention to Dietetics as a preliminary operation. I therefore committed to memory the writings of Galen, Aretæus, Hippocrates, Celsus, and Dr. Hitchcock, that I might ever have them ready to apply in cases of need. I experimented on the human frame by dissecting nineteen mice. Convinced of the necessity of exercise, I walked deliberately ten times round my apartment. In

* These &c's are to be understood as equally comprehensive with Lyttleton's, which my Lord Coke doth vouch to contain right deep and delectable meaning, fit to be fathomed by all clerks.

fine, in order to bring an unclouded understanding to my work, I spent upwards of twenty-five years in these preparations. On the third day of the twenty-sixth year, I felt that I had gained my purpose. A flood of light rushed through my brain, and the mysteries of CRITICISM stood unveiled before me. I forthwith arranged my books by nailing the backs against the walls that they might be always open for collation. I constructed a rail-way around my library, and had thirteen engines transcribing and bringing the extracts to a reservoir near the side of the room; the excerpts thus obtained passed into a mill below, and, by the aid of a curious machine, were arranged in due order, and volumes poured out of the outlet constantly, to the amount of about thirty folios daily, bound in parchment and lettered. By the aid of these engines I advanced so rapidly, that I flatter myself that every sentence in all the works in my library will be found in this commentary.

[Unfortunately, the engines employed by the late Dr. Lankjaw, in reading and transcription, exploded simultaneously a few weeks since, and blew to atoms the doctor and his commentary. Nothing was saved but the above fragment, which was rescued by the deceased doctor.]

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

The *variorum* edition of the *Κυνοπαίδεια* is at length presented to the public. To imbibe the proper spirit for such a work, the editor has clasped to his heart the commentators of the seventeenth century, and laid the Scholiasts beneath his pillow. Among the English, Bentley on Milton, and Wakefield on Pope, have been his models. Neglecting the absurd directions given by Watts, in his *Art of Logic*, (Sect. 40, part I.) and of Parr, (in his preface to the *Warburtonian Tracts*,) he has constantly remembered, and he trusts followed, the immortal words of Johnson, poured forth in his *Preface to Shakspeare*, on the "Art of writing Notes."

Κυνοπαίδεια.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE,
FOR 'T IS THEIR NATURE TO—

COMMENTARY.

The progress of knowledge has been often impeded by setting the standard of excellence too high. He, that should demand certainty on a subject that admits only of probability, and look for the unerring deductions of logical ratiocination when nothing can occur but the plausibility of happy conjecture, would be heedlessly confounding heterogeneous circumstances. Criticism is the science of conjecture. The critic, therefore, who, in seeking the summit of the Hill whereon Truth reposes, should lay aside the wings of the Imagination to mount by the consecutive elevations of Facts, would be like the workmen of Laputa, who employed the rule and compass when the tape was at hand. Let us hear no more, then, of the *learning* of an editor. The present poem has been ascribed to Mr. Watts, a man who dignified dissent and lent ardor to the cause of nonconformity. I suppose no one will now adhere to this absurdity; and it remains to determine whether conjecture can supply the place of knowledge. "Vates, among the ancients," says Sidney, "signified a poet." It is therefore probable, that, by the modesty of the anonymous author, the piece was

first published with the signature "Vates," which, by the blunders of transcribers and the ignorance of typographers, was corrupted into Vats, Vatts, and finally Watts. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson is unquestionably wrong in his explanation of this circumstance. In the original folio, and the quarto of 1026, as well as in several MSS. in the Lambeth collection, I find the poem terminating with a dash, thus —, as if incomplete, and, in my opinion, the sense requires something more. No doubt the reader of the original, observing the abruptness of the termination, added, with his pen, "What?"—"their nature to?"—"what?" Which, in the manner Dr. Johnson has explained with his usual sagacity, was mistaken for the signature of Dr. Watts. *Malone.*

Letter to the Editor, from Joseph Ritson, Esq. "I confess that I am surprized that you edit the so-much praised poem on dogs, which even by that perst of puppies Warton and that atrocious mangler of ballads Percy has been decided upon as spurious and unquestionably is so—besides, dogs ought not to be mentioned in civilized company, being remarkably addicted to animal food—thereby infringing the first rule of moral dully." *5th vendemiare. 5.*

The author of this never-sufficiently-by-writing-nor-by-speaking-to-be-praised-and-lauded poem lives only in his writings. Like the authors of the Iliad and Bluebeard, and like the last northerly wind, his voice was heard among us, but none knew whence he came nor whither he went. Tiraboschi has proved, by the Integral Calculus, that his name was Skenkius, and that he was Canon of Windsor; such a number of years after Hesiod formed the first letter in his copy-book, as will be represented by combining and diaphonating the three numbers in harmonical proportion which stand on the front of the Temple of Saint Sophia, deducting from the result the number of half seconds in the life of Mahomet, and adding the number of strokes of the arm made by Leander in crossing the Hellespont. This, of course, settles the point with perfect accuracy; "for," says Erskine, "mathematics, like figures, cannot lie."

This Skenkius was a renowned cynophilist and dogmatist, (i. e. learned in dogs—from *δογ μαθεω*) and this piece was written on the following occasion:—A dog had vexed him by barking and snapping at his heels, an exhibition of exceeding low breeding, and contrary to the sublime precept of Aristophanes:—

*λοιδορεῖσθαι δ' ὄν πρόπει
Ἄνδρας ποιητας, ὡσπερ ἀρτοποιιδας. Rana, 857.*

He most unseemly lives,
Who barks at poets, as at bakers' wives.

He debated for an instant whether he should not kill every dog and drown every pup in his collection; but Nature conquered, and he exclaimed,

*Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 't is their nature to—*

I will love them still.

In a work on the *Training* of dogs, entitled *Menagiana*, containing anecdotes of distinguished individuals of the species, some of his *bons-mots* are recorded. He had, among his stud of dogs, one of gigantic

stature, rude and rough, and hence called Typhæus, after the giant. *Ταῖσιν ἀμηρεῖαις πάντα λιταῖς ἐκελός*, from crown to foot, like Homer's Litæ. Seeing him one day dart at a kitten and swallow it at a mouthful, he exclaimed, from Silius Italicus,

“ Ah! Catine nimium vicina ardenti Typhæo !”

observing at the same time that it was his own fault, for not forbidding the dog to swallow the cat—

“ Qui non vetat peccare, cum posset, jubet.”

Seneca. Agamemnon.

A countryman, who had one day brought some live poultry into the village where Skenkius was residing, having occasion to step into an inn, left his fowls under the care of two mastiffs. Seeing a lad eye the poultry wistfully, as if he would like them much, he exclaimed, “ If you wish them, why do you not take them? Are you afraid the hens will bite?” “ No,” cried the boy; “ but I fear those mastiffs.” “ Ah,” said Skenkius, “ I see how it is; Epictetus says true, *Ὁυ τὰ πραγματὶ ταρασσεῖ ἀνθρώπους, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμὰτα*. You are not troubled about the things themselves, but the dogs about the things.”

Dr. Skenkius was wont to say, that dogs could not be prevailed upon to follow or be caressed by strangers; for, as Boetius saith, (Met. iii. Lib. 5.)

Quis enim quidquam nescire optet?
Aut quis valeat nescita sequi?

He would say that Byron was speaking of a dog, when he said,

“ This might give us *paws*, if pondered fittingly;”

if, therefore, you wish a dog to give you his paw, “ ponder,” as Herbert says, “ ponder, ponder.”

It is a problem, which has long agitated the critical and botanical world, why the author of the sublime tragedy before us, has employed so humble a vehicle for his heavenly musings as the Leonine measure of two verses. With the spirit of a true son of Apollo, he disdained to vindicate himself, but knew, by the prophetic intimations of his poetic soul, that, in the latter days, a noble bard would do it in his stead. Accordingly, Lord Byron, in his first great poem, inferior only to the present one, hastened to relieve his mighty master from the foul odium which had so long rested upon him. Rapt in the person of Skenkius, he exclaims,

“ Nor mote my spell awake the weary *nine* [i. e. a stanza of nine lines,] to grace so plain a *tail*.” *Childe Harold*.

The stanza of nine had, no doubt, been wearied by Spenser; and this seems to settle the production of this piece, about the time of the death of that poet. If it be objected that no mention is made of *tails* in the poem before us, be it replied, that the subject-matter is dogs, and every one knows that “ thereby *hangs a tail*.” It is a thoughtless person that makes this observation; for, as Wordsworth has said,

O reader! hadst thou in thy mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O, gentle reader! thou wouldst find
A *Tail* in every thing—

and, by consequence, in this sonnet.

The text of this lyric is not clearly settled. We subjoin the notes of Bentley and Warton.

"The *textus receptus* has been long polluted by filthy blunders foisted in by blockhead commentators,—'t is high time to repudiate them. Salmasius proposes, 'Let dog's,' i. e. hinder dog's delight, as being injurious. Apage! sere studiorum—who does not see that the true reading is

As curs delight, so let dogs bite,
For 't is *their* [i. e. dogs'] nature too—

While upon this subject I will explain whence *cur* is derived. It does not come from *cur*, *why*—because curs *whine*; but from a circumstance in history. One of Robin Hood's companions was a 'curtal Friar'—so called, says Dr. Stukeley, (in his Palæographia Britannica, No I.) from *cordelier*, from a cord which he had tied round his waist to flog himself withal. He had with him fifty fair dogs, called from him *curtal-dogs*, and hence *cur-dogs*." Bentley.

"The true reading I believe to be—

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For 't is *his* nature to'—

It is a well-known fact, that our popular fictions are generally of Eastern origin;—so, probably, are our popular poems. Now Wilson, in his Elements of Heb. Gram. p. 275, says, that words, expressing dignity and majesty, are put in the plural number, followed by a verb, adjective, or pronoun singular. Now, in a remote part of China, a man was found in a cave, (see Du Halde, vol. i. p. 225) who worshiped a figure, which some thought intended for a dog's head; while others supposed it was the effigies of the river Nile. Dogs thus worshiped would assume the dignity of divinity; and, in Chinese writings, would be used in the plural with a singular pronoun, and, passing into our language, would retain the peculiarity. I read, therefore, 'for 't is *his* nature to.' The reason that dogs among us have not this revered character, is, that they are bound very commonly,—'dogs are very rascals, since *bonds* disgraced them.'" Warton.

Dogs—their habits and uses, established from respectable authors.

Dogs bark. Canes latrant. Adam's Latin Grammar. "A diuel met him in shape like vnto a Dogge, and did barke like a Dogge, sharpe and short." *King James on Dæmonologie*, book ii. p. 129. Works of K. J. fol.

Dogs snuff.

"Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit."
Burns. "The two dogs."

Dogs howl, from two causes. First, hunger—

"The dog is slain, that at his master's feet
Howling with hunger lay." *Joan of Arc*, book v. l. 450.

Second, from the toothache— — — —

Dogs gamble.

"If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood."
Watts's Divine Songs.

"Yon dog that gambols on the plain." *Collins.*

Gambol is an affected mode of spelling *gamble*. They also gamble with animals of another species. "I have been credibly informed that a bitch will nurse, *play with*, and be fond of young foxes, as much as, and in place of her puppies, if you can but get them once to suck her so long, that her milk may go through them." *Locke, on the Human Understanding*, book ii. ch. 11, sect. 7.

Dogs fly. "But the dog *flew* at Mario." *Watts, on the Improvement of the Mind*, Works 4to. vol. v. p. 270. "By this time his men had so laid about them, that the dogs began to *fly back*, and their fury to languish into barking." *Merry Exploits of R. Hood*, 1678, p. 30.

Τοις μὲν ὄγε λάεσσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὄσσον ἀείρων
Φευγέμεν ἄψ ὀπίσω δευδάσσειο. *Theocritus*, 32.

This is singular that this curious circumstance has not been generally known.

Dogs are fond of lion's flesh.

πῶς τις ἂν

Ἀπὸ τῆς ποτῆς πάνσεως τοῦ λιῶν ποτῆς; *Aristoph.*

that is, how can a dog keep his paws from a pot—a pot of lion.

Dogs—their uses. The true use of dogs has not been properly understood. The Chinese seem to employ them in the most natural manner. We learn from "Description des Medailles Chinoises" of Dr. J. Hager (Paris, 4to) that dogs "constituted the *living money* of the ancient inhabitants of China." We are not in the habit of giving advice to rulers; nor, like Juvenal, "nos consilium dedimus Sullæ;" yet we would recommend to the President, before adopting his metallic currency, to consider whether a currency of dogs would not be more convenient. Let them be graduated in a scale, thus:—

2	poodles	make	1	cur,
3	curs	"	1	spaniel,
7½	spaniels	"	1	hound,
5	hounds	"	1	mastiff.

The use of dogs is, to try our patience and exercise our faith. He, who strikes not a dog, barking at his heels, has the blessing of the old tragic poet—

Ἡδίων οὐδὲν οὐδὲ ^{μὴς ἄλλοις} μουσικώτερον
Ἔστι ἢ δυνασθαὶ λοιδορούμενον φέρειν·

We should not be angry with them on such occasions; for, according to my Lord Bacon's argument, in his essays, if it arises from selfishness, we should not be offended that one loves himself better than us; if because his nature is so crabbed he that can do nothing better, we should no more quarrel with him than with a thorn-bush, which cannot choose but prick; moreover, he is acting according to the fitness and relation of things, since "'t is his nature to bark;" and, according to the philosophy of Samuel Clarke, whatever is agreeable to the natural relations between things, is moral. Besides, a dog bites your leg; and do you not bite a leg of mutton? A dog barks when chilled with fear; and do not you use bark when you have chills? Wherefore "quam turpe est iis criminibus alterum condemnare quas si tibi objiciam tum ea dissolvere non possis." *Cic.*

Dogs are of use in poetry. They are the sign of life, their voice the emblem of joy and gladness. Solitude is described, therefore, very poetically, by saying that the voice of the dog is mute. Byron, in portraying the utterly deserted state of Venice, when "Tasso's echoes are no more, and silent rows the songless gondoliers," styles it "dogless city," though the silly typographers have printed it "Dogeless," as if the Doge had made much noise. No! Venice was more mute when the Doge's awful, mysterious, all-pervading power brooded over the city than it is even now, for men were *afraid* to speak. Again, "the long file of her dead *dogs* is declined to dust;" he had in his mind the phrase "dead dogs," and those words of Macbeth—

The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed.

The metre will be amended by reading *de-ad*, as in old poets. (See Tyrwhitt on Chaucer—Southey in his *Omniana* on Gower—Malone's Note on Shakspeare.) Byron, in carving on the old capital of Spenser, left a little of the moss of antiquity.

We conclude our introduction by explaining the meaning of a passage in Byron's "Darkness," which has been long misinterpreted:—

E'en dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws: himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand,
Which answered not with a caress,—he died.

COMMENTARY.

For *assailed* read *assoiled*. Not in the restricted sense of *shriving*, but the original idea of *doing any holy act*; hence, *saying grace*. The meaning is, even dogs (that is, dogs evenly arranged round the table) *assoiled*; namely, said grace for their masters; *all save one*, by enalage, for *one saved all*—i. e. all his food for his master; *faithful to the course*, faithfully watched the course at dinner; *and kept the birds and beasts*—he kept the poultry and loins of beef and mutton, &c. on the table; *and famished men kept at bay* (i. e. kept off by the baying of the dog,) *till*, or cultivate, *their hunger*, i. e. improve their appetites, *clung them o'er the dropping dead, lured their lank jaws*;—*clung them*, made themselves cling, i. e. hung, over the dead or killed meat, dropping with fat and gravy, and tried to lower them into their lank jaws; *he sought out no food* for himself, but piteously implored his master to eat; *licked the hand*: to lick, is to place the tongue upon any thing, i. e. he took the boiled tongue off the table and placed it in his master's hand, which answered not with a *carcass*: his master threw him no carcass of turkey or goose to pick for his trouble. This whole poem of "Darkness" is a description of feasting, in all its varieties, and a commentary, like the one we have just given, can easily establish it.

Having now finished the Introduction, I proceed to the Essay on Comets. 

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

I NEVER felt any desire of lifting the veil which conceals my future destiny, and penetrating the gloomy obscurity of coming time. To know the improvement which mankind are to make in ages to come, and to mark the height of their civilization, and contrast it with the boasted superiority of present times, would indeed be a gratification to be envied; and the Patriarch could not have gazed from Pisgah upon the land of cherished promise with more absorbing interest than I should feel in the future steps of the human race. But of my own fate in this world I do not desire to know. I should, however, like to see the whole of my past life and its incidents,—to create anew a memory of things forgotten, and to refresh it where it is uncertain. I should like to see my progress up to the present time, to review my faded experiences, and watch in safety my past trials and fortunes. And I should wish to know all the incidents of my life,—the bearing of internal influences, the dangers I incurred and passed through unconsciously, the motives of those, who acted their parts in my little scene, and the truth or vanity of what have been to me, thus far, matters of triumph and hope. I would know the reality or idleness of my suspicions, the value of my hopes, the importance of the dangers I have met, and the fidelity or falseness of friends. Motives should be my study; and, from knowing the past, I would be indifferent to the future prospect, and might shape my own fate by my own prudence.

These were some of my reflections on closing a volume of Eastern tales, in which I had been reading of one who prayed and was allowed to see into futurity. I was lying under a tree, upon a carpet of the soft grass, which was just rising from the first mowing. I was worn out by the sultriness of the afternoon heat, and fatigued by exercise and by the interest of the fiction; and these causes, I must believe, threw me into a deep sleep; for the scene around me grew gradually less distinct, and the many features of the landscape became confusedly blended, the mountains and the clouds were not discernible apart, and the trees gradually fell and floated on the water, till all faded and disappeared from view. I had no sensation but that of surprise and awe, which, as the memory of the past faded away, subsided into indifference. Gradually, however, the vacant space was reoccupied. Clouds hung quietly on the edge of an horizon beneath which the sun had set, and the atmosphere which he illumined showed a most lovely landscape. It was the twilight of a summer day, and nature seemed reposing from the sultriness which had parched and weakened her energies. A long line of hills gracefully marked the edge of the horizon, and against the brilliant sky showed every tree which grew upon their heights in clear and well-defined relief. But more immediately before my view ran a road, undulating amid the woodland country to avoid the irregularities which varied the surface of the ground. I seemed near, and yet separated from it; not on it, yet perfectly aware of its situation, and as well acquainted with it as if I had been journeying along its side. My attention was by some means attracted to a particular point of it, immediately beyond a turn, and bordered by the most beautiful of our trees. The oak and the maple, and the white

and yellow pines, stood stately and unbending in the evening air, their leaves hardly waving to its gentle salutation. The ash hung her branches listlessly, and the wild rose, with its delicate perfume, softly leaned upon the rocks. While at intervals the solitary note of the thrush, the robin, or the conqueedle would say, that nature's loveliness was not lost because man might not be there to praise it. I had hardly time to glance at the place, and inquire of myself when I had seen it before, when I was startled by the coarse croak of a crow, which, flapping its heavy wings, rose above the trees, and slowly circling around one of the tallest, again settled in its branches. He had been roused by the footsteps of a man, who now appeared at the turn of the road, and immediately engaged all my attention. My sensations were most painful—calm but awful; for, as he raised his head, and gazed, for a moment, on the clear sky, *I recognized myself*. This was no delusion,—*I saw myself*, as I was twenty years ago,—the light step of early manhood, the clear brow, and the bright eye of hope and confidence could not suggest a doubt, and, in the midst of my surprise, this was conviction. And now recollections of the place, and circumstances of the walk, crowded upon me. I remembered the evening distinctly; it was that on which I had left college for my home. That day I had graduated, and had enjoyed the meed of college honors—the approbation of professors, the congratulations of classmates and the pride of friends, had crowned my first triumph and nursed my young ambition. I had bade farewell to all, and, impatient to be on my way, had started off before my brother, who was soon to follow and overtake me.

The interest I felt in this image of my former self cannot be described. Though I felt with him, I could not completely identify myself in him, and I had no recollections of my experiences immediately following those I have mentioned. I knew that he was to be what I have been; yet an intense, ill-defined fear for his welfare came upon me, and made me regard him with all the anxiety of a father's solicitude. He pursued his way gaily yet thoughtfully, and the fast changing expressions of his countenance showed that his reflections were of no unpleasing nature—at least I thought, perhaps memory, perhaps fancy aided me, that I could divine the workings of his mind. As his face shone almost with smiles, I thought of his many trials, hopes, fears, and late triumphs—and again when it was clouded for a moment, and again changed to quiet thought, I imagined his doubts, his quickly-woven plans, and ready determination, and I again felt as a young man, and sympathized with my own emotions. He passed on gaily; but my anxious eye saw danger for him where he did not suspect it for himself.

Under the branches of a spruce, which stood a few paces from the road-side, I saw the figure of a man cautiously crouching. His dress was of the most wretched description, and marked by squalidity and most abject poverty. He had no coat, and his woolen cap lay on the ground beside his gun. His hair fell in curls over a noble brow, and his other features showed that vice, and the slavery of the passions, had been his ruin, and not want of ability; while his well-formed, close-knit frame showed Herculean strength, and the undiminished activity of a country life. He was watching the approach of the stranger with

most intense interest, his keen eye glaring, and want and desperation sharpening his haggard features into almost fiendish anxiety—while, in preparation to spring upon his victim, he slowly put aside the branches which might obstruct him. The happy, unsuspecting youth came on; but mine was agony greater than I could feel for myself now—and the idea, that he would be cut off thus early and suddenly, almost frenzied me. I saw the knife in the murderer's hand, and still his victim came on; but, as the wretch advanced one foot, I tried to warn him of his danger. I would have screamed to him, but found myself voiceless. I tried to touch him, but was incapable of motion; and, in one short minute more, the deed would have been done; but, at the very moment when his enemy's every muscle was bent for the fatal spring, heedlessly, and seemingly without motive, the young man crossed to the other side, and, as he hummed a light air, quickened his step.

The robber, disappointed, shrunk back, and seemed about to lie down in his vexation, and await another victim; and I was congratulating myself on the escape of this phantom of my younger self—but as, in reclining, his hand touched the barrel of his gun, he started up, and, with a demoniac smile, stepped to the edge of the wood. Carefully he adjusted the flint and renewed the priming; cautiously he looked up and down the road, without exposing himself, and, with confident aim, he leveled his piece at the young man. My distress was now renewed, youth's carelessness deplored, and my incapacity of averting the danger again wildered my brain. The click of the trigger sounded, and I saw that my minutes would have been numbered; but the noise of a carriage was heard at the turn of the road, the gun was dropped, and the disappointed ruffian fell back into the wood. I hailed with blessings the new comer, and recognized my brother—my brother William, the now tenant of the grave—who had come just in time to save my life, which, till now, I had never suspected to have been endangered.

The reader may reject the idea, that my desire of seeing the incidents of my past life was, in this instance, by some extraordinary means, really gratified, and may suppose this part of my experience, visionary, a dream, the creation of a distempered fancy, and may suppose the same of all that I am to relate: it is not my wish or intention to convince him. But he may, at least, take warning from it, and be satisfied with what he knows of his danger and exposures, without seeking to know more. To other causes of misery, this is added. I endure the constant horror of fear: no place, no occupation, is safe for me: the most lonely retreats have lost their charm, and only fill me with a dread of some unseen danger; and I seek the society of man, whom I hate and fear, to avoid solitude, which I dread still more.

But my dream, if it was one, did not end here. As the phantoms of myself and brother vanished from the road, I relapsed into a state of painful insensibility. Change seemed the element which surrounded me; the woods receded from the road—the ground grew less distinct—the sky and clouds faded away in the distance, till again I was only conscious of a dread feeling of vacancy within and without me. There was no sound, and no color, nor shape, nor substance. Gradually, however, I recovered from this awful suspension of my faculties,

and slowly came consciousness and perception, till I was completely recovered, when I found myself in a well-furnished house, which I immediately recognized as my early home. I was in the hall, and remembered the lawn and river in front, and I moved by the old sofas of yellow and purple embroidery. My father's hat hung on the peg, and the large black house-dog lay sleeping at the foot of the stairs. Voices came from the parlor—those of my father and mother; but I could not stop to listen. I was hurried along involuntarily; and, after passing up the wide stair-case, though the door was shut, found myself in a bedroom, which I knew to have been my brother's—the room, which was the nursery of our infancy, which was afterwards allotted to him, and in which he died.

My brother, who was but a year younger than myself, was educated with me, and we had never been separated by difference of tastes or pursuits. Our circle of acquaintance was small, and he was reserved in admitting any to his friendship; so that an attachment grew up between us, which lasted longer, and with more profit to both, than is always the case with fraternal affection. I preferred his society to all others, and he more easily admitted me to communion with his delicate feelings, and more freely disclosed to me the workings of his powerful intellect, or the flights of his chaste and beautiful imagination. He was my superior in every thing but age and affection; yet we were always companions, in pleasure, to increase that pleasure, and often, to share each other's pains, even after our years were many enough to have dulled our early affection. We passed through college together, we traveled together, and were pursuing our professional studies together, when death snatched him from me.

It was in his room that I now found myself, and the condition of the room reminded me of the morning of his death. The curtains of the bed were drawn; but I knew that my brother lay within them, for the noiseless step of the old nurse, as she moved about, in putting the room in order, and her frequent glances at the bed, showed me that it held no other than her foster-child. The good old woman seemed trying to give the room an air of neatness and comfort; and, by her careful arrangement of some wild flowers on his table, I thought she appeared more anxious for his comfort, than doubtful for his safety. The windows were open, and the soft air of a June morning passed through the chamber, bearing health and enjoyment in every draught, and never did nature without present a stronger contrast to a sick chamber.

Soon the door opened, and again *I recognized myself*, hardly changed from the former phantom, and bearing but slight marks of the two years, which elapsed between our leaving college and my brother's death. My brother's voice then issued from the bed; and had an inhabitant of the charnel-house addressed me, I could not have shuddered with a more awful agitation.

In vain I tried to break the bonds that bound me to the place; in vain I tried to extricate myself from the wildering maze of emotions that whirled in my brain,—an all-powerful spell was on me, and I was compelled to witness this horrible scene, which, with half its horrors, had once already shaken my reason.

"Nurse," said he, faintly; "where is Edward? it is quite time that he should have returned."

My phantom stepped softly to the bed-side, and, opening the curtains, said, "Yes, William, it is quite time; you have been very sick, and I have been away,"—and it pressed a kiss on the feverish brow of the sick man. "But I did not get the letter till yesterday morning, and I have ridden all day and night, since then, to be here to take care of you. You had a narrow escape, they tell me."

"Well; I am glad that you did not delay," said my brother, more brightly; "for I cannot take medicine from any hand but yours, which has given it to me so often, so that I have really pined for you like a child. I have had quite a severe time of it; and last night I thought my hour of freedom had come, and that I should soon be satisfied of some of our doubts—and then I did not know that I could hold any communication with you about them."

"O! William; what should I be without you? I should give up speculation, and calmly await my turn to follow you. But now you will recover—there is enough here to occupy us. Man furnishes sufficient subjects of inquiry—and, indeed, 't is a sin to seek to go from this beautiful world, where all is so lovely, and so well fitted for us, to another, which, after all, may only be one of severer trial."

"And then," replied my brother, "I do not know that I am fit for that superior knowledge. I have as yet done nothing in this sphere of being; and what claim can I have to greater powers? But I shall soon be well and begin my duties. Now, however, I must rest again: give me some of that dark mixture—'t will make me sleep."

The phantom then poured into a glass some drops of what he supposed a common anodyne, but which was, in reality, a most deadly poison. I could not arrest him. I could not warn my brother,—how could I?—this was the part I myself had performed nearly twenty years ago. I saw how carefully I poured the drops, and with what an affectionate smile I had handed it to my brother. O God! was there no arm to check me—no voice of warning to save me? 'T was I, then, that killed my brother; 't was my diabolical want of care that sent him to an early grave. Why, O why was I afterwards made the witness of this horrid scene? why, when years had passed away, was I obliged to suffer this awful knowledge? I had lost him, and mourned him, and the vicissitudes of years had hardly dried my tears, when I found that I was the cause of his dreadful death. My poor brother took the glass unsuspecting, and said, "Your coming is my best medicine, and I shall not long lie here. Sit by me till I wake; mother and father are too much fatigued, by last night's watching, and nurse has gone to make something for me. You will nurse me as well as they."

He then drank. But why should I torture myself by describing the effects of an anodyne? He slept and suffered. But what were his, compared with my agonies? The phantom anxiously watched over him, and, when his victim sunk into a sleep, from which he only woke in death, he seemed pleased at the sick man's repose. I myself remember our agony, when we discovered that my brother was gone—and the bitter execrations which I heaped upon the physician, because he had not known of his approaching death. I remember my mother's distress—my father's silent sorrow,—and my tears flowed for many a year after the loss of my early and only friend; but never, never did

the idea suggest itself, that he died otherwise than by the ordinary course of his disease. Why they did not suspect the anodyne, I cannot now imagine. But now I feel that I killed him. Call it fancy—call it grief—frenzy—whatever was the means of communication, 't was truth, which I received, bitter, awful truth. A kind Providence would have concealed it from me; but my own madness, my desire to know more than he would have disclosed, has shattered my reason, and destroyed my peace forever.

But this is not the place for me to indulge my feelings. I am their prey at all other times and occasions. I must bend myself to fulfil my task, and relate the next and last change of my dream, so to call it; and I must introduce more of my previous history, and let the reader into more of my previous feelings, to give due force to the warning I would inculcate. My parents did not long survive my brother,—their pride, and the delight of their old age. My mother fell the first, and when we had laid her at my brother's side, my efforts to comfort my father were vain. There was nothing on earth for him to live for; and he died, and I was left alone. I cared not then how my pilgrimage was made, and sought no means of comfort or of enjoyment. I passed some years in traveling, and returned to my native land, happy in its prospects, and proud to compare it with the various nations I had visited. I sold my paternal mansion and domain, and selected the spot where I now reside, and where my bones shall rest, and there built me a house. I collected a library of the choicest books, and I furnished myself with the means of pursuing every study, and, for a long time, occupied my solitary hours, in the strictest discipline of mental cultivation. Astronomy, Chemistry, and every department of Natural History, added their stores to what I had before amassed of classic lore and the speculations of Moral Philosophy; and three years passed, of almost entire seclusion and of contentment, till accident made me acquainted with one, whose family resided near my place, and whose polite attentions could not be rejected, otherwise than by absolute rudeness. This was Lionel Wilton; he was the only one that bore the name,—why should I conceal it? He was younger than myself, but superior, far, in every thing. His talents were of a powerful kind, and where his ambition led, they found no obstacle insuperable. He had mastered every thing that was useful in science, and had enjoyed all that was to be found in the paths of literature. His taste was refined without being pure, and had been the result rather than the rule of his education. His deep knowledge of men was gained by intimate and frequent mingling with them; and in his manners he bore the impress of European courts, where his remarkably handsome features and elegant figure had made him conspicuous, and paved his way to admiration.

It is enough to say that he broke through my seclusion, charmed me by the richness of his mind and the elegance of his conversation, and, by slow degrees, insinuated himself into my friendship and confidence. His influence over me was that which a man of the world, that is, one who knows the world, may always obtain over one who does not know it. He visited me often, shared my studies, assisted to resolve my doubts, and even threw over my life, cheerfulness, and a glow of sympathy. He drew me, too, from my seclusion, introduced

me to his family, to his beautiful cousin Emily Seyton, and tried to convince me of the importance of our social duties. Never was influence more complete than his; and though in many things I differed from him,—and though I dislike his too liberal views of many subjects, and lamented his want of high religious principle, yet we seldom came into collision on those subjects, and the moral tone of his feelings ever prevented any display of wrong principles.

When our acquaintance had existed about a year, he informed me, one-day as we were walking, that he was about to leave —, and return to his post in the busy world, where a field had just been opened for his ambition. "And now, before I go," he said, "I want, my friend, to give you a friend in my place,—I want to see you married."

"I have thought of it," I answered, "for some time; for you have made me feel for the world and my race, as I had never expected to feel again. But who is there to marry? Who will supply your place?"

"N*****," said he, "I will speak openly to you, and give you a friend's advice,—marry Emily. I will say it, though her cousin, that, though you should seek through this country, far and near, you could not find her superior."

"Then, if you are my friend, tell me what chance I should have. Even you do not know how I have adored that woman. Her exquisite beauty and grace are nothing to me; but her mind, Lionel, and then the lovely traits that hourly speak her heart,—to them I have long since bowed. Tell me if you think I should succeed."

"Ah, my friend, you ask too much," he answered, smiling; "I cannot tell you, without betraying a woman's confidence. But don't despair. Come in and see her, and if she treats you harshly, I will try to console you."

As I am not writing a love story, I shall pass over much, and hasten to conclude these sketches of misery. Suffice it to say, that I found my love returned,—that her hand was promised,—and as Lionel wished to have us married before he left us, and as the delay of fashion and of ceremony were not necessary in our secluded valley, we were soon married. Had there been any thing unpleasant in this haste, we should have regretted it, as, a few days after the ceremony, Lionel received letters which changed his plans, and decided him to remain longer, at least till some other prospect should offer.

Never, till this *dream*, did I regret my having followed his advice; and though my wife, like every thing else, was soon taken from me, I had never ceased to bless my God for the happiness of my married life.

Intellect distinguished her above other women, and the sweetness of her disposition, her gentleness, her patience, her assiduity to please, her cheerfulness, and yet her willingness to sympathize with every feeling of her friends, and to share their troubles, elevated her above any thing I ever knew of human kind. My studies were her pleasures, and my happiness her constant aim. She was my almost constant companion, and her absences were never long: she was my friend and wisest counsellor; and never had woman a more devoted lover than she found in her husband,—and that name must be my

excuse for dwelling so long on this delusion. I will now return to my *dream*.

The change in my feelings, after my vision of my brother's death, was the same as had occurred twice before, and the surrounding objects vanished in the same manner. The next scene to which I was carried, was to my own house, to the very room in which I am now writing,—and here, upon that sofa, I saw the phantoms of myself and of my wife. It was my parting scene with her, where I saw her for the last time before her death, which happened when we had been married some seven months,—and I now again saw her, beautiful and affectionate as when she last blessed my eyes. I had hardly recovered from the shock, when my phantom rose, and, impressing a kiss on her beautiful forehead, said—"I must go now, dearest, but in twenty-four hours I shall return. I would not leave you, but he was one of my father's friends, and I must do something for his comfort."

"Do you suppose," she said, in her own silver tone, "that I would wish to keep you from such an errand. Go; you will love me better for it when you return." Then she kissed the hand that held hers, and they parted. She sat some moments in thought, and her features were shrouded in sadness, and I saw a tear steal from beneath her dark eye-lids. But she wiped them away, as steps were heard in the hall, and had regained her serenity when Lionel entered. He threw himself on the sofa, and, passing his arm familiarly round her waist, said, "Thank God, you are alone: I met your husband on the road; I hope he will not break his neck, he is so important to us."

"Dear Lionel," she said, resting upon his shoulder, "do not ridicule one whom we have injured so much. He is very kind to me, and loves me with his whole soul;" and then, speaking with more energy, she continued—"Lionel, I swear that if I thought there was a possibility of his discovering his dishonor, I would kill him myself, and save him the misery of such knowledge."

I remember no more. Confusion reigned in every sense and in every feeling, till I awoke as from a sleep, and found myself lying under the same tree, which had shaded me from the afternoon's sun. That sun had set, and with it went my peace, my comfort, the consolations of memory, and the quiet of a good conscience, and, in their place — but why speak of myself?

I will only add, that on the same day that I left her, my wife, in giving birth to a dead infant, herself died, a few hours before my return. They told me that she died, because the illness was premature,—ha! ha!—ha!

C. N * * * * *

RAINY-DAY MUSINGS.

O! THAT in this wide world, there were a spring, whose waters had never been analyzed! or a flower, that had never been gathered, and placed in an herbarium! or a star, that had never been gazed on, and rhymed on! or a shell, that had not been dragged from the roots of the ocean, and classed! It is in vain to wish, and to ejaculate: "*Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,*" has long ago been the motto of a country newspaper, whose readers yawn every

Saturday night, as they read, advertisements and all, and wish something or other would happen, "new."

Thus did I soliloquize, as I watched the last spark, of the last leaf, of a smoked cigar, till it returned to its darkness. The day had been a stormy one; and still, as I sat in my usual-comfortable posture, my heels resting on the mantel-piece, and my head tipped back on the head-cushion of my easy-chair, the sound of the unwearied rain, came on my drowsy ear. All the live-long day it had pattered against that very pane; and I could not but admire the persevering indifference, with which, regardless of the imprecations of some, and the sour looks of others, it had pursued and fulfilled its destiny. So had not I done. If I had possessed half the perseverance of that rain-drop, which just now rattled quietly down the window-sill, and sleeps "among its fellows" in a rill, which has nearly reached my chair, I had not this night been sitting, like a fool, with my heels in the air. But for a storm—no; but for a sunshine, I had been the happiest of men; the gayest of the gay—I had almost said, of the young; for even now, I am but sixty; and the storm—no, the shine, that uprooted my happiness forever, was some ten years ago.

I wish there was no such thing as association of ideas; but for that, I could enjoy this storm perfectly. Why should a cloudy day remind me of a bright eye? or a red lip, curled with fifty mischievous thoughts, all trying to get out at once? or a faint-hued cheek, like a peach, dimpling with arch smiles? It is a strange, and certainly a very disagreeable principle of association, this, of contrasts. I cannot walk into the country, where all is life but the thought of those, who died young, and sleep forever in the burying-ground, comes over my heart; and the green trees that whisper gay things to others, are, to my ear, giving out dirges, for those who may no more listen. If the snow is three feet deep against my door, and I am secure from interruption, with a good fire, and the last novel in my hand, I cannot read,—for the sound of fire-side voices in my ear, and the gushing laugh of my young brothers and sisters. There is a flower, that grows by the wayside, whose fragrance I can never, even now, inhale, for the picture it brings up, of a fair girl, who used to walk with me to school, and who

"Vanished like a flake of early snow,
That melts into the sea, pure as from heaven it fell."

Every thing, if it has its bright hue, has also its sad story written on it; and to me every joy is a key to sorrow. There is a hand-organ, at this moment, grinding out a lively tune, at the end of the street. It is the favorite air of my young brother, who died in a foreign land. He had been a captain of a vessel, and this was to have been his last voyage: he had promised it to those who had a right to claim it,—a wife and child. And so,

"Through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory runs,
Lifting each shroud, that time had cast
O'er buried hopes."

But why should a rain-drop read a lesson to me? alas! it is a lesson which cannot now be studied. I am like the idle school-boy, who, left the last in his class, is watching, with tearful eye, the forms of his com-

panions departing to their homes, while the fearful anticipations called up by the frowning eye of the master, can hardly equal the punishment in his own bosom. Whichsoever way he looks, is misery. And sometimes I withdraw, in like manner, the eye of prophecy from the gloomy future, and revel in all the mistakes and misfortunes of the past. I like, occasionally, to punish myself, with contrasting all I might have been, with all that I am.

It was on a stormy day, like this, that I first met Matilda. It had stormed a week. And Matilda was sitting, like the angel of domestic peace, by the low fire, which is so pleasant and necessary in a dark, damp day. How lovely she looked, in her morning gown, with its graceful and classical folds, and her light silky hair, parted over her delicate brow! She was busy, too, in sewing; and is not industry the brightest charm of beauty? I thought so. In fact, it also seemed the rarest; for, of all the drawing-rooms I had frequented, in all the social visits, and accidental evenings I had spent, not once had I caught a lady in the act of doing a useful thing. How the daughters of our country farmers and traders contrive to keep their arms and equipments in order, for service, is more than I can guess; for I never witnessed any thing, resembling the motion of a needle, in the hands of one of them. As for our city belles, they do these things by steam, I suppose. Be this as it may, I was most agreeably surprised to be introduced to a female, who brought back the golden age of industry, and not only seemed quite indifferent to the disgrace of being caught at work, but actually proceeded, during the whole week of my stay, in an unvarying course of making and mending.

There was a charm, too, in being permitted, myself, to lounge all day in my second-best coat; to glance, occasionally, at my no-longer new hat, and feel that it was in keeping with the sombre and ordinary look of all the world. And so I read aloud, during that happy week, to Matilda, the melancholy tale of the Forest Sanctuary; and her blue eyes ran over with tears at the recital. The burial in the mid ocean, of all that was dearest and best, and the thought, that, in the sea, there was no place of graves, where the mourner might come and be consoled, and garland the resting-place of the loved; a thousand thoughts, all tender and melancholy, softened her gay spirit, and attuned it to affection. Sunshiny days are for anticipation and fruition: Stormy ones for memory and sentiment: and so much depends on the medium, through which we view objects, that a succession of rainy and dull weather is favorable, I think, to mental vision. If it makes us melancholy, it also makes us charitable. The friends, whose faces of joy might be forgotten through long weeks of sunshine, come over our thought, in a dark day, and through the soft haze, we see all that is lovely, and forget all that is unlovely. It is on such days, too, that we most feel the need of something to lean on,—something to love. There is something domestic in the sound of the rain pattering against the window, and pictures of one's "ain fireside" glance busily before the fancy. And brighter, for the dimness and darkness without, was the sparkle of Matilda's eye, and more soft and touching the tone of her sweet voice. Yes; it must have been sweet: for although, I can see now, that I loved her because I could not help it,—out of the affectionateness of my nature, and because the desolation of the world, out

of doors, had concentrated all my perceptions of pleasure, in the sitting-room where Matilda was sewing and smiling; still I can believe that it was not all an illusion. And, forasmuch as

"It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; and the heart
Leaps kindly back to kindness,"

I can believe that Matilda, too, thought, during that blessed rainy week,—I don't know as she did, though.

We had long hours of chess-playing, too. Happy hours, when I discovered that my goddess was not without her faults. But it was so delightful to forgive them! and still, as the storm kept on, like a good angel, hope gave a rainbow-brightness to every drop, and it fell refreshingly on my heart.

Why should sunshine have come, with its glare of truth? Why should Matilda's needle cease its delicate vibrations, and her eyes no more bend over her sewing, swimming in tears? Why did she doff the morning gown, in which she won my heart, and don the stiff muslin, with its glazings, its stiffenings, its unhuman and triangular lines?—and why did she still look brightly beautiful, in spite of all? And, O! why did she glance so coldly at me, as I stood in the sunshine? Was not my coat newly brushed? ay, and my shoes shining?—and was my hair a touch more silvered, or my face a line more wrinkled, than before? I know not how it was. I felt, rather than saw, that, beautiful and happy as she was, her happiness was distinct from all I had done, did, or ever could do. She was independent; and yet she did not lose her charms to me; for, delightful as it would have been, to have such a creature to cherish and protect, there was something always in Matilda's eye, which seemed to say, "I am sufficient for myself." There was a proud curl in her lip, and a toss of her beautiful neck, as if she disdained to be defended; and her spirit seemed formed to rove wild forever, in the free forest of her own fancy, and to spurn the fetters even of love. Yet I had endowed her with power over my heart, so great, that my own fetters were immovable.

I have often thought, if I had the ordering of affairs in general, I would suit physical to moral beauty. That as the spirit expanded into nobler excellence, as the intellect towered more grandly, and the heart softened, the shrine should be proportionably beautified. It is so, in a degree, now: in a degree, I say; for it is only to the gifted, that it is perceptible. There is a depth, an intellectuality, in the eye of a fine woman, (I use the word in its American, and not its English sense,) which the mind of an ordinary woman can never mirror. There are eyes, too, that I love to look at,—that tell stories,—long tales of joy and sorrow,—of the spirit, matured by exercise and suffering, and the calm expression of the elevation it has attained. The glad beaming of a child's eye, is beautiful; it is suited to the innocence, the ignorance, the hope of childhood. But the beam of maturity should be softer, more chastened, humbler. There is a charming woman I meet often in the streets, to whom a friend of mine applied the epithet "sunny-eyed,"—and so she is. But who could love eyes that have never wept? There are clouds and darkness that have

written their names on eyes, whose quiet beams are dearer and lovelier to me, than any eyes of ignorant gladness that I ever saw.

But such are the error and blindness of human beings, that, even with the key of knowledge in our hands, we hastily and carelessly apply it: we read what was never written,—we imagine, and adore our own creations. A friend of mine, whose skin is thin, goes for a man of exquisite sensibility, though I verily believe he suffers equally in asking for a potato at table, and asking the heart of a lady. And Matilda was one of those beings, who seemed formed by nature to express all of mental loveliness and intellectual grace. Whether she had a heart, I know not. But she had what answered the purpose of one. A complexion so transparent, and a nervous system so exquisite, that the rose-tints mantling over her neck and brow, seemed the voice of a heart, thrilling and troubled; and the eye-lashes, that drooped under my gaze, seemed a nest for a thousand kindling loves. What matters it, whether it were so or not? But so it should not have been. So it shall not be, when I have the ordering of affairs. On the brow of scorn, shall not sit the arches of calmness and innocence; and the life of disdain shall no more be like the rose-bud for sweetness. But where there is gentleness and lowliness, there shall be beauty, and the pure and noble in heart shall have a temple fitly adorned.

Why do we love beauty, but because it is the apparent reflection of the heart? We see one beauty after another, and are deceived, till the heart withers;—or, we look on good ugliness, and force ourselves to love and admire. But the things *unseen* are spiritual, and the things seen are influential. Till we can change our natures, we must love beauty; and till we can look at it with clear eyes, we must be deceived; and I might add, till we have suffered, we cannot look with clear eyes. It is only the voice of boyish inexperience, which says,—

“There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell in it.”

All this I had thought, and considered, long before I saw Matilda,—long before that fatal sunshiny day, which wilted all my fair hopes: but we are born to be deceived,—at least, men are,—and old as I may be supposed, (only sixty, though,) I am just as susceptible to illusion as ever I was. Perhaps, since things are so badly arranged in this world, it is, after all, as well to walk in a vain show,—in a day-dream. One may so easily surround himself by a slight exertion of the fancy, with a world full of angels; and as one after the other passes off the stage, after contributing their quota of enjoyment, they may smile at us, half disdainfully, for our credulity; but we may smile in return, and with more reason; for if, happy are they who are deceived, and wake not from their illusion, almost as much so are they who dream, because that waking life is no longer desirable, and whose “eyes make pictures, when they are shut,” of all that the deceived heart enjoys.

Matilda was what the world called “interesting.” I saw her but the other day. Now that she is no longer eighteen, but twenty-eight, and a wedded wife, I may be supposed to have awaked from my

dream. Ten years ago, she listened to the soul-stirring strains of Mrs. Hemans, and I used to look in her face for an answering chord to the harmonies, which the poet struck out; and she would lift her heavy eye-lashes, heavy with moisture, and fix her blue eyes on mine, like an angel's, so calm and ethereal was their expression, and a smile would speak all I wished to hear. I hardly wished for the sound of her harp-like voice,—the expression was enough.

But the other day, as I observed, I met Matilda. She sat on a sofa, at a short distance from me, and a young friend of mine was gazing at her face, with admiration.

"How very lovely!—what an interesting expression!"

"Yes, very interesting," I answered, drily, for I was awake.

"How much soul in her eye!—and now, how sweetly she droops her head! I should like to know her!—I wish I knew her!—do you?"

"Yes."

"Then, perhaps, you will do me the favor to introduce me?" said he, eagerly.

"My friend," said I, seriously, "can you tell me whether it has been a fair or a foul day? I have been so shut up, I can't tell."

"Fair as the moon,—clear as the sun; but what has that question to do with my being introduced?"

"Only that I have made it a rule, never to make, or be the means of making, any acquaintances, on a stormy day."

"But why?—pray," inquired my friend.

"I don't think they are apt to turn out well. However, as you say it has been sunshiny to-day, we will see what we can do. She does look interesting:—I wonder what she is talking of, or, rather, listening to?"

"Something heavenly, one would swear, by that upward look of her face: what a divine expression!—do introduce me," said he, with some impatience.

"O, I will introduce you," I replied; "let us go round behind the sofa, and listen to Milton,—for it must be *Paradise Lost*, at least, they are talking about,"—leading him at the same time near the spot, where Matilda was seated. My friend looked admiringly,—all ready to fall down and worship; and, as I glanced at him, I seemed for a moment to see my own face, as in a glass. I blushed at myself. I ran over the many-like dreams I had dreamed, and I pitied my young friend, that he must be awaked. In my reverie, I had forgotten to listen to *Paradise Lost*; but my attention was now recalled by the expression of extreme disappointment, in the face of my companion, and I turned to catch the words, that were falling from Matilda's lips. She was saying, that her "*Foulard*" was eight and-sixpence, and listening with angelic rapture, to the intelligence, that "they were to be had at Brewer's, for five shillings!"

IMPORTANCE AND OBLIGATIONS OF TRUTH,
PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

To awaken an abhorrence of all falsehood and duplicity,—by depicting, on the one hand, beautiful images of truth and honor, and presenting, on the other, the disastrous consequences of sacrificing veracity to the interests or the caprice of a moment,—is the object of several new and popular works of fiction. The subject is an old one, and has been the theme of moralists without number, for hundreds and thousands of years. Still it is not exhausted; or, if all has been said, which the various topics of argument will furnish, it must be repeated till it has been heard; till it has been attended to; till it has produced something more of its proper effect. If all the appropriate colors have been mingled in representing the beauty of truth and the deformity of falsehood, the application is to be continued. The images of both are to be multiplied. They are to be presented in every scene and situation; in the parlor and the kitchen, the public office and the private workshop. Till society in general are brought under the influence of inviolable faith and veracity, we should never say nor think that the subject is exhausted, and no more is to be said or done. On the contrary, we should welcome every judicious attempt to waken the dormant feelings of those, who confound right and wrong, truth and falsehood, and to raise them to the proper level of rational existence.

The subject requires different modes of treatment, according to the different tastes and characters of those, who are principally in view. Many there are, who must be influenced by feeling and imagination, so far as they are influenced at all. They are not in the habit of reflection or meditation. They are not accessible to argument or remonstrance. They may read what is entertaining; and, like birds or insects on the wing, they may perhaps be pierced by some of the light arrows, which are flying around them. Others, who are more alive to the realities of a future state, may derive deeper or more lasting impressions of the importance and obligations of truth, from the expositions of the preacher, standing in the holy place; and a third class may find entertainment, as well as moral benefit, in those argumentative discussions, which trace the great duty of veracity to the unchanging principles in which it is founded. The philosophical view is so seldom given, that something of this kind will, as we trust, be regarded as not altogether unseasonable here.

Why are we required, in all our communications one with another, to speak the truth? Why is this so positively enjoined in the Scriptures? and why is it urged with so much zeal, by those, who do not avail themselves of the authority of Divine inspiration? To questions like these, we answer—Because the vital interests, because the very being of society depends upon it. Society could no more live and prosper without mutual truth, than material bodies could exist without the principle of cohesive attraction. Though liars may associate for temporary purposes, there must be some truth between them; some ground amid the general ruins of falsehood for them to stand upon, or they can maintain no friendly intercourse whatever. Without something of that confidence, which can rest on no other foundation than

that of habitual veracity, man could feel no complacency in man. A horse, a dog, a sheep, a tree, a stone, or any thing, which was not positively inimical, would be a more acceptable companion than one of his own species. He could depend on no benefit from his presence; he would have much reason to dread some machination against his life or comfort.

Admitting, however, that society could exist without habitual truth, how little of prosperity could we anticipate! There would be an eternal stagnation of mind; no intellectual improvement. The transactions and events of former ages would be unknown. The voice of history would never be heard, or, if heard, would be nothing better than fable. If monuments were reared, or useful inventions produced, they might, or might not, survive the age that gave them being; but the names of their authors, however deserving of fame, could have no better record, than the memory of their short-lived neighbors. Under the benumbing influence of falsehood and distrust, indeed, it may be doubted whether the arts of printing or writing would ever have existed; whether there would have been any such thing as instruction; whether, in fact, the tongue itself, as an organ of speech, would not have fallen into disuse. In this state of things, every individual would be limited in his knowledge to his own immediate experience; to the facts, which have been presented to the scrutiny of his senses. In the extent of his knowledge, he would be inferior to the beasts and birds. These have a language intelligible to those of their own species, by which they communicate important information. The maternal hen, for instance, tells her chickens when a hawk is threatening; and, as she never lies, her little ones never disbelieve her,—they never fail to profit by her admonitions.

If mutual truth and confidence be of such importance to the intellectual improvement of the world, it is equally essential to moral advancement. There is a natural and necessary connexion between the one and the other. It was said by Solomon, "A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit." Weak minds may indeed be affectionate, but so far as they are deficient of intelligence, they cannot be distinguished for those virtues of feeling or conduct, which belong to reasonable beings. To render any human virtue what it should be, it must be founded in principle, as well as feeling; it must be performed "with the spirit and with the understanding;" and, in a state of things, in which the understanding was barren, it could not be expected that the moral life would be fruitful. Besides, there is a repugnance between habitual falsehood and most of the virtues, which forbids the expectation of any thing noble or generous in one who indulges in this sordid vice.

Lying is generally, if not always, the offspring of a selfish spirit. If we attend to the occasions, on which it is manifested, we shall be satisfied of this. What is the object of the common cheat, who extols, beyond the bounds of truth, the articles he offers for sale or exchange? Is it not to put a paltry penny into his own pocket? Why does the false politician blazon his own merits, or those of his party, while he vilifies the highest worth, which may be opposed to him? It is the spirit of selfish meanness, and not of expansive patriotism, which dictates every word. In difficulties and embarrassments, why does any

one resort to falsehood as the means of escape, without considering whose character or happiness may be involved by the untruth? It is a want of moral courage, some may say; others may give it the harder name of cowardice. We say it is that meanness of soul, which is immutably selfish and ungenerous. If there be any thing, in which lying can be reconciled to a generous spirit, it is, perhaps, the entertainment afforded to companions by fictitious stories, passed off for realities. Still, we have reason to doubt, whether this be an exception to the general principle. It remains to be proved, that those, who indulge themselves in such violations of truth, are actuated chiefly by regard to the happiness of others, and not to the gratification of their own vanity or desire of applause.

As falsehood is generally, if not always selfish and ignoble, inconsistent in its very nature with generosity or disinterested friendship, so it is nearly allied to every species of dishonesty, without the exception of theft itself. It is actual injustice to society and to individuals. Every lie is a wrong to every man, woman, and child, who has an interest in common language, and especially to those who are exposed to deception by it. As already observed, the birds and beasts expect truth and sincerity from their dams, who undertake to instruct them. The brutes require the same from man. In many an instance, the elephant, who has stretched forth his proboscis to receive the proffered biscuit, and been denied, has executed summary justice on the deceiver, by knocking him down. Children, too, as we have said, expect the truth, and nothing but the truth, from every one who speaks, till experience has taught them a different lesson. This expectation is the inspiration of nature. It is inspired by the God of nature, who at the same time gave the unalienable right of hearing and knowing the truth, whenever addressed in the language of men. Where the rights are of equal value, the infringement of one involves the same degree of injustice with that of the other; and he, who has proved himself dishonest in word, can give you no adequate proof that he will not defraud you in business, or secretly pilfer your property. The state of public opinion, or the operation of the laws, may bear unequally on vices of equal turpitude in themselves; and, from these considerations, the liar may be restrained from other vices, to which, as such, he must be strongly inclined. If, then, the habit of falsehood counteract the most express designs of nature; if it be reprov'd in man by the sincerity of brutes; if it tend to annihilate all the advantages to be derived from speech, and to put an eternal check on the mental and moral improvement of mankind; if it subvert that confidence, on which all mutual complacency must depend, and infuse into the heart that distrust, which must either drive man from man, or expose him to hostile attacks; if, in a word, it is apt to degrade the soul, to chill every generous emotion, to confound all distinctions of right and wrong, and prepare one for every species of meanness and dishonesty,—it is certain we cannot keep too much aloof from such a vice. We should avoid it as we would a mortal infection. We should take heed to our words; weigh and measure them, by the standards of truth. Not only is the habit of deception to be avoided, but every instance. He, who utters a single lie, sins not only against society, but against himself,—against soul and body,—against his temporal

no less than his eternal interests. Of this sin it may be emphatically said, "There remaineth no place for repentance, though one seek it carefully with tears." A single lie, clearly detected, will do more to ruin the character, than a thousand truths will to repair it: it will render it suspicious for years, though every other word were punctiliously true. The irascible or peevish man may change his morose looks and petulant tones, to those which are agreeable and kind; the blasphemer may abstain from the abuse of God's name; the intemperate man may break off from his habits of indulgence; and the reformation of each, to a considerable degree, at least, will be immediately apparent; but, as the greatest liars tell a multitude of truths for one falsehood, what pledge of this kind can they give, that they will never falsify again? Their word will be of little avail. It has lost its value. Nothing but time, or costly sacrifices to the truth, freely made, will restore their claims to credit.

Some, perhaps, by way of objection, may ask, where is the rigor of this doctrine to end? or, who will escape condemnation? In what does the essence of a lie consist? and where the effect is the same, what is the difference between speaking and acting? Is every voluntary deception a virtual lie? These questions deserve an answer, though it may not be an easy thing to reconcile every difficulty with the doctrine laid down above, or to establish principles which will apply to every imaginable case.

To take up the preceding queries, then, in the order which may be most convenient, we would maintain that, where the design is the same, and the whole effect the same, there can be no moral difference between speaking a lie and acting a lie; in giving a false direction to a traveler, for instance, by a word, or by a motion of the hand. The essence of criminal falsehood is intentional or careless deception; and it is of little moment, how that deception is effected. Still, it is hard to follow this principle into all the extremes, to which it may be seen to lead. It is hard to say, that the countenance shall, in all circumstances, be a true index to the heart, expressing all the indifference or dislike, which, either justly or unjustly, we may feel to those with whom we meet, and, perhaps, are required to pass much of our time; that, when we enter the chamber of dangerous sickness, or become bearers of painful intelligence to persons of weak nerves, we should put no disguise on our own feelings. It would be cruel to forbid those who were threatened with destruction by a ruthless army, to make their escape by the stratagem of kindling fires, or leaving other tokens of their presence, which would keep the suspicions of the enemy quiet, till the peaceful object were effected. To remove the difficulty in part, we may observe, that where the object is the same, there is often a difference in the effect between words and actions. Words are the more appropriate indications of thought; the more usual means of affirming or denying; the last resort in all inquiries and assurances about matters of fact. We may be deceived by looks or motions; but the deception is neither so inevitable nor so great, because it is always considered, that the language of the countenance and the limbs is allowed by general consent to be somewhat ambiguous. A smile on the countenance, for example, may indicate complacency, or joy, or it may express nothing more than the habitual

courtesy and benevolence, which are characteristic, at once, of the gentleman and the Christian.

It is usually said, there may be cases, in which it will be lawful for us to deceive by any means in our power; that a mortal foe, in particular, has no claims upon us for the truth, and that he is an exception to the general rule. If public wars be ever just, or, in other words, if, in any case, it can be right to slaughter the subjects of a hostile sovereign by hundreds and thousands, it must be right to effect the objects of war by stratagem or deceit. On the same principle, if it be right to take the life of a pirate, an assassin, or robber, in defence of ourselves or others, it cannot be wrong to save ourselves from such an assailant, by any act of deception; since it is a greater harm to kill a man, than it is or can be to give him erroneous views of any ordinary fact. Of the rectitude of public wars, however, we give no opinion further than this,—that very few of them are undertaken from such necessity, on either side, as alone would be a sufficient apology. As to private robbers and assassins, some have justified deception in regard to them, on the ground that they have outlawed themselves; that they have put themselves out of the pale of society; that they have renounced all privileges of civil life, excepting only that of a fair trial, on condition of arrest; and that, in other respects, they are hardly to be considered as human beings. It must be confessed, that the rights and obligations of truth have a principal, if not a sole regard to society, and that all, who voluntarily put themselves out of the social state, forfeit all rights of this kind. Still, there may be reason to doubt, whether it be expedient to treat these outlaws with rigid justice of this kind; whether the influence of it will, on the whole, be favorable to the peace of society, or the moral character of those by whom it is practised.

Dr. Paley has told us, "there are some falsehoods which are not lies;" or, in other words, which are not criminal. Among other instances, he mentions that of a servant denying his master; that of an advocate asserting his belief in the justice of his cause; and the falsehoods, which are told to madmen or insane persons, for their benefit. The reason he gives for the innocence of untruths like these, is, that there is no deception. Many have regretted, that an author, of Dr. Paley's deserved reputation, should have given these exceptions to the obligations of truth the sanction of his name. Is there no deception in the assertion of the advocate, when, against his own convictions, he declares his unwavering belief in the justice of his client's cause? Does he not expect, does he not wish to be believed by some of those who hear him? Why, then, does he make the assertion? Is it for the mere purpose of forming, or continuing the habit of uttering untruths? The fact, we believe, is, that where an advocate with a sober countenance declares himself convinced of what he does not, indeed, believe, he does it with the hope of beguiling the man of plain common sense to favor the cause of his client; and this, undoubtedly, is a frequent effect. The like interrogatories might be urged with the gentleman or the lady, who gives the false orders to a servant, to say "not at home." If it is understood to mean nothing more nor less, than too unwell, or too much engaged to see company, why not use the words, which mean that, and nothing

else,—words which are not liable to be misunderstood? By a great part of the world, the phrase, “not at home,” will be construed in its literal sense, and on them it will have all the effect of a lie, if it be not a literal truth. In addition to this, we might urge, that the head of a family, in giving such orders to a servant, sets an example of insincerity and falsehood, which will be likely to spread its infection much farther than he intends. He has reason to expect a reaction, to which he can set no bounds. He encourages the servant to lie to himself, whenever convenience or caprice shall dictate; and, as lying is intimately connected with every species of dishonesty, he puts every thing he has at the disposal of those, whom he has virtually released from the obligations of truth, the best security for his person or reputation. From the usual intercourse between servants and children, the infection is likely to spread among all the subordinate members of the family, and from them to communicate itself to other houses and other regions, till there is a general corruption of that class of persons, on whose fidelity the domestic comfort of all most essentially depends.

The deceptions sometimes practised on those unfortunates, who are bereaved of a common understanding, as well as those, which, with a similar view, are sometimes played upon children, differ in some respects from those mentioned above. Here falsehood is intended to deceive, though for a short time, and for the benefit of those on whom it is imposed. It may be questioned, however, whether the imposition be so readily forgotten, either by children or lunatics, as some may imagine; or whether the momentary advantages may not be followed by very lasting evils. The child may remember the falsehood, by which he has been cajoled, or frightened into a salutary submission, and he may continue to reap and to sow the poisonous fruit, long after the parent or the nurse shall have been lodged in the tomb; and the adult, who is partially insane, may be still more bewildered by his endeavors to reconcile contradictions, while the falsehood, which, even, in the twilight of reason, he discovers in his attendants, may plunge him in that despair, in which the last ray of light will be extinguished. One thought, suggested above, may naturally excite the inquiry, how far the guilt or the innocence of deception may be affected by the consideration of time. Some may think it excusable to counterfeit emotions, which they do not feel, or express opinions, which they do not hold, provided the false apprehensions they excite in others be seasonably corrected; and, perhaps, it may seem excessively rigid to maintain that we are never to argue, with apparent seriousness, in favor of what we believe to be error, or that we are never to amuse ourselves and others by fictions of hope or fear, admiration or anger. Still, it is safer at least to deny ourselves a little amusement, than to seek it in such indulgences. If the criminality of falsehood be supposed to depend on the length of time it is allowed to remain uncorrected, the question will, of course, arise, where shall we fix the point in duration, which will separate between innocence and guilt? Will a year, a month, a week, a day, or an hour, convert a harmless untruth into a lie? Beside the impossibility of fixing any such point, every thing of this kind involves the risk of our credit with those with whom we converse, as they may detect the fallacy before we have an opportunity to explain, or we may otherwise fail of the means,

or lose the disposition to correct the false impressions we have made, and bring ourselves under strong temptations to multiply falsehoods in defence of that, which at first we did not mean to persist in. Let every one beware how he swallows poison, though in small portions. It may be more insinuating, and more tenacious of its hold on the vital system, than he ever imagined.

W. H.

STANZAS.

Written among the Highlands of the Hudson River.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

O WOULD that she were here,
 These hills and dales among,
 Where vocal groves are gaily mocked
 By Echo's airy tongue.
 Where jocund Nature smiles
 In all her gay attire,
 Amid deep-tangled wiles
 Of hawthorn and sweetbrier.
 O would that she were here,
 That fair and gentle thing,
 Whose words are musical as strains
 Breathed by the wind-harp's string.

O would that she were here,
 Where the free waters leap,
 Shouting in their joyousness
 Adown the rocky steep.
 Where rosy Zephyr lingers
 All the live-long day,
 With health upon his pinions,
 And gladness in his way.
 O would that she were here:—
 Sure Eden's garden-plot
 Did not embrace more varied charms
 Than this romantic spot.

O would that she were here,
 Where frolic by the hours,
 Rife with the song of bee and bird,
 The perfume of the flowers.
 Where beams of peace and love,
 And radiant beauty's glow
 Are pictured in the sky above,
 And in the lake below.
 O would that she were here—
 The nymphs of this bright scene,
 With song and dance and revelry
 Would hail AMANDA queen.

August, 1834.

MY BOOKS.

NO. XII.

THE COLUMBIAN ORATOR.

MODERN innovations have driven into the shade the school-books of my youthful days. No longer do we see in our schools "American Preceptors," "Scott's Lessons," "Elements of Useful Knowledge," or "Columbian Orators." They have moved in long and sad procession from the school-house to the garret,—from noisy popularity to silent oblivion. Nor would I, all things considered, act as a resurrectionist to their remains. Let the dead rest! But I cannot forbear to say one word in favor of the "Orator" of good old Caleb Bingham,—the seed and spring of all my declamatory principles and performances. Let his ghost listen, then, while I narrate the adventures through which I was led by my juvenile familiarity with his book.

My earliest oratorical performances were the fruits of an extremely youthful age. When I was but ten years old, I had determined, I know not how or why, to "appear in public on the stage," not as an actor by profession, but as an orator. I did appear, and thus it was:—

There was a boys' artillery company in the village, composed of some eighty youths, who had arrayed themselves with wooden swords, paste-board caps, and pantaloons with red binding, and were in the habit of "training" three or four times a year, to the tune of a drum, fife, and an old iron swivel. This company was ordered out on the fourth of July,—and that day was fixed upon for my oratorical *debut*. A hint was conveyed to the captain, that I might possibly be induced to make a speech, and, in due form, I received a request from the officers to honor the "*Washington Artillery*" with an oration, upon the village-green.

To work went I in concocting the quantum suff. of eloquence. The process was this:—First, upon an old frameless slate, whose memory is precious, and whose classic relics are now hoarded amongst my treasures, I penciled down my thoughts, as they trickled from my brain, thus substituting for those *mathematical figures*, which had hitherto been drawn upon the slate, the figures of thought and speech. When I had covered the sides of my slate, I called to my aid my favorite sister, and submitted the result to her kindly criticisms, and forthwith proceeded to transfer the composition to paper. O, how my brains labored to bring forth my first-born speech! Two whole days did I pursue my ambitious toil, unremittingly, and, on the third, could exclaim, with old Horace, "*Exegi Monumentum!*"

My oration covered four pages of fools-cap, and, so far as I can remember, (alas! the manuscript has perished,) it bore no slight resemblance to the fourth of July speeches of modern days. It was chiefly remarkable for the boldness of its conceptions. Thus, for example, in one passage I alluded to the peal of artillery, and the music of bells, which spoke a nation's joy,—expecting that my sentence would be followed by the discharge of the old swivel, and the jangle of the village bell. But, alas! the boldest flight of my fancy was unable to produce the anticipated noise—both belfry and field-piece were mute.

When the day of performance arrived, I proceeded, with a beating heart, but with unshaken courage, to the field. At eleven o'clock, the captain formed his men in a hollow-square in the centre of the pretty village common, and, cap in hand, waited upon me into the area. The villagers clustered around, to overhear the juvenile Cicero. Expectation sat on every face,—the orator drew his manuscript from his pocket—doffed his beaver—made his bow to the audience, and, in baby tones, began.

I remember with astonishment the perfect coolness and presence of mind, with which I thus appeared before the whole village, and submitted myself to their inspection and criticism.

The performance had one merit,—it was all over in fifteen minutes, oration, applause, and all. The company deployed into line, the orator congéed, the music struck up, and, amidst a cluster of kind friends, I retired from the arena to the parlor of Madame ——, my mother's old friend, covered, as I believed, with immortal glory.

No sooner had I arrived within her reach, than the old lady pounced upon me—"like a humble-bee on a thistle-top"—and insisted on my repeating my oration, for the edification of herself and family, and friends.

I had sense enough to perceive that a performance, which was, perhaps, well enough adapted to a company of boy-soldiers, and their hollow-square upon the common, would be ridiculous upon the carpet of a drawing-room, in the midst of ladies and gentlemen. Consequently, I resisted Madame ——'s entreaties, as long as a boy of my melting mood could resist a pretty woman, and then reluctantly mounted the rostrum of the hearth, and once more pronounced my oration.

It was graciously received by the company, and extravagantly eulogized. Fools! fools! why will you, being yourselves of mature minds, and in full view of the consequences, intoxicate a boy with the cup of flattery, and deceive the innocent victim of your unwise commendation, into the ridiculous belief, that he is a paragon, a wonder? Were it in my present power so to do, I would connect every flattering word, with the bitterness of gall and the sting of the viper, in the mouths of those who gave it utterance. I have no doubt that I subsequently received more than one sound flogging, and richly earned a dozen where I got one, as the direct consequence of this poison of flattery, working corruption in my heart and conduct. But it was not alone Madame ——, whose exhibition of my "gifts" at speaking did me moral mischief. My reputation reached, as the elegant and classic Jack Downing remarks, "all the way home, and half way back," and created in mamma and papa a love for making me a domestic show. Many a time and oft, like the hero of a well-known scene, in "*Thinks I to Myself*," have I been dragged forth, at an evening party, (collection of neighbors) to contribute my share toward entertaining the visitors, by a display of what one of the neighbors, Dr. D——, called my "astonishing *pregulity*" (precocity?) in oratory.

If I was spoiled at home, this mode of treatment did much toward producing that common result of education. My parents ought to have known, (perhaps they did know,) that these my evening displays sowed the seed of the morrow's misconduct, reproof, and punishment. If they were aware of this fact, they were willing, for the sake of the

show, to inflict the evil. But I will pass by my less public performances, and proceed to the next great epoch in my declamatory career.

The fourteenth winter of my life had been spent in Boston. My country feelings and manners were worn off by contact with city companions and city modes of life. During the winter I went, where I solemnly believe that no boy should be allowed, under present circumstances, to go,—to *the Theatre*. I went but once; but that was enough to make me frantic for a year. The enormous expanse of the room,—the golden glare of a thousand lights,—the countless multitude of human beings around, above, below me,—the glitter of decorations, and the solemn waving of draperies,—the music,—the actors, the actresses,—the action, the development of plot and character,—produced the most powerful effect upon my feelings that my feelings ever received. I was wholly absorbed by what I heard and saw, and for four hours my ideas never once wandered beyond the walls by which I was surrounded.

I fell in love with all the actresses;—I became identified with all the actors; and for months, after leaving the theatre, my mind did not regain its wonted condition. I was in a delicious dream. My head was now full of dim and indistinct, but gorgeous, visions of splendor and beauty: I was ever and anon declaiming in the character of Richard III. or imitating the drunken drollery of "Dick Dashall."

From Boston I was sent to a neighboring seaport, to prepare for admission to college. In the academy, of which I now became a member, there was a weekly exercise in declamation, and for this I prepared myself with great zeal. My sister helped me select a speech for the occasion—and that speech was, (as any person, who has gone through a similar experience, might guess,) the funeral oration of Marc Anthony over the dead body of Cæsar, chosen from that venerable work, "Scott's Lessons," wherein stand collected those rare morsels of English literature, "the Soliloquy of Cato," "Scipio's Speech for war," "the Soliloquy of Dick, the Apprentice," "Brutus's Speech," and others equally precious, and equally well calculated to form a rational style of oratory.

Yankees love eloquence so well, that I cannot but wonder that, until lately, nay, even now, the method pursued in educating the future speaker, is so loose and unscientific. Think of the utter folly of preparing one to appear well in town-meetings, or in legislative assemblies, at the Bar, or in the pulpit, by committing to memory, rehearsing, and declaiming such speeches as those above named! It is perfectly preposterous. You might as reasonably prepare one for military duty in modern armor and modern evolutions, by exercising him with the brazen helmet, broad shield, and heavy pike of a Roman soldier.

To proceed. I learned the speech, and made sundry preparations for its delivery. For example; in order to "suit the action to the word" when I should arrive at the exclamation—

"But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 't is his will ——"

I made up an immense roll of white paper, like a marshal's truncheon, tied it round with a black ribbon, and stuck upon it a seal almost as large as the shield of Æneas. This document I intended to draw

forth at the proper spot, and I doubted not that the effect would be electric.

I wanted still further to make ready for the equally touching passage—

“ You all do know this *mantle*,” &c.

but as I could not, to my satisfaction, decide whether a mantle should be represented by a cloak, a petticoat, or a shawl, and as my sister dissuaded me from using either, I concluded to be content with the will of Cæsar, and task the imagination of my auditors to *suppose* the mantle, with all its rents from the daggers of “ the envious Casca,” and of “ the well-beloved Brutus,” and with the bloody stain that followed, “ as he plucked the cursed steel away.”

At last the day came,—“ big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome.” Several speakers preceded me. To them I listened as patiently as I could, panting for my turn; and when it came, I marched down from my desk to the open area in front, made my city bow, and begun,—

“ Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen !”

in a voice so loud and shrill, that the astonished pedagogue started at the sound, the whole school were amazed, the neighbors opposite the academy ran to their windows and looked out in wonder—and had the scene been Rome, and I been before Cæsar’s corpse, my eloquence would have equalled the description given by Anthony of Brutus,—it would have

———“ put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.”

I regarded not the universal look of surprise and amusement; but, with Stentorian tones, proceeded in my speech, until I came to the *will* scene. Then, plunging my hand into my coat pocket, (for I had on a regular dress-coat) I extracted the “ parchment,” and held it up to observation. I had anticipated great applause for this manœuvre: I had looked forward to its effect upon my hearers, as Burke probably looked forward to the effect of producing, from beneath his robe, in the middle of a parliamentary speech, a drawn dagger—and, like him, I had vastly overrated the excitement of my audience; so that, when I looked for deep and tragic emotions, I was met with one universal *grin*—seated upon every countenance in the school-room. This was very mortifying; but, as the master declared my performance to be, on the whole, promising, I did not long feel abashed by my failure. “ I will try again,” thought I. Thus do man and boy alike compensate present losses, by drafts upon the rich exchequer of an imaginary future,—not realizing Pope’s

“ Man never is, but always to be blessed,”

(for that is not true;) but showing that our enjoyment is rather in the thing, *anticipation*, than in the thing *anticipated*.

THE EXHIBITION.

At the close of the term was to be an *Exhibition* of the declamatory powers of the scholars. My heart yearned for it. I knew that all our parents would be there, to enjoy their children’s good appearance, and

I longed to distinguish myself in their eyes. But, what was far more interesting to me, I was aware that the Sarahs, and Hannahs, and Susans, whose starry eyes I worshiped with a boy's idolatry, would be there, and would watch the young stranger with peculiar closeness. With many of them I had already met, and chatted, rambled, or studied, or romped; and their good graces were to me the staff of life,—their applause and admiration were worth more than life. The feelings of a boy on this subject may appear ridiculous to men; but it would be hard to prove that men are wiser or happier than the objects of their scorn. It is more manly to get a verdict for one's client, and a fee for one's self,—but by no process of reasoning can it be shown to be a whit more pleasant, than the boyish triumph over boyish competition, when the prize is fair lady's smile. All that we strive for is, in fact, vain:—

“Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'t is the same,
Each idle, and all ill,—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,—
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame:”—

So that the boy of forty has nothing to boast of above his fellow boy of fifteen.

Our teacher made choice of such pieces as he thought best fitted to the occasion and to our various talents. To me he assigned no less than three parts—one of which was Wirt's beautiful description of *the blind preacher*, in the “Letters of a British Spy,”—another was an extract from the commencement oration of Tristram Burges, and the third was the part of Sosia in Dryden's “Amphytrion.”

The whole town attended the exhibition, and, as I had borne off the palm of scholarship in the just-finished examination, I fancied that I was an object of peculiar interest to all present. In an especial manner did my complacency operate upon me in the enactment of Sosia. I came upon the stage, bearing in my hand a lanthorn to light my steps, and proceeded to soliloquize, now and then starting aside in mock fear at the waving of an imaginary bull-rush, or the rustling of a leaf,—and at last, to keep myself company, and drive away fear, I began to sing;—all this was according to the rubric,—but the question was,—what should I sing? My knowledge of poetry was limited; but I pitched upon a song, not very much amiss, and, shuffling about my feet in a sort of dance, I began—

“My name is Tommy Atkinson,
As all of you do know:—
I was the pride of mamma's heart,—
She made me quite a show;—
Such a beauty I did grow,” &c.

My efforts were crowned with abundant applause,—and, as Mrs. Siddons says, of her first triumph on a London stage, I went home in an ecstasy of satisfaction. But I cannot now remember, without tears, the events of that evening, joyous as they are. It is not that longing desire for the return of boyish innocence and delight. I can exclaim—

“Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?”—

but my tears flow from a deeper fountain than that. I *had* a brother, —a younger brother!—I *had*, but *have not*. His bright blue eyes, and

round rosy cheeks, and golden hair, flash upon the mind's eye, as I recall the scenes of that evening,—and then comes the deadening thought that he is no more. Perished are all the lineaments of youthful beauty,—crumbled into dust is that innocent and loving heart;—and, O! where is that little hand, so often clasped in my own, as we walked to our school, or frolicked on the play-ground, or, side by side, sunk to sleep? On that evening he spoke Campbell's beautiful poem,—“*The Rainbow*,”—beginning thus:—

“The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Shone the sunshine, the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze :
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
In the lap of the Spring, on the bosom of May !”

Those bright and cheerful lines are so associated in my mind with my brother's death, (which occurred soon after that exhibition,) that they act upon my feelings like a dirge, and are never listened to without abundant tears.

Amongst those who listened to me that evening, was a pretty brunette, who made no secret of her pleasure at my appearance. “How sweet he looks,” said she to my sister; “I could *eat* him with a keen relish !” She had the misfortune to be some fifteen years my senior; but her memory never reminded her of that fact,—and, as boys are always ambitious of women's smiles, I was not troubled by her age. It was enough for me that she was pretty, that she petted me, that she sang divinely, and was willing to teach me music, as well as love. I carried on a desperate flirtation with her until I became a Sophomore,—when I began to prefer sweet sixteen to ripe three-and-thirty,—and discontinued my lessons on the flageolet. Her kind feeling for me was a great assistance in the formation and proceedings of a society, which I devised and brought into being for the convenient indulgence of my oratorical and dramatic propensity. It was called

“THE ORATORICAL SOCIETY.”

This society was composed of the higher scholars of the Academy. The members met frequently at each other's houses, in a sociable way, and, besides eating fruit, and drinking wine or cider, read and rehearsed orations, poems, and plays. It was finally voted, that the society should get up a series of oratorical exhibitions, for the public amusement and the edification of the members. A large hall was engaged, a stage built, dialogues and single pieces selected, parts assigned, dresses contrived, tickets printed and countersigned, and all was bustle and anxiety. Every old wig in town was dragged from its lurking-place, to grace the head of juvenile “Archimedes Digits,” and reverend friars. All the old-fashioned and outlandish garments, dirks, swords, and the various other articles of green-room paraphernalia, were put in requisition,—and the town rung with the note of preparation.

The tickets were sold at an eighth of a dollar each; and when the evening came for the exhibition, the room was crowded. Behind the stage was the green-room, where, by the aid of my pretty brunette and some other kind damsels, the boy-actors were transformed into dons and doctors, Falstaffs and friars, old women and maidens. The bill of fare was various,—containing both single parts and dialogues.

The chief dialogues were William Tell, the buck-basket scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor, the cowardice of Falstaff in King Henry IV. Swift's Tale of a Tub, and High Life Below Stairs.

The costume, selected for the Swiss, in William Tell, was remarkable, and received great praise. It was simply this:—our shirts put on over all the rest of our dress, and girded with a black belt, so that we looked as though walking in our sleep.

He, who performed the part of Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, was clothed in a white surplice, made of a large damask table-cloth.

Falstaff stratted about in his grandfather's breeches, stuffed out with a chair-cushion and bolster, with a tremendously large white perriwig on his head, and his nose painted as red as brandy.

"Sweet Mistress Ford," and the equally sweet Mistress Page, were boys of fourteen, tricked out in their sisters' finery, and squeaking treble most unmusically.

Old Archimedes Digit was my favorite part, and, whoever saw me that night *in character*, will always remember it. My head was adorned (?) with a bob wig, worn sideways, to indicate absence of mind; my body was forced into a suit of clothes, which I had long outgrown, and in which, I looked as though choked by their compression. My coat-sleeves hardly reached my elbows, and the legs of my inexpressibles only half covered my shins. Huge buckles clasped my shoes, and a pair of goggles bestrode my nose. Thus accoutred, with an immense folio under my arm, I enacted the poverty-stricken pedant, amidst a cataract of laughter. I was the mathematical pedant. Associated with me, were two other pedantic professors,—one a linguist, the other a musician, (I have forgotten their dramatic names,) clothed in a manner equally ridiculous. During the dialogue, Mr. Musician gets enraged with Mr. Linguist, and receives a caning for his impertinence. I cannot, to this day, recollect that caning with any degree of gravity. While Polyglott was pounding Crotchett across the *back*, Crotchett was roaring for mercy, hopping about, first on one leg, and then on the other, and all the while *rubbing his shins*, as though they were caned, instead of his shoulders! In that blunder, I read the whole future character of the man, and read it correctly. *He has always rubbed his shins, when he ought to have rubbed his back.*

The net avails of our exhibition, amounting to a very handsome sum, we presented to a charitable association. On counting the tickets, which had been taken by the door-keeper, it appeared, much to our astonishment, that more had been disposed of than had been accounted for to the society. The tickets were then examined, and the discovery made, that many of them were counterfeit,—with the secretary's name forged very neatly, but not so well as to defy scrutiny. Here was treachery,—and who was the author? My suspicions were soon fixed upon him who proved to be the author of the trick; and, with characteristic zeal, I devoted myself to a search after the rogue. I will not narrate subsequent occurrences; many are yet living who knew them, and, probably, the culprit has long since repented of his offence. I will only add, that he was of the most respectable family,—that his exposure broke up the Oratorical Society, and that I soon after ceased, by becoming a Collegian, to be one of the Academicians.

MOUNT AUBURN.

"LET us go out to Mount Auburn," says some one of a gay party, just stepping into their vehicles or mounting their horses; and away they dash, full of life, and health, and beauty, to visit the mansions of Death, where he seems to reign in his most elaborate and yet solemn magnificence, reminding us, as they sweep by, to make a sober jest with the line of the poet—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Let us ride to Mount Auburn," says the *ennuyée*, rising from dinner, with the prospect of a long afternoon before him; and forth they go, to rid themselves of Time, among the final homes of those who have exchanged it for Eternity. "Let us go out to the Cemetery," whispers the wife to the husband, as some lingering sunset is softening into twilight, half doubting lest he should check the wish, which he knows to spring from a mother's heart; but he yields to the request, and they visit the grave of their child, to strew a few flowers upon its new enclosure. "You must go out to Mount Auburn with us, this afternoon," says the citizen to the stranger; and thither they go, too, to talk learnedly of obelisks and monuments, national taste, Westminster Abbey and Pere La Chaise. Reader, let us go, too; but let us walk, nor drive up in dusty splendor to the crowded gate-way, tossing our reins to the keeper as we would to the ostler of a tavern.

And yet, notwithstanding all that sometimes offends the taste before you enter, in spite of the incongruity of ideas, which the crowd of vehicles and the looks of the riders will excite, when you are once within the enclosure, Fashion and the World, and Gaiety and Splendor, are soon forgotten. Standing in the dark groves, where the broken light falls down through the openings of the trees, and singularly possessed by the wonderful stillness of the place, the most distinguished air and the most fashionable tournure will pass you unnoticed, when you would have turned to gaze, had you met them in the street. The visitors, too, one and all, no matter what their mood when they reached the gate-way, are at once sobered and subdued, as soon as they have passed under those gathering shades. You shall see a young lady leap from the carriage, laughing in all the luxury of youth and health, and reveling in some jest which has been started; and when you pass her in an avenue, or meet her on the hill, she will be lost in contemplation, and forget to return your civilities, if you should not yourself be too abstracted to offer them. Still, the influence of the place is not a melancholy or a saddening influence; it is better—it is expansive and soothing, filling the mind with the beauties of nature, and thus breaking the force of any passionate expressions of affliction, which may be ready to burst forth, and uniting the great idea of death in general, with images and objects which are not shadowy and hard to grasp, but before us, around us, and familiar. We never go in there, without feeling the deep philosophy of the sentiment, which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Timon, when he makes him say, that he will make

his everlasting mansion
Upon the beeched verge of the salt flood;

Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover ;

thus expanding an individual feeling into the vastness and extent of the ocean itself, and depriving it of its bitterness by connecting it with the most magnificent image in nature. We think, indeed, that no one can go in there and give himself up to the spirit of the place, without feeling something of this expansion—this breaking away from the narrow localities of the dismal church-yard, and diffusing the thoughts over a space that admits and embraces greater sympathies with the creation. The moment the feelings are concentrated, if the subject be ourselves or our own griefs, that moment they are cramped ; and when we dwell on the confined and ordinary habitations of the dead, with no images of beauty or magnificence to lead away the thoughts from decay and corruption, we are borne down by our feelings of grief, and disgust, and harrowing sorrow for the dead. But in these beautiful pleasure-grounds of Death, there is every thing needful to rob it of its terrors, while the place of the deposited remains is sufficiently indicated and exact, to give the feelings a spot on which to dwell. We never lose a certain sort of sympathy for the dead, which arises from placing ourselves in their situation and imagining—*strange solecism !* but actually one which we commit—*imagining how they feel*. If they are sunk beneath the ocean's wave, we follow them down into those all unvisited depths, where living man never has approached and never can. If, as with the ancients, their bodies are consumed, we strive to go in thought with each atom to the elements into which it is resolved ; and when, at last, the resulting dust is gathered up, we would fain flatter ourselves that all is concentrated there. If they are placed in the common grave, we think, painfully, indeed, and with averted eyes, on the work of dissolution. Wherever they go, whatever disposition is made, thither we go with them, in waking hours and in dreams ; and if any thing can be done to beautify the spot, it is so much taken from the cold, repulsive, cheerless condition, in which our feelings are ever presenting them to us. The history of sepulchral architecture and funeral customs has here a deep foundation in the necessities of our nature and condition. We cannot bear that the transition should be so sudden and complete, as it is in its original, unadorned, and simple state. We would make the dead to "stay a little longer," by surrounding them with things which really belong to this world, but which we have thereby consecrated to uses on the passage to the next. Why did the Indian lay the bow and arrow, and slay the dog, by the side of the dead ? Why did the Egyptian embalm and emblazon ? Why do the natives of Southern Africa carry food and raiment to their cemeteries ? Why do we busy our grief about the marble and the shroud, deeming it a sacrilege that the dead should be more meanly served than was their wont in life ? Not solely, in any of these cases, from a regard to decency and custom ; but because we would feel, if haply we can persuade ourselves to do so, that they are not wholly beyond the consciousness of pomp and ceremony, and have not ceased to be within the sphere of circumstance. We would connect them back, if we could, by some of the things of sense, "the appurtenances of affectionate superstition ;" and knowing that we cannot pass over the great gulf, really to minister to

their wants, we solace ourselves by creating imaginary wants for that only part of them that is still within our reach.

But we are at the gate, and must drop our speculations. Reader, you may not have been there, if not a dweller in the neighborhood ; or, if you have, it cannot be unwelcome to stroll with us again through the grounds. As you go in, there is the beautiful sarcophagus, chiseled in Italy, erected to the name of Spurzheim, who died among us, as if without a country, but as a citizen of the world, and a member of the human family,—meeting the visiter first, on his entrance, as if to remind him how completely all the members of that great family, whether of the East or the West, are mingled and united at the grave. A little farther on, lies all that was mortal of him, who ministered in the temple of Law, and whose spirit still lingers in the University, shining in the labors of his successor. Where is his learning, now ? Where his clear reasoning, his refined acuteness, his grasping intellect ? They are active in that other sphere, for which the discipline of earth was meant to prepare them. And where is the gratitude of his pupils ? Does the marble still sleep in the quarry, or has the chisel begun its work ? As you turn to the right, in one of the larger dells, she, who traced the recorded History of Religious Sects, lies buried ; “ First Tenant ” of the Cemetery, who led the way, in her fullness of hope and usefulness, down into the new valley of death, at the head of that long train, which every day is gathering in. Many other names meet the eye, of fathers and parents, who have here prepared the last resting-place for themselves and their families, even as in the city they have built fair, costly homes for the sojourn of life. And now we have wound our way up to the hill-top, let us pause, and look around and think.

We are but beggarly at description, even with rich autumn woods and fair towns at our feet. But we cannot forbear to remind you of the river on the one hand, and the lake on the other, and the long stretch of marshes, with the university, and then, the city beyond. The city—with its thousand pulses of life, beating warm and quick, through the great heart of society—how many eager hopes, vast plans, idle fancies, useful purposes, are there ; how do they toil, and enjoy, and pull down, and build up, and then—*here !* here, where sleep cannot be disturbed, though the roar of twenty Babels were rising up into the peaceful groves, and where the unbroken goings-on of nature seem to mock the fitful, feverish courses of man. Here the hand will fall, and the eye sink, and they be brought out, one after another, to lie here and take their rest. And still the world will go on, nature and society, nor be stirred in its heavy current by the falling of their stricken leaves. Do their thoughts ever come up here, to contemplate that final rest ? Does the image of this spot ever rise up before them, in the haunts of business, or the throng of pleasure ?

We remember, on the day when this place was consecrated, sitting down with a friend, and remarking, that the proprietors seemed in great haste to lay out the grounds, as it would probably be long before many interments would begin to be made. But the seal has long been fully set to that ceremony of words, by the consecrating presence of Death itself. Some, who were of the multitude here assembled on that day, now lie in the recesses, which they then admired, and, perchance,

selected ; and many more come daily to wander over the grounds, anticipating, perhaps even longing, for the time, when they, too, shall set up here their everlasting homes. The moral influence of such an establishment, in the immediate vicinity of a large city, cannot be too highly measured, or too often dwelt upon. It is here, that the prospect of death to ourselves, or that of friends, may become familiarized to the degree, and in the manner, that it ought to be ; familiarized, by being divested of the old accompaniments, which have made it revolting, and, by being connected with much that is lovely, and tasteful, and new. Who ever thinks of visiting the common grave-yards in a city, to stumble over crowded mounds and old sunken monumental stones ? Who can do so, but at the call of duty ? And who does not feel the inestimable blessing of going to the grave of buried friends, amid scenes and objects that do not render it an utterly repulsive task ? "When the funeral pyre was out," says the quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "and the last valediction over, men took a *lasting adieu* of their interred friends." Now, indeed, the *lasting adieu* is taken, both of that which dies, and that which cannot die. But the place of rest can be visited with holy joy ; the sorrowful is steeped in the beautiful ; the dark, deep waters of affliction can flow on, imaging in their bosom the loveliness that can be caught on earth. We have no fears that the fine effect should be lost, through publicity and the debasing purpose of a mere lounge for idle pleasure. The novelty will wear off, in a few years, both to the immediate neighborhood and to the more distant parts of the community ; and, so long as the place retains its features of stillness and beauty, it will be impossible for levity often to invade its precincts, without sinking to the tone, which they inspire. There have been some few indications of a different spirit ; but we have too much confidence in the natural influence of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good repute," to anticipate that it should be wholly lost on the public feeling.

We would say something of decorations and monuments, did we feel sure that our individual opinions are consonant to the intrinsic dictates of good taste and reason. Variety there must be, in these things, and ought to be ; for the ornaments set up here, are but types and expressions of the variety in human feeling and affliction, now taking the form of hope and aspiration, now breaking forth in passionate expression, that cannot rise from under the weight of grief, and, sometimes, in fantastic conceits of sorrow, mingling images and thoughts that even verge upon the grotesque. But, in considering this subject, though there are, doubtless, in the sepulchral, as well as all other arts of decoration, certain principles of taste to be violated or to be followed, yet we have need, before we condemn, to cultivate a catholic and tolerant spirit. Whatever has been or shall be erected under the dictates of feeling and pious sorrow, will be sure to fall within the compass of the natural and the true ; what is expressed in words, or figured in symbols, will be consistent with the heart and mind from which it emanated, and will embrace some of the forms and some of the ideas, in which the boundless variety of human grief and passion seeks its natural expression. We should go in there to admire or disapprove, precisely as we would go into the great field of human character itself. Some are nearer to, some more remote from,

the standard of perfection; but all were not made to be alike, and in all, we reverence the likeness of the Maker. So the grief and the piety of all men will not find its expression under the same forms, and by the same attempts at external and fixed ideas; and, therefore, one element of correct judgement, on such a point, must be a regard for that metaphysical and moral principle of variety, which runs through all nature and all classes of ideas. We do not mean, however, to deny the cultivation of the public taste, by good models and long attention to the subject; our argument only is, that whatever is done from feeling, will be, in this high and universal sense, natural and tasteful.

The sun is gone down, and the moon is up,—the Autumn moon,—with its flooding light, filling the air with its cold, silvery shower, and struggling down through the thick foliage into the dark groves, far below. What Elegies would not Gray have written here! if, from a common church-yard, he could so strike a chord, that has sounded through the world. What Night Thoughts would here have swept through the mind of the melancholy, but pious Young! The burial-places of a city's dead! When a half century has passed, and when, of that active throng, the eloquent tongue, the skillful hand, the robust form of manly beauty, and the charm of female loveliness, shall all have come to moulder here, how will your borders be hallowed to that generation! How will the fond regrets, the deep remembrances, the generous pride, of thousands, centre here! Let them live on, while yet they may, and busying eager life in all the ways which duty and pleasure have wrought out. Let them live on,—for the trees are now growing, that shall flourish over their graves, and the marbles are in preparation, that shall record their simple story, or their elaborate eulogium. Let them live on,—and buy and sell, and laugh and weep, and love and be disappointed, and press on and be checked in their eagerness. Let them live on,—for “there is a time for all things.”

G. T. C.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER XIII.

IMMEDIATELY after the publication of the *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*, (March, 1819,) struck with the calamitous state of the country, the result, as I was and am persuaded, of its unsound policy in withholding its support and protection from that important branch of human industry, employed in converting the rude produce of the earth into elaborated articles, suited to the necessities and the comfort of mankind, I commenced writing on political economy.

To prove satisfactorily that the intensity of the prevailing distress, afforded adequate reasons to impel every man who felt an interest in the national welfare, to exert himself to ascertain its extent, its causes, and the most practicable remedies, I shall present a brief view of the state of the country at that period, from official documents, of the most unexceptionable character, and try to ascertain the real causes that led to such a baleful result, and to prove the utter fallacy of the pretexts that were assigned.

The first authority I shall adduce, is that of W. H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, who, in his annual report to Congress, of February 12, 1820, has left on record the declaration, that

"Few examples have occurred, of a distress so general and so severe, as that, which has been exhibited in the United States."

This alone would be sufficient, but, "to make assurance doubly sure," I shall add other testimonies.

The following appalling picture of the state of the country, is drawn from a report to Congress, of the Committee on Commerce and Manufactures, of January 15, 1821:—

"At the end of thirty years of its operation, this government finds its debt increased \$20,000,000, and its revenue inadequate to its expenditure; the national domain impaired, and \$20,000,000 of its proceeds expended; \$35,000,000 drawn from the people by internal taxation; \$341,000,000 by impost; and yet the public treasury dependent on loans. In profound peace, and without any national calamity, the country is embarrassed with debt; real estate under rapid depreciation; the markets of agriculture, the pursuits of manufactures, diminished and declining; commerce struggling, not to retain the carrying of the produce of other countries, but our own. There is no national interest, which is in a healthy, thriving condition; the nation at large is not so. The operations of the government and individuals, alike labor under difficulties, which are felt by all, and for which, some remedy must be discovered. It is not a common occurrence in the history of nations, that, in peace, the people should call on the government to relieve their distresses, the government reciprocate the call, by asking the people to relieve theirs; the resources of both exhausted; both marching to poverty or wealth, (as opinions may vary,) in the same road, on the same principles; their expenses exceeding their receipts."

I shall next submit a graphic view of the situation of Pennsylvania, the counterpart of that of the other grain-growing states. It was drawn up by a joint committee of both houses of the legislature, in the session of 1819-20. The report enumerates, among other cases of distress, the following:—

"Ruinous sacrifices of landed property at sheriff's sales, whereby, in many cases, lands and houses have been sold at less than a half, a third, or a fourth of their former value, thereby depriving of their homes, and of the fruits of laborious years, a number of our industrious farmers, some of whom have been driven to seek, in the uncultivated forests of the West, that shelter, of which, they have been deprived in their native state."

"Forced sales of merchandise, household goods, farming stock and utensils, at prices far below the cost of production, by which numerous families have been deprived of the common necessities of life, and of the implements of their trades."

"Numerous bankruptcies, and pecuniary embarrassments of every description, as well among the agricultural and manufacturing, as the mercantile classes."

"A general suspension of labor, the only legitimate source of wealth, in our cities and towns, by which thousands of our most useful citizens are rendered destitute of the means of support, and are reduced to the extremity of poverty and despair."

"An almost entire cessation of the usual circulation of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business, which is limited to the mere purchase and sale of the necessities of life, and of such articles of consumption as are absolutely required by the season."

To the preceding general gloomy picture, it may not be amiss to add some interesting details of the depreciation of manufacturing establishments, and city property.

"A house, in a good situation in Chestnut-street, No. 121, in the neighborhood of five banks, was purchased in 1815, for \$17,000. \$9,000 were paid down, and bond and mortgage given for the balance. When the time of payment arrived, in 1819, the general depression disabled the purchaser from making payment. The mortgage was foreclosed, and the property sold for \$7,600, whereby the whole

sum advanced, and \$1,500 expended in alterations, were irretrievably lost—\$400 remaining due. The mortgage, John Melish, was, as may be supposed, completely ruined. The house has been since sold for \$12,000—and \$21,000 have, I am informed, been refused for it.

"The Manufacturing Company, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, went into operation in 1814, with a capital, actually paid in, of \$128,000, which was expended in erecting buildings and machinery, and in spinning cotton yarn and manufacturing cotton goods, until the year 1818, when, in consequence of the markets being glutted with foreign goods, it was found necessary to close the concern. Hoping for better times, they had borrowed \$34,000 on the notes of some of the parties interested, who purchased the entire establishment for the amount of those notes. Thus the whole original capital was sunk. The new company continued the business for a few years, when they sold out for \$4,000, the proprietors becoming responsible for debts contracted, to the amount of \$18,000. The loss sustained by the companies amounted to about \$150,000.

"A large and elegant house in Philadelphia, with out offices, No. 255, Walnut-street, thirty-one feet front, and fifty-seven deep, with an extensive lot, 246 feet deep, and 61 feet wide, which, in 1817, cost \$43,000, was, in 1821, sold by auction for \$14,300.

"James D'Wolf, Esq. formerly member of the Senate of the United States, from Rhode-Island, purchased, at a fair and open sale, for \$6,400, a cotton factory, which, according to his account, had cost \$76,000, honestly expended.

"The stockholders of the Eagle Company of New-York, expended on their buildings and machinery, stock, &c. \$110,000, the whole of which was sunk—as the proceeds of the property, when the establishment was broken up, were not more than sufficient to pay the debts."

Such was the state of the country, when the writer of this sketch commenced publishing in defence of the protecting system.

For this hideous state of things there were various reasons assigned, of which one was, the transition from a state of war to a state of peace. With this pretext, the most deceptive that could be conceived, our citizens were generally deluded. But a moment's reflection might have satisfied any mind, of even a moderate calibre, that to this nation the transition could not fail to be beneficial. During the war, we were excluded from nearly all the foreign markets in the world, which were opened to us by the peace. To England, which, during the war, by means of her powerful navy, carried on an extensive commerce with a considerable part of Europe, notwithstanding the decrees of Napoleon, (which commerce was immediately, on the restoration of peace, divided with other nations,) peace must have produced a temporary shock. In addition to which, myriads of her soldiers and sailors were discharged from service, and the demand for necessaries for her army and navy was, of course, very greatly diminished. With us the case was wholly different, so far as regards commerce, as will appear from the following statement of our exports for 1813 and 1814, compared with the two years that succeeded the war:—

1813	- - - -	\$27,855,997	1815	- - - -	\$52,557,753
1814	- - - -	6,927,441	1816	- - - -	81,920,452
		<hr/>			<hr/>
		34,783,438			134,478,205

The disproportion of the domestic exports was very considerable, but not quite so great as of the total exports.

DOMESTIC EXPORTS.

1813	- - - -	\$25,008,152	1815	- - - -	\$45,974,403
1814	- - - -	6,782,272	1816	- - - -	64,781,896
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		31,790,424			110,756,299

It is to be presumed that no man will seriously assert that an increase of exports, nearly four-fold, could have produced distress in the country; and, therefore, this miserable plea was wholly destitute of foundation.

Another reason assigned for the distress, was, the incorporation of what was called a litter of banks, in Pennsylvania, forty-six in number, in 1814, with a capital of \$17,500,000. Now the whole amount of the capital actually paid in, was only \$7,428,230; and of the banks then incorporated, there were two or three, which had been in operation for some time, without charters—the Commercial, for instance, with a capital of \$1,000,000, and the others with about \$500,000—so that all the real effective addition made to the banking capital of the state, by the act in question, was less than \$6,000,000. And, however unwise it might have been, and certainly was, at such a crisis, to incorporate so great a number of banks, no man, in his senses, will pretend, that such an addition to the banking capital of the state, could have produced so much wretchedness as took place at that period in it, or any at all out of it. I now proceed to investigate the real causes of the distress.

From the commencement of our government, a strong jealousy prevailed of the protection of manufactures, fostered and encouraged by those citizens engaged in commerce, particularly those connected with the importation of British manufactures, whether Americans or British agents. The latter description of persons were indefatigable in their efforts to promulgate those doctrines, so essentially promotive of their dearest interests. The leading papers in the commercial cities also took this ground. The general prevalence of these opinions is not, therefore, wonderful. Neither pains nor expense were spared to impress on the public mind, that the national prosperity depended almost altogether on commerce; that the protection of manufactures by duties on imports was impolitic and unjust; that it sacrificed the interest of the many for the benefit of the few, by obliging the mass of our citizens to purchase domestic manufactures at a great advance, beyond the prices at which similar articles could be had from abroad; and that the imposition of duties on imports should be confined to the mere raising of revenue to meet the wants of government.

These doctrines, however fallacious, and contrary to the theories of the soundest political economists, and the practice of the wisest and most prosperous nations of the old world, had been almost universally adopted by our citizens, and constituted, with few exceptions, the ruling policy of our government for above twenty years. It would be endless to enumerate the various instances of the deleterious effects of this policy. I shall confine myself to two—the reasoning on which applies equally to various others. The duties on woolen and cotton goods, previous to the embargo and the restrictive system, were only twelve and a half per cent.; obviously mere revenue duties, and utterly insufficient to enable our citizens to contend with foreign manufacturers, enjoying every possible protection that their respective governments could afford, the entire of their home markets, together with the advantage of large capitals, great skill, and long experience. In consequence, although possessing a capacity to raise wool to a boundless extent, and exporting one hundred and fifty per cent. more cotton to England, than all the rest of the world, we had, before 1806, only

fifteen mills erected, working at that time only eight thousand spindles, and producing 300,000 lbs. of yarn.* Whereas our export in 1807, amounted to 63,940,459 lbs. value \$14,232,000. Up to that time all the efforts of our citizens, enjoying the advantages of having the raw material, cotton, a domestic article, were defeated, except in a very few and inconsiderable instances. Many large fortunes were wasted, and numerous individuals reduced to bankruptcy, in the abortive attempts made to establish this manufacture and that of woollen goods. We might have saved to the country ten or twelve millions annually had those two manufactures been encouraged.

So entirely and shamefully were we dependent on foreign nations for most essential necessaries, that we were unable, during the operation of the nonintercourse law, to supply the Indians with blankets, due them by treaty stipulation, to the amount of about six thousand dollars, insomuch that the Secretary of War actually applied to Congress to modify that law, so as to enable him to import the blankets from Great-Britain! A proper sequel to this miserable state of things is the important and disgraceful fact, that our soldiers suffered more, at some stages of the late war, by deficiency of clothing, than from the arms of the enemy.

In 1811, the manufacture of cottons had greatly increased. There were then, it was believed, on good grounds, eighty thousand spindles employed. In 1815, in consequence of the exclusion of foreign goods by the embargo and the war, the increase had been enormous. By a report made to Congress, the correctness of which has never, as far as I know been called in question, it appears that the capital engaged in that branch, in that year, was \$40,000,000. Numbers employed, men, women, and children, 100,000. Cotton consumed annually, 90,000 bales. Wages paid annually, \$15,000,000. Value of cotton goods produced, \$24,000,000.

The war of thirty months closed with honor to the nation. Its flag had rode triumphant on every sea. By land, although a great want of skill and tact had been occasionally displayed, yet, on the whole, except in one or two instances, the contest had crowned the national brow with laurels. The battle of New-Orleans, and the defeat of Prevost by a far inferior force, closed the scene by land; and the signal victories in various parts of the ocean, and more particularly those on the lakes, in which whole fleets were captured, shed high honor on the naval character of the nation, and made many of those, who had been most hostile to the war, acknowledge, that, with all its manifold blunders, it was fully worth all it had cost. In a word, we were literally "*not scratched by the war.*"

The country was, on the whole, prosperous. The demand for labor being as great as, and occasionally greater than, the supply, those of our citizens depending on their hands for support, who constitute the great mass of mankind, were well rewarded for their services. This is the soundest state of society. The contrary state, where labor is superabundant, and the demand for it incommensurate, produces degradation and misery. Commerce, it is true, was suspended; but a large portion of the capital that had been employed in it, was transferred to the immoral, the hazardous occupation of privateering, in

* See Gallatin's Report on Manufactures.

which many of our citizens were enriched, while some were on the contrary ruined. A very large portion, however, of the wealth and industry of the commercial portion of the country, was devoted to manufactures, which, wholly unaided by bounties, special privileges, immunities, or government patronage, in spite of all the difficulties arising from inexperience and slenderness of capital, had, merely from the undisturbed possession of the domestic market, arrived at a degree of perfection, in the space of two or three years, which in other countries had required a quarter, and in some, half a century to accomplish, with all the aids of bounties, immunities, and privileges which enlightened governments could bestow. Never, in any age or country, had such a wonderful progress been made, in so short a space of time, without governmental interference.

M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, August 24, 1834.

LETTER XXIII.

At length peace came "with healing on its wings," to all classes except to the manufacturers, who were devoted to destruction by an infuriate spirit of hostility which was grounded on a most calumnious charge of extortion, because the prices of various articles of domestic production, more especially woollens, had been raised during the war.

To render this envenomed and delusive cry of extortion more criminal, and (if it had not proved so fatal) more ludicrous, it is to be remarked, that in the very year in which the welkin rang with it, and in which a destructive tariff was enacted, the great staples of the country, produced by the very men who rang the changes on the extortion of the manufacturers, rose enormously, as may be seen in the annexed statement.

	1814.	1815.	1816.
Upland Cotton, per lb. - - -	\$0 13	\$0 20	\$0 27
Tobacco, per hhd. - - -	74 00	96 00	185 00
Flour, per bbl. - - -	9 50	8 00	10 00

And further, the raw materials produced by these men, and the water-power which many of them had for sale, had risen during the war most enormously. The rise of wool was most extravagant. Grotjan's Price Current of June, 1812, states Merino wool at seventy-five cents per lb.; whereas, in June, 1814, it was 300 *a* 400 cents.

One fact more, and I have done. To give a monopoly to the Tobacco planters, the duties on snuff and manufactured tobacco were all but prohibitory, from the commencement of the government; and the duty on cotton-wool, by the tariff of 1789, was one hundred and fifty per cent. higher than on manufactures of cotton!

The manufacturers had been among the most zealous and ardent supporters of the war. There was scarcely a man among them that was disaffected to the cause of their country. But had they all been traitors, as black and fiendish as Arnold, a fouler spirit could not have prevailed against them, than was manifested by the Congress of 1815-16. They were the devoted victims of the grossest prejudices. Of those who felt this spirit most virulently, Gov. Wright of Maryland, and John Randolph of Roanoke, were the most conspicuous. The former offered to Congress a resolution, that no member who was concerned in cotton manufactures should be allowed to vote on the mini-

mum duty on those fabrics,—a motion, of which the illiberality was so striking, that it met with no support. This miserable principle would exclude merchants from legislating on commerce, and farmers from legislating on objects connected with agriculture.

John Randolph, with his usual vehemence, gave a solemn pledge, that he would never wear, nor allow any of his people to wear, a single article of American manufacture.

This illiberal spirit had ample room for display in the discussions of the details of the tariff, which A. J. Dallas had prepared, with moderate duties, but in most cases, adequate to afford a due degree of protection to the rising manufactures of the country; but the duties were reduced on no less than forty-four articles, from two to thirty-three per cent. Thus, in an evil hour, were blasted the hopes, the happiness, the fortunes of thousands of individuals, who, seduced by the delusive expectations held out by the government,* had devoted their fortunes, and their time, and their talents, to furnish their country with the necessaries and comforts of life, at a period when she was debarred of supplies of many of them from the old world. And thus were blasted sources of national wealth and prosperity, to the rearing of which, in their respective kingdoms, the Edwards of England, the Henries of France, and the Frederics of Prussia, had devoted their cares and their fostering aid, and lavished their wealth.

The following table exhibits a statement of the duties proposed by Mr. Dallas, on various articles, and the numerous reductions which took place, the result of the cry of "mad dog," raised against the manufacturers.

	Mr. Dallas's		Mr. Dallas's	
	proposed Tariff.	Tariff adopted.	proposed Tariff.	Tariff adopted.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Blank books, - - -	35	30	Porcelain, - - -	30
Bridles, - - -	35	30	Parchment, - - -	35
Brass ware, - - -	22	20	Printed books, - - -	35
Brushes, - - -	35	30	Paper hangings, - - -	35
Cotton manufactures, of all sorts, - - -	33½	25	Paper of every descrip- tion, - - -	35
(Those below 25 cts. per square yard to be du- tied as at 25 cts.)			Printing types, - - -	35
Cotton stockings, - - -	33½	20	Pins, - - -	22
China ware, - - -	30	20	Silks, - - -	20
Cabinet ware, - - -	35	30	Silk stockings, - - -	20
Carriages of all descrip- tions, - - -	35	30	Sattins, - - -	20
Canes, - - -	35	30	Stone ware, - - -	30
Clothing, ready made, - - -	35	30	Saddles, - - -	35
Cutlery, - - -	22	20	Thread stockings, - - -	20
Cannon, - - -	22	20	Vellum, - - -	35
Earthen ware, - - -	30	20	Walking sticks, - - -	35
Glass ware, - - -	30	20	Whips, - - -	35
Harness, - - -	35	30	Woolen stockings, - - -	28
Iron ware, - - -	22	20	Woolen manufactures generally, - - -	28
Leather, and all manu- factures of leather, - - -	35	30	Boots, per pair, - - -	200cts. 150cts
Linens, - - -	20	15	Iron, in bars and bolts, per cwt. - - -	75 45
Manufactures of wool, - - -	35	30	Shoes and slippers of silk, per pair, - - -	40 30
Needles, - - -	22	20	Shoes of leather, - - -	30 25
			Shoes for children, - - -	20 15

* "In the House of Representatives of the United States, Wednesday, the 17th of June, 1809.

"Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to prepare and report to this House, at their next session, a plan for the application of such means as are within the power of Congress, for

It was vainly expected that the generality of our citizens would profit by these reduced duties; that they would thereby be enabled to procure foreign manufactures on easy terms, and secure themselves from the extortion of the manufacturers. Never was there a much more miserable error, and never were illiberality and oppression much more severely or justly punished. Great numbers of the manufacturers and their operatives migrated into the country; the former to commence farming, and the operatives to become field-laborers.

Desolation spread over the face of the land in the manufacturing and farming portions of the nation.

The cotton-planters, who, almost to a man, had voted against protection, were soon involved in the general distress. The depression of farming, by the conversion of so many manufacturers into farmers, thus rendering those rivals who had been customers, induced numbers of farmers, who had migrated to the south-western states, to commence cotton-planting, and so far glutted the market, that the export of 1820 amounted to 127,860,162 lbs.; whereas that of 1819, had been only 89,997,045 lbs. thus increasing the quantity nearly fifty per cent. The consequence was a most ruinous reduction of price, which produced nearly as much distress in the cotton-growing states as had taken place among the manufacturers and farmers, and ruined a large portion of the merchants engaged in shipping cotton. Thus the poisoned chalice, which the cotton-planters had drugged for the ill-fated manufacturers, was, by a just dispensation, returned to their own lips.

It would be unjust not to state that next to Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun was the ablest advocate of the protecting system. His speech on the subject embraces nearly all the sound principles of that system in a few words—a system of which he has since become the most formidable enemy.

One feature in the tariff of 1816 presents human nature in an unfavorable point of view. At that period, we imported immense quantities of coarse cottons from England and the East-Indies, to the amount of many millions annually. As they were made wholly of East-India cotton, duties averaging sixty or seventy per cent. were laid on them, to exclude them from our ports, in order to secure the domestic market for our cotton. Of the advocates of this policy it might be asked, what claim had a cotton manufacturer to a protecting duty of sixty or seventy per cent. when the woollen manufacturer had only twenty-five per cent.?

On the subject of the heartless abandonment of the manufacturers to destruction, I published the following remarks, the justice of which, I trust, will scarcely be denied:—

“ I refrain from any comparison of the merits of the two classes of citizens, the merchants and manufacturers, previous to and during the late war, and of their support of the administration and the government of the country, during that awful and eventful period, when the perilous “*times that tried men's souls*” were revived—when citizens of even strong and determined courage were appalled—when the resources of government were exhausted, and its credit destroyed—and

the purpose of protecting and fostering the manufactures of the United States; together with a statement of the several manufacturing establishments which have been commenced; the progress which has been made in them; and the success with which they have been attended; and such other information, as, in the opinion of the Secretary, may be material in exhibiting a general view of the manufactures of the United States.” Extract from the journal.

(Signed)

PATRICK MAGRUDER, Clerk.

when the peace of the nation, the existence of the government, and the union of the states, then most seriously jeopardized, were rescued as it were my miracle. These are topics of boundless fertility; would furnish matter for volumes; and excite sensibilities and revive recollections, which sound policy perhaps, requires to be allowed to repose in peace. They belong to the province of the historian, who will, doubtless, do them ample justice. To retrace them now ever so slightly, would be *renovare infandum dolorem*. I, therefore, forbear to withdraw the veil, with which a few fleeting years have overshadowed them, and interred in the same oblivion grave the scowling disaffection and the glorious public spirit of those days. But this may be asserted, and contradiction defied, that if steady, undeviating attachment to the best interests of the country—if ardent and unwearied zeal in its protection—if a disposition to hazard every thing in its defence, could afford any claim to national gratitude or reciprocal protection, then the unfeeling and heartless abandonment of the manufacturers,—particularly those of cottons and woollens,—to destruction, in 1816, 1817, 1818, and 1819, imprints a stain on the escutcheon of American legislation, which will only be effaced when the American annals shall be blotted from the face of the earth."

Extracts from some of the affecting memorials presented to Congress at this period, which were wholly unavailing. Pharaoh was not more regardless of the complaints and sufferings of the Israelites, than the Congress of 1815-16 was to the sufferings of the devoted manufacturers. Not one of their memorials was ever read in Congress.

"The [Pittsburg] committee have found that *the manufacture of cottons, woollens, flint glass, and the finer articles of iron, has lately suffered the most alarming depression*. Some branches, which had been seven years in operation, have been destroyed, or partially suspended; and others, of a more recent growth, annihilated before they were completely in operation.

"*The tide of importation has inundated our country with foreign goods. Some of our most valuable and enterprising citizens have been subjected to enormous losses, and others overwhelmed with bankruptcy and ruin. The pressure of war was less fatal to the hopes of enterprise and industry, than a general peace, with the calamities arising from the present state of our foreign trade.*

"It was confidently believed, that the destinies of the United States would no longer depend on the jealousy and caprice of foreign governments, and that our national freedom and welfare were fixed on the solid basis of our intrinsic means and energies. But these were 'airy dreams.' A peace was concluded with England, and in a few months we were prostrate at her feet. The manufacturers appealed to the general government for the adoption of measures that might enable them to resist the torrent that was sweeping away the fruits of their capital and industry. Their complaints were heard with a concern which seemed a pledge for the return of better days. The tariff of duties, established at the last session of Congress, and the history of the present year, will demonstrate the falsity of their expectations.

"*England never suffered a foreign government, or a combination of foreign capitalists, by glutting her own market, to crush in the cradle any branch of her domestic industry. She never regarded, with a cold indifference, the ruin of thousands of her industrious people, by the competition of foreigners.* The bare avowal of such an attempt would have incurred the indignant resistance of the whole body of the nation, and met the frowns, if not the instant vengeance of the government.

"*An appeal is made to the equity, to the patriotism of the southern statesman: his aid and co-operation are invoked for the relief of the suffering manufacturers of the northern and middle states.*

"*In the interior of the United States, few articles can be raised which will bear a distant transportation; products much more valuable, when the grower and consumer are near each other, are, therefore, excluded from cultivation. A dependence on foreign markets in the most prosperous times, necessarily restricts the labors of agriculture to a very few objects; a careless, decrepit, and unprofitable cultivation is the known result.*

"*Confining our views to the western country, we might emphatically ask, with what exportable commodities shall we restore the balance of trade, now fast accumulating against us? How arrest the incessant drain of our capital? Our manufactures are perishing around us, and already millions have escaped, never to return.*

"It is objected that the entire industry of the country may be most profitably exerted in clearing and cultivating our extended vacant lands. But, *what does it avail the farmer, when, neither in the nation from which he purchases his goods, or elsewhere, can he find a market for his abundant crops?* Besides, the diversion of labor from agriculture to manufactures, is scarcely perceptible. Five or six adults, with the aid of children, will manage a cotton manufactory of two thousand spindles."

No language can be too strong to reprobate the cold-blooded, heartless disregard of public suffering, displayed by the Congress of 1815-16, and some of those which succeeded it. The history of Europe, even under the worst governments of that quarter of the globe, may be explored in vain, for a century past, for a parallel. M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, September 8, 1834.

A SIMILE.

I saw, amid the forest's shade,
Two little trees, that raised their head
Scarec o'er the surface of the earth—
The little spot, that gave them birth.

The years passed on, and as they grew
And spread their branches forth to view,
With interlacing boughs they stood,
The pride and beauty of the wood.

Birds nestled in their foliage sweet,
And flowerets blossomed at their feet;
And often in a summer's day
They cheered the traveler on his way.

For many a season they were there,
Their green boughs waving in the air:
I looked at length, and one was gone;
Its partner mourning stood alone.

Thus have I seen a happy pair
Together pass youth's season fair,
In life's more arduous tasks engage,
And travel through the vale of age.

With feelings social and refined,
They held sweet converse, mind with mind;
And oft their kind and cheering voice
Would bid surrounding friends rejoice.

In the kind shelter of their love,
Like flowerets springing in a grove,
Their children passed the circling years,
On them reposing all their cares.

Alas! that death should come to part
These sweet affections of the heart!
That one should pass from earth away,—
Her loved companion mourning stay!

But death itself cannot subdue
The love on earth so fond and true;
With chastened beams its light may shine,
In worlds unchanging and divine.

M.

MY COAT AND TROWERS.

If one good turn deserves another, my old coat has legal or equitable claims upon me; for, though not twice blessed, it has been once turned and once dyed. No tyrant would forbid a victim to jest upon his own misfortunes, and my poverty shall not prevent my jesting upon my old coat.

The materials are well nigh eternal,—they came to me in descent. The whole coat was but the left wing of my grandfather's cloak, cut up by his venerable relict into a coat for me, and trowsers for Josiah. It is the first coat I ever had, and it bids fair to be the last. Though I have so grown that it is now rather short, it will, according to the old jest, be long enough before I get another. It has undergone such changes that it must have lost all consciousness of identity: it has been so changed, that I myself should not know it, but by instinct. I have worn it so long, that if fortune should relent, and enable me to buy a new one, I should have little joy of it,—I should sigh for "mine ease" in the old garment. I should grow out of conceit with myself, in a new coat, if I should not mistake myself for some one else. Of all men that thrive by public favor, none are under so little obligations to me as the tailors. They might be killed off by nines, and not a man of them would, living or dying, make any change in my comforts or costume. Fashions, of course, being the breath of a tailor's nostrils, are not subjects for my contemplations. Fate has ordained that I should have a "cool suspense" from the pleasure and pain attendant on a change in fashion. In the various revolutions thereof, my old coat has been thirteen times in the mode, and I look for the time when long waists and short skirts will become respectable, for the fourteenth time.

My trowsers are more in the light of moveables,—they are mere chattels, and partake less of the freehold. They have arrived, however, at that stage of tenuity that was contemplated in the song; and, by a wise provision of the tailor, and perfectly convenient to a wearer in my circumstances,—they were made without pockets. Permit me to extract a verse from the song which it has often been a comfort to me to sing.

"Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys;
A light heart and a thin pair of — trowsers,
Will go through the world, my brave boys."

As far as the garment is concerned, I can uphold the song, for mine have gotten almost through the world, already. Some men have different pantaloons for riding, walking, dancing, &c.; but this is, to my views, a most preposterous luxury. I can dance as high as any body, in my old pepper and salts; and I can walk away from a mad dog in them, as fast as any other man. As to riding, I was never on horse-back but once, and then, I admit, that it was a hard matter for me to keep my trowsers down. They were aspiring, like the blood of Lancaster, and rose to my knees. But, though they have not been hardly used, their constitution is nearly broken: they are failing of mere old age, and my present thoughts, and, to say truth, employment in writing this memoir, is to procure a pair of iron-gray successors.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. Edited by S. G. Goodrich.

Beautifully printed, chastely bound, and liberally embellished; thus much we can say for this volume, at first sight, on taking it from the envelope. On running our eye over the table of contents, we meet with several names of some distinction in the lighter departments of literature,—Miss Sedgwick, the novelist,—Gulian C. Verplanck, the politician, and late representative from New-York,—Miss Leslie, author of *Pencil Sketches*,—F. W. P. Greenwood, one of the purest writers in the country, and one of the most popular pulpit orators of his sect,—and John Neal, novelist, lawyer, magazinist, historian, and poet. To these, we may add Miss Gould, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Sigourney, and an anonymous writer of some of the most delicate and beautiful prose ever published this side of the Atlantic,—the author of “*The Gentle Boy*.” Nor would we forget to insert among the worthies, our friend, Mr. Stone of the *Commercial Advertiser*,—who tells a story with as good a grace in the *Token*, as he does in his own valuable journal.

And having now gone through with the table of contents, our critical duties, according to the common notions, would be completed; but we feel too much interest in the *Token*, to part with it so easily. It must pass through the ordeal; and we shall spare neither praise nor censure, where we think it deserved.

The presentation plate, by Harvey, is very prettily designed; though there are one or two unmeaning embellishments about it that might be dispensed with. It is well engraved, too, by Gallaudet, and, on the whole, a very appropriate introduction to the volume.

The frontispiece is the master-piece of the book. In *Bourbon's Last March*, both painter and engraver have entitled themselves to much praise. The distance is skilfully managed,—the entire effect is good, and there is much grace in the grouping of the knights in the front ground. The broad trunk to the left, and the foliage in the whole picture, are capitally done. It is an honor to American art; and after saying thus, it is but fair to add, that Weir is the painter, and James Smillie the engraver.

As for the title-page, it is barbarous. The engraving is not so bad, and some two or three little things about it, are exceedingly well done. But who ever saw a man making love with such an immense wrist? It is larger than his leg ought to be; and his hands are equally disproportionate. We have had the gentleman's face too often repeated; and, as for the lady's, the upper lip would spoil the most lovely countenance that ever languished or brightened in Circassia. *Will You Go?* is both very good and very bad; the landscape is excellent, the figures are execrable. To see the beautifully-managed back-ground, the distant ship, and the waters, blending with the sky,—the arch, the trees, and the vines,—and then, to look at the little stiff, leaden images, intended for boys and girls, in front,—it is too sad a contrast to contemplate with any pleasure. The picture is by Fisher, and, we think, is half spoiled in the engraving. The *Mountain*

Stream is a soft, pretty landscape, by Doughty, but ill selected for reduction and engraving, as it is of a class of pictures that derive most of their effect from the coloring. The *Mameluke*, we consider rather a failure; our friend's steed in the front ground, could hardly be made to cut such capers and retain his balance. A mathematician could give the artist some useful lessons in regard to the centre of gravity.

The *Silver Cascade* has a good deal of black and white about it, and is intended to be effective, from its contrast. We think it not entirely successful, though it has good points. The *Dream of Youth* exhibits a superfluous degree of nudity, though it is a pleasant picture, with the exception of the cupids, which we really do not consider quite so pretty as they are evidently intended to be. The engraving is by Cheney, and is exceedingly well done. The *Young Princess*, by the same artist, is almost faultless,—so highly and so delicately is it perfected: the hair, the roses, the necklace, the eyes, the finely-rounded throat, the gentle swell of the bosom,—but we are beginning to catalogue its beauties, with as much warmth as Sir Anthony Absolute indulges in a similar description. The picture is a gem.

The *Cottage Girl*, also by Cheney, is another beauty,—and we would venture a description, if a friend had not already done the matter to our hands in the volume itself: the poetry is rather after the pipe-bubble school, but will answer.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

She is a lovely creature—is she not?
 And there is, doubtless, many a charming story,
 Linked with her life and loves; and I would give
 The prettiest keepsake of my youthful fortunes
 To know them as they happened. It may be,
 She never found a suitor to her mind,
 And died in single blessedness. No blood,
 Which thrilled her heart, may flow in living fountains,
 Or mantle in the cheek of innocent beauty.
 • It may be that her lover was untrue,
 And left her to a solitary fate—
 It may be that he died, and left her wretched,
 And that she felt herself in duty bound
 To stray about the fields, and bind her hair,
 Ophelia-like, with wild flowers, and perchance
 Finish her griefs as did the maid of Denmark.

I mention these among the possibles
 Of life, the things that may be or may not;
 But I do not believe them. Were I asked
 To read the fortunes of so fair a maid,
 To tell her story—I should answer briefly,
 Something in this way.

She was pure as lovely;
 Humble her lot, but holy was her life.
 She strayed in childhood freely, by the brooks
 Murmuring their course in music, by the vales
 Sheltered from common sight, and in the woods—
 Beneath their leafy canopy. By night,
 She wandered, with the stars for her companions,
 And the free winds, all solitary else.
 Her days were a perpetual Sabbath—still,
 And interrupted only by the tasks
 That wait on common life—the simple toil
 Of village maidens.

When the time had come,
 That teaches pretty girls to think of wedlock,

She found a husband to her choice, and married ;
And she was happy as so sweet a creature
Should be, when mistress of the heart she loves.

Well, this is much as usual. You may think
Some great mishap should mar, or some strange chances
Light with new glow the life of such a being ;
But it ran on in quiet. Many girls,
Fair as their mother, and a lot of boys,
Bright-eyed and curly-headed, filled the house
With noisy happiness, and in their turn
Grew up to wives and husbands. And when age
Had blessed her with all joys that wait on age—
Reverence, and peace of mind, and readiness
For other worlds—she died. An humble stone
Marks her last place of slumber, and the blessings
Of many loved and loving crown her memory !

There ! you have now her story. If you think
More sunlight should be shed about her pathway,
And tinge it with the myriad rosy hues
The world calls poetry—know that holy spirit
Flies not from common life, and common duties.
She dwells not merely in the world of splendor,
Fashion, and gilded pomp, and courtly beauty—
But lives sometimes in lowly homes—and breathes
In simplest hearts her holiest aspirations.

The *Buffalo Hunt*, engraved by Tucker from a painting by Fisher, is quite spirited, and altogether an interesting and pretty affair. The two *Storm Pieces* are either failures, or are something that we do not entirely understand ; one of them, at least, might have been dispensed with, and the price of it put into the other. A single fine engraving is worth a dozen of a coarser character.

And now, having gone faithfully through with the plates—several of which, we must not omit to mention, are from original designs—we have disposed of the most important part of the volume. Can any one be so unreasonable as to require us to read it? The idea is not to be harbored. We shall hand it over to the first lady we meet, and take her word for the contents ; and if we receive it before putting our last sheet to press, it shall receive a paragraph of postscript.

A Reply to the Letter of J. Fenimore Cooper. By One of his Countrymen.

There is quite a needless waste of ammunition in this letter ; for the absurdity of Mr. Cooper's crude political notions might have been exposed in as many lines as there are here pages. The learning and ability, however, which are here displayed in the discussion of important political topics, give to this pamphlet a value totally independent of the controversy, which gave it birth. The main purpose of this reply, is, to show the falsehood of the position so confidently laid down by Mr. Cooper, that, in the United States, we have more to fear from legislative, than executive usurpation. The writer brings to his aid the light of learning and the clear deductions of common sense. After a few preliminary observations, he proceeds to examine the following questions :—

First, Whether is Congress, or the President, according to the first principles of government and the theory of our Constitution, most likely to encroach one upon the other, in the discharge of duties actually imposed upon them, or one of them, by the Constitution, and,

Secondly, Whether is Congress, or the President, singly, most likely to usurp powers reserved to the people or the States? I say *singly*, because examples of alleged usurpation by the *joint authority* of the President and Congress, as in tariff-laws, laws of internal improvement, or other alleged unconstitutional laws, do not bear upon the question of the relative tendency of the President singly, or of Congress singly, to encroach upon the people or the States.

He begins with the origin of democratic government in Greece, and shows that the liberties of that nation were destroyed by executive usurpation. He illustrates his general position by the particular example of Pisistratus. The same lesson is taught in Roman history. Modern history tells the same tale. The following paragraph is a part of the discussion of the case of England:—

Now here again I take issue upon the matter of fact. At this present writing, I aver, the universal people of England possess more power as such than at any prior period since the Norman Conquest, except, perhaps, for a very brief time of the Commonwealth. I deny that what the Commons have been doing for the last two hundred years is "usurpation." With your leave, I hold to the *Whig* faith herein, as briefly stated in Parliament by Mr. Curran:—

"The existence of British liberty is due to the unremitting vigilance with which it has been guarded from encroachment. Every invasion, with which it was threatened by the *folly of ministers or the usurpation of kings*, has been constantly checked by a constitutional assertion of liberty. Such was Magna Charta; such were various statutes that were made under the House of Lancaster; such the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, and the recent appeal of the vi. George I. No man can think that British liberty derived any authority from those statutes, or that acts of Parliament can create constituent rights. We are not free because Magna Charta was enacted, but Magna Charta was enacted because we were free."

And though it were "usurpation," and if absolute monarchy were a thing so much to be longed for and mourned after, yet I deny that what the Commons have accomplished is merely the strengthening of the aristocracy at the expense of the monarchy. In the first place, the feudal system was in itself a pure aristocracy, just as much so as the government of Venice. Next, the granting of supplies, or the refusing them, is coeval with the existence of Parliament. Kings would have been very glad to dispense with parliaments, if it might be; but they summoned their liegemen to meet for the express purpose of obtaining gifts, aids, benevolences, and other *voluntary* grants of money. The Commons have acquired no *new powers*, in our time, or in any time, by refusing supplies. Legally, it is now, and always was, an open bargain between the King and Parliament. Govern to our satisfaction, and we will give you supplies in aid of your hereditary revenues,—ever has been the true constitutional language of the Commons. In the third place, as to the composition of the House of Commons, and the intervention of the *titled* aristocracy in returning its members, it was conclusively shown, in the debates on the Reform-Bill, that the Bill gave to the House a broader constituency than it ever before possessed. Finally, touching the faculty possessed by the majority of the House of Commons, of virtually controlling the executive chief by controlling his ministers, I prefer even such government so administered, if we may choose in this alternative, to the rule of an absolute and irresponsible monarch. Can you seriously intend, as your language implies, to express a preference for the latter condition? On riper reflection, you cannot but admit, for it seems to be one of the truisms of public freedom, that a very straitly limited monarchy, like that of England, is better than the absolutism of Spain or of the East.

The writer proceeds to discuss the same question as confined to the United States, and inquires, as a general rule, whether we have most danger from judicial, legislative, or executive usurpation, and lays down in the most unqualified manner, that we have the most fear from the last. He proceeds to treat of the character and nature of the present administration, in what manner and form we shall let him speak for himself:—

When Andrew Jackson came into office, it was upon certain professed principles of the conduct he intended to pursue, that his election was put and carried. His opponents objected his violent character; his *self-avowed* incapacity for civil employment; the disregard of law, which had occasionally marked his public

career. They predicted misrule and usurpation, as inevitable to ensue upon his attaining power. His advocates, and he himself, personally, in one form or another, pledged him to the following principles, namely :—

1. His retirement at the close of one term of service.
2. His superiority to mere party-considerations.
3. Sedulously to avoid conferring office on members of Congress.
4. To keep elections free from all contact with, or influence from, executive patronage.
5. Economy of administration.
6. The reform of public abuses in persons and things.
7. An administration specially regardful of the interests of the people.
8. Scrupulous delicacy in the exercise of public authority derived from the Constitution.

Such were the *false pretences*, employed in the President's favor; for never, in all the annals of time, was a more extraordinary case of flagrant contrariety between practice in office and profession out of it, than the administration exhibits. Not one substantial pledge of his party or his friends, has the President redeemed. Nay, the monstrous violation of each seems to be in very scorn of truth and honor. But, passing over this point, what I propose to illustrate is, the aim of his open forfeiture of all the pledges in question, and of his persevering march in a line of conduct the reverse of his engagements,—namely, to raise up a dynasty of corruption, by perverting and prostituting all the powers of government to that one abominable end. This is my charge against the President: herein, I signalize the usurping and unconstitutional spirit of the administration. Inspecting each of the great classes of action, whereupon he was pledged, we shall perceive that the executive functions have, in general, been stretched to their uttermost tension for the augmentation of executive power; and that where, in some noted cases, abstinence, in this respect, has *appeared*, it was not through moderation of principle, but in order to weaken Congress.

During the remaining pages of the reply, the writer occupies himself with a thorough dissection of the character and doings of the present administration. He dwells upon the grasping disposition shown by the President, his inconsistencies, the corruption of his administration, the gross flattery lavished upon him by his creatures, the unprincipled opposition to the bank, &c. &c. The following paragraph is a specimen of the spirit and ability, which mark this portion of the reply :—

Contemporaneously with these proceedings, the secondary circumstances, usually appertaining to the career of an usurping chief magistrate, have distinguished the acts and writings of the administration. One of the villanous badges of despotism is the existence of back-stair advisers, attaching themselves to power by mean and base arts,—cringing, busy, fawning, slaves,—parasites of bravos,—the cankers of a commonwealth. Such an appendage, we know, clings to the skirts of the President. And the personal adulation, lavished on the President unto very nausea,—the man-worship characteristic of his party,—is another of its anti-republican traits. This footstool-kissing spirit of theirs, by the way,—this their servility of adulation it was,—filling the object of it with such exaggerated ideas of his own power,—which misled him into empirical experiments upon the rights and happiness of the people.

And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

And he himself, in official acts, and in conversation, adopts the style and port of a master. He needs no cabinet of constitutional advisers,—not he; secretaries and clerks are sufficient for him. Then, the government is *his* government; the secretaries of department are *his* secretaries; they compose *his* cabinet; all the public officers, except the judges, are *his* personal servants, not the servants of the people and the laws. When the people repair to him with petitions, they are bid go home and work, and leave public affairs to him, who was "born to command." He, Andrew Jackson, wills a thing, and, therefore, right or wrong, it shall be done. The necessities or sufferings of the people, are nothing to him; the wishes of the Legislature nothing. His will is the law,—his experiment is

to be tried, lawful or unlawful, and cost what it may to the nation. Heretofore, it has been esteemed the only policy consistent with republicanism, that the Constitution and the laws should, in seeming, as in fact, be the government of the Republic. In conformity wherewith, Washington broke the dies, having his effigy engraven upon them, and the features of personified Liberty only appear on our coin. But now, this wise policy is coming to be no longer observed. The man who administers the executive authority, is prominent in every thing, while the Constitution and the laws are thrown into the shade. The symbols of monarchy, with its dialect, are insinuating themselves into the affairs of this Republic. Even she, conqueress of so many glorious fights, the pride of our gallant navy,—she, the triumphant mistress of the sea, who dissipated the charm of British ascendancy upon the Atlantic, in the blaze and smoke of her cannon,—the world-renowned Constitution herself, is made to bear on her brow the ignominious sign of servitude. Are these the “shadows” cast before “coming events?” For it is an omen of fearful import, that in the state-papers, speeches, essays, and newspapers, emanating from the side of the administration, whilst legislative assemblies, in the abstract, are the frequent theme of depreciation and scorn, all the courtly phrases of kingcraft are put in requisition, to exhibit the excellence of *government by one man*, and that man, Andrew Jackson.

This pamphlet, on the whole, is much above the average class of productions to which it belongs. Without being original or profound, it is eloquent, well-written, and shows much reading and reflection in its writer. We sincerely hope that it will be read and pondered upon, and assist in bringing about that political reform so essential to the preservation of our institutions in their original purity.

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Things as they are: or, Notes of a Traveler through some of the Middle and Northern States.

This volume is written in a pleasant, but rather careless style. The author has given an account of his observations during a tour through a part of our country, already well known to fashionable tourists. He gives us no new reflections, but collects such remarks, and draws such inferences, as would occur to any well-educated, and tolerably observant traveler. The writer's strictures on various matters, throughout the volume, do not seem to us either very new, or if they are, very just. On the first page a complaint is made of the state of public speaking in Congress, which has become, already, stale, from wearisome repetition. In his remarks on education, he runs into vague censures, which have been uttered a thousand times before, and have become standing topics of reproach, often cast without reflection, and from merely having heard or read it in some dull essay or duller book. In describing his visit to Mount Auburn, our author says the place has been too much praised, and seems out of humor with it for not having more tenants. This, we think very unreasonable. The spot had been but just selected for a cemetery, and to expect to find it crowded with monuments, was, indeed, carrying the demands of a traveler's exaction beyond rational limits. We are willing to do almost any thing for the accommodation of intelligent visitors, but really we should hesitate a good deal before consenting to die and be buried before the proper time, that they may have the pleasure of looking upon our tomb-stones. As to the natural beauties of Mount Auburn, we do not believe it is easy to overpraise them. Every variety of picturesque scenery,—hill, dale, open land, and woodland,—there meets the eye; every tree, plant, and flower, indigenous to New-England, is found within the Mount Auburn grounds. For many months, we have visited Mount Auburn every day, and we have never visited it without finding something new to admire,—something unobserved before. The truth is, Mount Auburn contains within itself almost an infinity of natural charms; and it is little short of absurd, for a chance

traveler, on a hasty visit, to depreciate its beauty, because he finds it different from his anticipations, or because he sees fewer monuments than he had expected.

Our author sometimes touches upon local differences of character among the inhabitants of the country; and this he does with knowledge and skill. The Philadelphians are noted for punning; the Bostonians for their zeal in education, and so on. In regard to the Philadelphians, we do wish they might be cured of that abominable trick. A good pun, once in a great while, is amusing enough, if one can hear nothing better; but to be eternally hunting for double meanings, and twisting conversation from its natural turn, to bring in a laboriously sought play upon words, in nine cases out of ten, as vapid as the brain from which it sprung, is idle, is tiresome beyond description. It checks the glow of social feelings, deadens the liveliness of wit, perverts the associations of the mind, and produces either an awful silence, or a more awful peal of hollow laughter. The Philadelphians have become almost monomaniacs on this point. They are a hospitable, kind, accomplished people; they read much, write well, give excellent dinners, and have an enthusiasm for the fine arts,—but they spoil it all by punning. The child, tottering from the cradle, and the old man, tottering to the grave, pun. Even the natural good sense, and angelic loveliness of woman, is no safeguard against the contagion of this disorder. A lady may be as beautiful as Helen, as accomplished as Sappho, as majestic as Juno, or like the Countess Blessington, more than equal to all three,—so that men *may*, or *must* worship her; let her but utter a *pun*, the spell is broken, the charm dissolved, the romance annihilated forever. The fair Philadelphians are willing to sacrifice all the aforesaid charms on the altar of a *pun*!

Some of our author's remarks on education, are judicious; but he often sacrifices accuracy, or, rather, permits himself to make general statements on the subject, which are not perfectly accurate, for the sake of a *point*. For example, he says,—

The shores of the East River show little improvement in agriculture; an art in which our countrymen are far in the rear of some other nations. There is every reason to believe, that judicious treatment would soon double the product of these fields. But what is to be expected in a land where learning has long been ranged in array against that most important science, where the colleges are ashamed to admit even its name on their lists of studies, where its instruments are despised by the student, and the aspirant at book-knowledge casts from him every mark of that most honorable profession, as something incompatible with his lofty aims? How can it be expected that our fields should be subjected to such systems as the wisest and most enlightened men might devise, while the most frivolous topic has the preference over agriculture in the company of those whose example is powerful in society; while our children are kept from a knowledge of the plainest of its principles, though drilled for months and years on the Greek particles, or see thousands squandered to make them French parrots and peacocks.

Not one of these assertions is true, without important modifications and restrictions. And the three or four pages following contain descriptions, which, we presume, are wholly fictitious. The following passage has our most hearty approbation:—

Incontestably many comforts and advantages of different kinds might accrue from the improvement of architectural taste and science, in our country at large. A sightly mansion may be erected at less expense than is often bestowed on a pile of deformity; and not only convenience but health may be secured by a judicious plan in building. The planting of trees on private grounds often contributes to the gratification of neighbors and the beauty of a town; and the laying out and decorating of public squares, although so generally neglected among us,

might easily be rendered subservient to the improvement of public taste, intelligence, and morality. Whoever has been in Switzerland or other foreign countries, where rural seats are provided at the wayside, near fountains, on hill-tops, or under the most venerable shades, for the convenience of foot-travelers, must recall with pleasure the agreeable impressions they give of the refinement of the inhabitants. What a total absence of all such feelings, on the contrary, is caused, as we pass along our own roads, to see no trace of any thing done for the benefit of a stranger! The road-side is often studiously deprived of foliage; and it is rare that so much as a rock can be found proper to afford a convenient seat. On entering our villages also, is there any little grove, or even a single tree provided with benches, from which one may survey the objects around him? A trough may have been placed for the benefit of the cattle, to receive the water of a rill; but why is man considered as so far beneath all notice? The inn and the drinking-shop indeed are open; but would not their evil influence be diminished, if every village were provided with a little shady green, furnished at least with a few seats in the shade, where the youth and age of the place might meet at sunset in the summer? With how little expense might the spot be beautified, and, if necessary, protected by a keeper! Winding paths are easily made; trees are easily planted, and will grow if let alone; flowers afford a cheap and delightful ornament; and how easily might tasteful arbors or rotundas be supplied with a vase, a bust, or even a statue, such as native artists can easily produce!

On the following passage we have no comment to offer, except that we read it with the deepest interest. It contains a striking view of the causes of intemperance in our country, and a joyful prospect of a speedy deliverance from that damned pest.

There is one continual source of pleasure to the traveler in our country, let his course be turned in almost any direction: that is, the evident decline of intemperance. Even when I have been passing through places with which I was least acquainted, the evidences I have found of the diminution of this evil have seemed like springs in the wilderness; but in regions which I had known in less favorable times, the changes are so evident and so numerous as to excite great pleasure, I hope not unmingled with gratitude to Him who has said to the flood of devastation, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." How many a pang of keen sympathetic misery have I been spared on my tour, by the partial scotching of that serpent, that infernal demon, which was so lately ranging unchecked through our country! How blessed is the deliverance from such a monster! It is with anguish now that I recall the days when I so often dreaded to inquire, in a family circle, or in a public festival, for some one I missed from his place, lest the mention of his name should wrest from tortured lips a confession that would scorch the cheeks and scarify the heart.

The late prevalence of intemperance I trace in part to the broad foundations laid in the times preceding our own. The close of the war left the country in an immoral condition. The disbanding of the army converted our villages almost into camps, so far as the habits of men were concerned; and the vicious practices of soldiers co-operating with the desultory employment of leisure time, which is naturally produced by a long period of war and public calamities, stamped a low character upon society through a great part of the country. Public calamities had proved fatal, in a thousand instances, to private fortunes; and many of those persons, who might otherwise have possessed the means of obtaining an education, were cut off from it by poverty, or by the prolonged depreciation of learning in the public estimation. Gunpowder, bayonets, soldiers, and military skill were objects of praise and admiration; and as taste and literature could not purchase these, they were but lightly esteemed. Of course, peace found the country abounding in many young and empty heads, and, what was worse, with morals corrupt beyond their years. It was the tendency of such a state of things to honor the tavern and to break up the family circle; and in many a town and village the former was the great resort of fathers and sons, while the mothers were too often left to solitary regret and tears among the broken fragments of the latter. Who does not remember something of such a state of society? Who, at least, has not perceived traces of it in the Bacchanalian stories, and the tales of village wit, whose narration to a later generation has often served to depict the tavern in colors and associations too attractive to the children of a reformed or sobered father? To the discredit of a state of society now fast wearing out of

fashion, a large part of our traditional narratives and humor, and sketches of local biography, are mingled with the oaths and intoxication of the inn, or the more dangerous language and examples of fashionable dinner-parties and drinking-bouts in city life.

The writer's descriptions of natural scenery, are too vague. When among the White Mountains,—those wonders of desolate sublimity,—he does not succeed in conveying any just or adequate pictures of the grandeur around him. Many scenes of incomparable beauty, that lay on his route, he passes by without noticing at all. Now, if he had left out his speculations,—some of which are on subjects he does not appear to understand;—and supplied their place by faithful sketches of what he himself saw, the book would have been vastly superior. As it is, however, it is an agreeable little volume, and deserves especial praise for the good feelings and pure principles, so often expressed and advocated in its sprightly pages.

A Discourse pronounced at the Inauguration of the author as Royal Professor of Law in Harvard University, August 29, 1834. By Simon Greenleaf.

The Teacher's Office—Inaugural Address of Rufus Babcock, jun. President of Waterville College, July 29, 1834.

Baccalaureate Address, delivered August 11, 1834, at the Third Annual Commencement of the University of the State of Alabama. By Alva Woods, President of the University.

We have read each of these addresses with pleasure. That of President Woods, addressed to the graduating class, is rich in good advice, uttered in kindness, and in a style of affectionate simplicity. The importance of industry, perseverance, and constancy, in whatever profession the scholar may design to pursue, is earnestly recommended.

The address of President Babcock is an attempt to illustrate the objects of the Teacher's Office,—viz: To secure mental discipline; or, so to develop and cultivate the original faculties that their exercise shall be made as prompt and exact, as vigorous and various as possible;—to store the mind with the greatest possible amount of useful knowledge; and, to give to all our powers a right direction. It is a sensible discourse, and furnishes many remarks worthy of the attention of teachers. The truth embraced in the following short passage, is worthy the serious attention of parents and legislators:—

* * The attempt which has been made to raise a popular clamor against the higher seminaries of learning, for the alleged purpose of giving more aid to common schools, is as wise and consistent as it would be to sever the head from the human body, in order to favor the limbs. The one cannot long flourish without the other; and mutual hostility between their friends will be suicidal to the best interests of both.

Of the discourse of Mr. Greenleaf, it is hardly within our power to speak in terms of exaggerated praise. If our limits permitted, we should avail ourselves of the absence of a "copy-right," to enrich our pages with the whole of it. We have room only for a single extract, and we select the last paragraph, not because it is the most eloquent, but because it has reference to one of the means of eliciting truth, which a portion of our fellow-citizens,—and, we regret to say, an increasing portion,—are laboring to deprive of its sanctions.

But it matters little to the peace of society, how wise or upright the judge or the jury may be, if their means of ascertaining truth are feeble and inefficient; since judgements and decisions will be respected only in proportion to their supposed agreement with the actual merits of the case, in fact, as well as in law. The great instrument of eliciting truth is the hold obtained upon the conscience through the medium of an oath. The force of this hold will depend on the sense of moral obligation and accountability in the person taking it; and to strengthen, rather than to impair this, seems peculiarly to be demanded of us, who have such frequent occasion to resort to its agency. The utility of judicial tribunals is thus referred at last to the sanctions afforded by religion. In this country, religion in all its forms is freely tolerated; but its existence in any form, is left to depend on the support of public opinion. And the founder of our nation has remarked, that "in proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened." Christianity founds its claim to our belief upon the weight of the evidence by which it is supported. This evidence is not peculiar to the department of theology; its rules are precisely those by which the law scans the conduct and language of men on all other subjects, even in their daily transactions. This branch of the law is one of our particular study. It is our constant employment to explore the mazes of falsehood, to detect its doublings, to pierce its thickest veils; to follow and expose its sophistries; to compare, with scrupulous exactness, the testimony of different witnesses, to examine their motives and their interests; to discover truth and separate it from error. Our fellow-men know this to be our province; and perhaps this knowledge may have its influence to a greater extent than we or even they imagine. We are therefore required by the strongest motives,—by personal interest, by the ties of kindred and friendship, by the claims of patriotism and philanthropy, to examine, and that not lightly, the evidences on which Christianity challenges our belief, and the degree of credit to which they are entitled. The Christian religion is part of our common law, with the very texture of which it is interwoven. Its authority is frequently admitted in our statute-books; and its holy things are there expressly guarded from blasphemy and desecration. If it be found, as indeed it is, a message of peace on earth and good will to men; exhibiting the most perfect code of morals for our government, the purest patterns of exalted virtue for our imitation, and the brightest hopes, which can cheer the heart of man; let it receive the just tribute of our admiring approval, our reverential obedience, and our cordial support. I would implore the American lawyer unhesitatingly to follow in this, as in the other elements of the law, the great masters and sages of his profession; and while with swelling bosom he surveys the countless benefits rendered to his country by this his favorite science, let him not withhold from the Fountain and Source of all Law the free service of undissembled homage.

OUR FILE.

We have on file for publication, or other disposition after consideration,—

- "Thoughts among the White Mountains;"
- "The Secret, a Tale of German Life;"
- "Desultory Essays on Taste, No I.;"
- "Common Metaphors;"
- "True Philosophy," &c. &c.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

MAINE.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Brunswick. At the Commencement, on Wednesday, Sept. 3, the following degrees were conferred:—The degree of A. B. on John W. Allen, John Appleton, James Ayer, Charles Beecher, Hamilton M. Call, Peleg W. Chandler, Henry T. Cheever, Milton Clement, John H. C. Coffin, Albert Cole, Samuel W. Dennis, John C. Dodge, Elijah H. Downing, Luther Farrar, Calvin Farrar, Samuel C. Fessenden, Cyrus Hamlin, William B. Hartwell, William B. Haskell, Theodore H. Jewett, Amos Morrell, Reuben Nason, John Orr, Charles H. Peirce, Benjamin Proctor, William S. Sewall, John D. Smith, Henry B. Smith, Chas. W. Thomas, Charles H. Upton, Daniel C. Weston, George M. Weston, Albert T. Wheelock, and Edward Woodford. Also on Henry J. Jewett, of the class of 1833. The degree of A. M. on Joseph H. Hustin, Thomas Baker, and Piper Thacher.

The degree of M. D. was conferred on the following young gentlemen:—William H. Allen, Hiram C. Baxter, Simeon L. Pearce, Henry G. Clark, James M. Cummings, Andrew Dunn, John N. Frink, Ezra Green, Sumner Loughton, Jesse F. Locke, Edgar A. McIntire, Ezra Manter, James Norton, Lewis P. Parlin, Edward Peabody, Joshua Porter, George W. Smith, John De W. Smith, Elbridge G. Stevens, Jesse Sweat, Frederick P. Theobald, Leander S. Tripp, Zachariah P. Wing, and Charles Wright. The degree of D. D. on Rev. Rufus Babcock, of Waterville College.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Hanover.—The annual commencement was held on Wednesday, August 20. The services connected with the occasion began on Tuesday, on which day orations were pronounced before the Theological Society, by Mr. Edward A. Lawrence; before the Social Friends, by Mr. Newton E. Marble; and before the United Fraternity, by Mr. Albert Baker.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon twenty-nine young gentlemen. The degree of A. M. was conferred on eight of the former graduates of the College, and one or two others as an

honorary degree. Eight young men also received the degree of M. D.

VERMONT.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Middlebury. The annual commencement was held on the 20th of Aug. The degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty-four graduates, and that of A. M. on five alumni. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Rev. Joseph M. Graves, John Pierpont, Esq. Ebenezer N. Briggs, Esq. Ebenezer Habard, Esq. and on Horace Green, M. D. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Henry Olin, President of Randolph Macon College, Virginia; and of LL. D. on Chas. K. Williams, of Rutland, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

On Monday evening, an address before the Philadelphian Society, a society embracing the religious young men in College, was delivered by the Rev. E. W. Hooker of Bennington.

The Rev. E. W. Hooker of Bennington, Rev. Hadley Proctor of Brandon, and the Hon. Phineas White of Putney, were elected members of the Corporation. A building committee was also appointed, with directions to proceed, with all suitable despatch, in the erection of new college buildings.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY. *Inauguration of Professors.* The inauguration of Simon Greenleaf, A. M. Royal Professor of Law; Cornelius Conway Felton, A. M. Eliot Professor of Greek Literature; Charles Beck, P. D. University Professor of Latin; and Benjamin Pierce, A. M. University Professor of Mathematics, took place on the 26th of August, in the University Chapel. After prayers by the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. the President delivered an Address in Latin, briefly adverting to the occasion, to the foundations and purposes of the professorships; and the statutes of each professorship were read by Professor Channing. A reply, in Latin, to the President's Address, was made by Dr. Beck, for himself and the other Professors elect, by way of compliment as he intimated to the Latin department, at the head of which he is placed. The Professors were then severally announced, *pro*

more, by the President. Professor Felton delivered an Inaugural Discourse, in which he paid a just tribute of respect to the memory of Samuel Eliot, the founder of the Greek Professorship, who, in his lifetime—though privately—laid his rich offering on the altar of literature. He spoke of the modes of accomplishing the objects embraced in the statutes of his office, and gave a tasteful sketch of the early culture of Grecian literature and arts and their advancement, with various striking examples of their harmonious progress, side by side,—Epic Poetry, Tragedy, Music, and Statuary, all arranged in simple beauty. The Inaugural Discourse of Professor Greenleaf closed the exercises of the occasion. He spoke of the importance of Law and of the profession of Law, in regard to private and public relations, and of its different branches; of the value and necessity of deep learning in those who would acquit themselves worthily in their calling; of the high moral qualities demanded in the performance of the duties of the profession, as guardians of the rights and liberties of the citizens; and of the inestimable importance of an able and pure judiciary.

Commencement. The Annual Commencement was held at the First Congregational Meeting-House in Cambridge, on the last Wednesday in August. The order of exercises of candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, was as follows:—

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin. Thaddeus Clapp, Dorchester. 2. A Conference. "The Political Reformer, the Schoolmaster, and the Missionary." Miles T. Gardner, W. Cambridge, Chas. Eliot Ware, Cambridge; Hiram Wellington, Lexington. 3. An Essay. "The Varieties of Genius." Henry Francis Harrington, Roxbury. 4. A Colloquial Discussion. "The Literary Influence of a Reading Public." Henry Blanchard, Billerica. 5. A Conference. "The Country Gentleman and the Plebeian." Aaron Hayden, Eastport, Me.; Lucius Parker, Southborough. 6. A Colloquial Discussion. "View taken of a Nation by Itself and by Others." Kinsman Atkinson, Eaton, N. H.; Caleb Alexander Buckingham, Cambridge. 7. A Conference. "Ancient and Modern Honors to the Dead." Edward Bradstreet, Newburyport; William Vincent Thacher, Boston. 8. A Literary Discussion. "The Evils and Benefits of Large Books." Nathaniel Babcock Ingersoll, Cambridge; Charles Newell Warren, Stow. 9. A Forensic Dispu-

tion. "Is it expedient to make Colonies of Convicts?" Benjamin Eddy Cotting, West-Cambridge; Chas. Breck Parkman, Westborough. 10. A Dissertation. "Lafayette." Drausin Baltazar Labranche, St. Charles Parish, La. 11. A Philosophical Discussion. "Skepticism and Love of Truth as Indications of Mental Character and Vigor." Edward Fox, Portland, Me.; Zebina Gleason, Westborough. 12. An English Oration. "Superstition." Samuel Morse Felton, Charlestown. 13. A Forensic Disputation. "Is the Cause of Despotism Strengthened by the Extirpation of the Poles?" (The affirmative.) Joseph Sargent, Leicester. 14. An English Oration. "The Influence of Speculative Minds." William Smith Cruft, Boston. 15. A Dissertation. "The Irresponsibility of Anonymous Writings." Charles Mason, Dublin, N. H. 16. A Deliberative Discussion. "Tendency of Free Institutions to bring First Principles into question." William LeRoy Annin, LeRoy, New-York; George Moore, Concord. 17. An English Oration. "American Aristocracy." Thomas Cushing, Boston.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts. 1. An Oration in English. "The value of the Political Lessons left us by the Founders of our Free Institutions." Charles Eames. 2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. William Hammatt Simmons.

The following gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts: William LeRoy Annin, Kinsman Atkinson, George Forester Barstow, Henry Blanchard, Edward Bradstreet, Caleb Alexander Buckingham, Thaddeus Clapp, James Freeman Colman, Benjamin Eddy Cotting, William Smith Cruft, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Morse Felton, Edward Fox, Eugene Fuller, Miles Teel Gardner, Zebina Gleason, Henry Francis Harrington, Aaron Hayden, Rufus Hosmer, Nathaniel Babcock Ingersoll, Rufus Tilden King, Drausin Baltazar Labranche, Rufus Bigelow Lawrence, Charles Mason, George Moore, Lucius Parker, Charles Breck Parkman, Samuel Parkman, John Witt Randall, William Putnam Richardson, Samuel William Rodman, Joseph Sargeant, William Vincent Thacher, Charles Eliot Ware, Charles Newell Warren, Hiram Wellington, Nathaniel West. 37. The degree of A. M. was conferred on twenty-seven in course, and on two out of course.

The honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Edward Livingston, Minister to France; on his Ex-

cellency, John Davis, Governor of the Commonwealth; and on Simon Greenleaf, Royal Professor of Law in the University. The Degree of Doctor of Medicine, on Dr. Du Brissis, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Degree of Doctor of Divinity, on Rev. Francis Parkman, of Boston, Rev. Henry Ware, jun and Rev. John Gorham Palfrey, Professor in the Theological Institution.

The whole number of young gentlemen examined for admission into the University was eighty-five. Of this number seventy-three were admitted into the Freshman class, six into the Sophomore class, and one into the Junior class, and five were rejected as inadmissible.

The anniversary services of the Phi Beta Kappa were performed in the same Meeting-House, on the day following the Commencement. Oration by William H. Gardiner, Esq. of Boston—Poem by the Rev. Ralph W. Emerson.

AMHERST COLLEGE, Amherst. Commencement on the 27th of August. On the day previous to the Commencement, Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq. of New-York, delivered an oration to the Literary Societies belonging to the institution. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon thirty-seven graduates, and that of A. M. upon twenty-one alumni of the college. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Gulian C. Verplanck of New-York, and that of D. D. on the Rev. George Bradford of Worcester, England.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Williamstown. The Annual Commencement was held on the 20th of August. Fifteen graduates received the degree of A. B. The degree of A. M. in course, was conferred on five alumni of the college.

At a meeting of the Alumni, on Commencement day, the subscription of four thousand dollars, proposed two years since, to enlarge the Philosophical and Chemical apparatus of the institution, was reported to be full, and Prof. A. Hopkins was authorized to proceed to Europe to make the purchases.

RHODE-ISLAND.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence. At the Commencement, Sept. 3, the following young gentlemen were admitted to the degree of A. B. in course. Oliver Ayer, Silas Bailey, Joseph Brigham, J. Russell Bullock, James T. Champlin, George Cole, Hervey Smith Dale, Joshua W. Downing, Samuel Eddy, Francis W. Fickling, Edward H. Hazard, Carrington Hoppin, Charles K.

Johnson, Augustin Leland, Edward A. Lothrop, Matthew Mills, Crawford Nightingale, David Perkins, Thomas Potter, Luther Robinson, Daniel P. Simpson, Pardon D. Tiffany, Ephraim Ward, William H. Wood, Charles W. Wood.

The degree of A. M. in course, was conferred on William Gammell, Luther Crawford, Edward Otheman, Joseph M. Church, Henry Waterman, Walter S. Burges, Francis W. Bird, William F. D'Wolf, William H. Eddy; also on Charles W. Crouch, of the class of 1829, and on the Rev. Jesse Hartwell, of the class of 1819.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon William Nelson Pendleton, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Bristol College, (Pa.) Rev. Samuel Furman, Professor in the Furman Theological Institution, South-Carolina; Rev. Joseph A. Warne, of Brookline, Mass.; Rev. John Dowling, of Newport, R. I.; Josiah Quincy, Esq. of Rumney, N. H.; Isaac Stephens, Esq. of Middleborough, Mass.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. Oliver Cobb, of Rochester, Mass.

CONNECTICUT.

YALE COLLEGE, New-Haven. Annual Commencement, Aug. 20. Order of exercises—Salutatory Oration, in Latin, by Nathan P. Seymour. Dissertation "on originality in literature," by John R. Keep. Oration, "on the sufferings of men of genius," by William H. Washington. Dissertation, "on the insufficiency of philosophy for the moral improvement of man," by Thos. Wickes. Oration, "on the literary duties of professional men," by Reuben Gaylord. Oration, "on erroneous views of independence in thought and action," by William H. Starr. Oration, "on the influence of early trials in the formation of literary character," by William N. H. Smith. Dissertation, "on habits of thought," by Henry C. Kingsley. Oration, "on the motives for the cultivation of physical science in this country," by Elijah F. Rockwell. Dissertation, "on the abuse of great talents," by George G. Spencer. Oration, "on the literary character of Coleridge," by William I. Budington. Oration, "on the enthusiasm of genius," by John N. Kendall. Dissertation, "on the Greek philosophy," by Nathaniel S. Richardson. Oration, "on the tendency to discouragement in those who are entering upon life," by Samuel G. Whittlesey. Dissertation, "on the progress of society," by Henry W. Ellsworth. Ora-

tion, "on the obligations of our government to promote the higher branches of knowledge," by Charles R. Welles. Oration, "on the moral tendency of liberal studies," with the valedictory address, by Samuel St. John.

Sixty-four gentlemen received the degree of A. B.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Andrew Reed and Rev. James Matheson, of England. The degree of LL. D. on His Excellency S. A. Foot, Governor of Connecticut, Hon. Thomas S. Williams of Hartford, and Gideon

Manlett of Brighton, England. The degree of A. M. in course, was conferred on a number of young gentlemen, graduates of this College; and the honorary degree of A. M. on Joshua A. Spencer of Utica, N. Y. Rev. Erastus Cowles of Danbury, and Rev. Edward J. Ives of E. Haven.

An address before the Alumni, was delivered by Mr. Lucius Dunaun, of New-Orleans. It was voted to apply the annual fund to the support of a lecturer on Natural History, and Charles U. Shepherd was appointed Lecturer.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Lynn, August 26, Mr. HARRIS CHADWELL, aged 88 years and 5 months. He was a lieutenant of militia in the revolutionary war. In 1775 he commanded a detachment of Capt. King's company, then stationed on Lynn Common—in 1776 he was at Prospect Hill, watching the manoeuvres of the British—in 1777 at Providence, and in 1778 in Rhode-Island, and had command of the boats at that place, when the American armies returned from the island. He was a pensioner under the last act, which by its tribute of respect and pecuniary aid, cast a sunshine over his last moments. He was followed to the grave by a numerous procession, a portion of which was composed of children—grandchildren and great grand-children—four patriots of the revolution assisted as pall-bearers, and, with tears in their eyes, consigned him to that lonely mansion prepared for all living.

In Philadelphia, Aug. 30, Rev. GREGORY T. BEDELL, D. D. rector of St. Andrew's Church, aged 43.

In Detroit, August 13, Gen. CHARLES LARNED. He was a native of Massachusetts, but for many years he has been an active, useful, and prominent member of the community of Detroit. He possessed a mind of more than ordinary acuteness, which fitted him for the legal profession, which he had selected. But his energies were exerted to build up all institutions, and to give success to all efforts adapted to enlarge the public resources and improve the public character. He held the office of Brigadier-General in the militia of the territory of Michigan, by appointment of the President and Senate, and endeavored to create and perfect a thorough organization and discipline.

At the Cross Timbers, Missouri Territory, July 22, Brigadier-General LEAVENWORTH, U. S. A. Gen. Leavenworth was a native of New-York, and was found at the commencement of the late war associated with Gen. Root, in the duties of an extensive and increasing practice

at the bar. With a characteristic disregard of self-interest, he left his office, and, with the commission of captain, raised a company in Delaware county, New-York; promoted to a majority in Scott's brigade, at the head of the ninth regiment, (being its only field-officer present,) he acted a most distinguished part at Chippewa, the action which gained so much eclat to our arms. At Bridgewater he was also instrumental to a great degree, in the success of that sanguinary conflict with the choicest English troops. The well-earned brevet of lieutenant-colonel and colonel were bestowed upon him; and it was conceded by all, that, with however little discrimination these evidences of merit were accorded to the actors in that campaign, General Leavenworth had claims inferior only to the gallant chief of the first brigade.

At the close of the war, he was stationed at Sacket's Harbor, and as a mark of the confidence and gratitude of the people, was called to the New-York legislature, in which he took his seat. His services have been enjoyed by the government, since that period, in the establishment of various military posts on our western frontier, and in watching over its interests and administering its policy in regard to the Indian tribes. At different times, he has been entrusted with the command of the 2d, 5th, 6th, and 3d regiments of infantry, to the last of which, he was promoted in 1825. The brevet of brigadier-general, subsequently conferred, was exercised at the Infantry School of Practice, over a fine command of twenty-two companies of the 1st, 3d, and 6th infantry, and on the western frontier of Missouri. On a recent visit to the seat of government, he was admitted to the supreme court, and assigned to the command of the southwestern frontier, with a view to secure the benefits of his energy and experience in the contemplated movements of the dragoons, and his presence at the council, to be held with the Indians in that remote region. He had advanced in the execution of these duties, it would seem, as far as a point called the Cross Timbers, when he was attacked by the fever, which terminated fatally, on the 17th of July.

THE
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NOVEMBER, 1834.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THOUGHTS ON THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

WE have prefixed to this article the title of one of the most esteemed among the writings of Edmund Burke, which is remarkable for its perfect adaptation, in many particulars, to our country at the present time; and we purpose to lay before our readers some of its pertinent passages, with such commentary as they may require and suggest; premising only, that the system of administration, against which Burke aimed this piece, is the same, which drew upon itself the ire, and called into action the pen, of the terse and vigorous Junius.

We begin with an extract disclosing the general text of the essay:—

“It is the nature of despotism to abhor power held by any means but its own momentary pleasure; and to annihilate all intermediate situations between boundless strength on its own part, and total debility on the part of the people. To get rid of all this intermediate and independent importance, and to secure to the court the unlimited and uncontrolled use of its own vast influence, under the sole direction of its own private favor, has for some years past been the great object of policy. If this were compassed, the influence of the crown must of course produce all the effects, which the most sanguine partisans of the court could possibly desire. Government might then be carried on without any concurrence on the part of the people.”

Here is the very scheme of the party now in power, described in just such language as the times demand:—To secure to the court (Executive) the unlimited and uncontrolled uses of its own vast influence, under the sole direction of its own private favor; so as, in the usual temper of despotism, to hold power only by its own pleasure, and to level down all the degrees and checks between boundless strength on its own part, and helpless debility on the part of the people.

But how was this end to be reached?

“The first part of the reformed plan was to draw a line which should separate the court from the ministry. * * * By this operation, two systems of administration were to be formed; one which should be in the real secret and confidence; the other merely ostensible, to perform the official and executory duties of government. The latter alone were to be responsible; whilst the real advisers, who enjoyed all the power, were effectually removed from all the danger.

“Secondly, a party under these leaders was to be formed in favor of the court against the ministry: this party was to have a large share in the emoluments of

government, and to hold it totally separate from, and independent of, ostensible administration.

"The third point, and that on which the success of the whole scheme ultimately depended, was to *bring parliament to an acquiescence in this project*. Parliament was therefore to be taught by degrees a total indifference to the persons, rank, influence, abilities, connexions, and character of the ministers of the crown. By means of a discipline of which I shall say more hereafter, that body was to be habituated to the most opposite interests, and the most discordant politics. * * Members of parliament were to be hardened into an insensibility to pride as well as to duty. * * Thus parliament was to look on, as if perfectly unconcerned, while a cabal of the closet and back-stairs was substituted in the place of a national administration. With such a degree of acquiescence, any measure of any court might well be deemed thoroughly secure. The capital objects, and by much the most flattering characteristics of arbitrary power, would be obtained. Every thing would be drawn from its holdings in the country to the personal favor and inclination of the prince. This favor would be the sole introduction to power, and the only tenure by which it was to be held; so that no person looking towards another, and all looking towards the court, it was impossible but that the motive, which solely influenced every man's hopes, must come in time to govern every man's conduct; *till at last the servility became universal*, in spite of the dead letter of any laws or institutions whatsoever."

Here we have the secret springs of all the public mischief exposed to the eye. First,—two cabinets were to be formed, one composed of the ostensible ministers, and the other of a back-stairs cabal; secondly,—a party attached to the back-stairs cabinet, and hostile or indifferent to the responsible heads of department, was to be organized and cemented together by official bribes and public jobs; and, thirdly, Congress was to be corrupted, or bullied into taking its cue from the back-stairs court of the White House. To set these new springs in action, it was necessary for the conspirators to make many alterations in political arrangement.

"In the first place, they proceeded gradually, but not slowly, to destroy every thing of strength, which did not derive its principal nourishment from the immediate pleasure of the court. The greatest weight of popular opinion and party-connexion were then with — and —. Neither of these held their importance by the *new tenure* of the court; they were not, therefore, thought to be so proper as others for the services which were required by that tenure. * * — was first attacked. Not satisfied with removing him from power, they endeavored, by various artifices, to ruin his character. * * The great ruling principle of the cabal, and that which animated and harmonized all their proceedings, how various soever they may have been, was to signify to the world, that the court would proceed upon its own proper forces only; and that the pretence of bringing any other into it was an affront to it, and not a support. Therefore, when the chiefs were removed, in order to go to the root, *the whole party was put under a proscription, so general and severe, as to take their hard-earned bread from the lowest officers, in a manner which had never been known before, even in general revolutions.* * * Thus, for the time, were pulled down * * the two only securities for the importance of the people: power arising from popularity, and power arising from connexion."

Is not this exact? We leave it to our readers to supply the blanks according to their own judgment: they can be at no loss to discern the true analogy. This administration has, indeed, labored diligently to pull down the only securities for the importance of the people. But such a change could not be made without a mighty shock of the public system; and,—

"To reconcile the minds of the people to all these movements, principles correspondent to them had been preached up with great zeal. Every one must remember that the cabal set out with the most astonishing prudery, both moral and political. *Those who, in a few months after, soused over head and ears into the*

deepest and dirtiest pits of corruption, cried out violently against the indirect practices in the electing and managing of parliaments, which had formerly prevailed. This marvelous abhorrence, which the court had suddenly taken to all influences, was not only circulated in conversation throughout the kingdom, but pompously announced to the public, with many other extraordinary things.

"To recommend this system to the people, a perspective view of the court, gorgeously painted, and finely illuminated from within, was exhibited to the gaping multitude. Party was to be totally done away, with all its evil works. Corruption was to be cast down from court, as Até was from heaven. Power was thenceforward to be the chosen residence of public spirit; and no one was to be supposed under any sinister influence, except those who had the misfortune to be in disgrace at court, which was to stand in lieu of all vices and all corruptions. A scheme of perfection, to be realized in a monarchy, far beyond the visionary republic of Plato. The whole scenery was exactly disposed to captivate those good souls, whose credulous morality is so invaluable a treasure to crafty politicians. Indeed, there was wherewithal to charm every body, except those few, who are not much pleased with professions of supernatural virtue, who know of what stuff such professions are made,—for what purposes they are designed, and in what they are sure constantly to end."

Is it possible to depict more accurately, to describe with more cutting truth, the hypocritical pretensions of purity and reform, which General Jackson paraded in advance of himself, at all times, before he became President, and the gross and abominable corruptions, of which those extravagant professions were the harbinger? "*Those who, in a few months after, soused over head and ears into the deepest and dirtiest pits of corruption*, cried out violently against the indirect practices in the electing and managing of parliaments, which had formerly prevailed!" How emphatically does this represent General Jackson's twaddle about appointing members of Congress to office, and interfering with the freedom of elections! "And party was to be done away, with all its evil works!" So General Jackson exhorted Mr. Munroe. "Corruption was to be cast down from court!" Ay, there was to be "no more cakes and ale." Retrenchment and reform were legibly inscribed upon the list of executive duties; and we see the moral of it in the extra twenty millions of public money, which, although they have utterly "vanished,"—

As the baseless fabric of a vision;
Yet, unlike that, have left "a rack behind."

Substituting, in the next extract, the words "members of Congress" for "peers and commons," and it truly represents the obliquity of all the Jackson slander of the opposition Senators and Representatives.

"One of the principal topics which was then, and has been since, much employed by that political school, is an affectual terror of the growth of an aristocratic power, prejudicial to the rights of the crown and the balance of the constitution. * * It is true, that the peers have a great influence * * in every part of the public concerns. * * If any particular peers, by their uniform, upright, constitutional conduct, by their public and private virtues, have acquired an influence in the country, the people, on whose favor that influence depends, and from whom it arose, will never be duped into an opinion, that such greatness in a peer is the despotism of the aristocracy, when they know and feel it to be the effect and pledge of their own importance. * * He is but a poor observer, who has not seen that the generality of peers, far from supporting themselves in a state of independent greatness, are but too apt to fall into an oblivion of their proper dignity, and to run headlong into an abject servitude. Would to God it were true, that the fault of our peers were too much spirit! It is worthy of some observation, that these gentlemen, so jealous of aristocracy, make no complaints of the powers of those peers, neither few nor inconsiderable, who are always in the train of a court and whose whole weight must be considered as a

portion of the settled influence of the crown. *This is all safe and right; but if some peers,—I am very sorry they are not as many as they ought to be,—set themselves, in the great concerns of peers and commons, against a back-stairs influence and clandestine government, then the alarm begins; then the constitution is in danger of being forced into an aristocracy.*"

We have alluded, already, to the system of a double cabinet, which distinguishes the Administration. It is truly set forth in the following passage:—

"All sorts of parties, by this means, have been brought into administration, from whence few have had the good fortune to escape without disgrace; none at all without considerable losses. In the beginning of each arrangement, no professions of confidence and support are wanting, to induce the leading men to engage. But while the ministers of the day appear in all the pomp and pride of power, while they have all their canvases spread out to the wind, and every sail filled with the fair and prosperous gale of royal favor, in a short time they find, they know not how, a current, which sets directly against them; which prevents all progress, and even drives them backwards. *They grow ashamed and mortified in a situation, which, by its vicinity to power, only serves to remind them the more strongly of their own insignificance.* They are obliged either to execute the orders of their inferiors, or to see themselves opposed by the natural instruments of their office. With the loss of their dignity, they lose their temper. In their turn they grow troublesome to the cabal, which, whether it supports or opposes, equally disgraces and equally betrays them. *It is found necessary to get rid of the heads of administration; but it is of the heads only.*"

Would it not seem as if these expressions had been conceived and written in view of the fate of Messrs. Ingham, Branch, and Berrien; and especially that of Mr. Duane? Hear what Mr. Duane himself says, and compare the two statements. "Mr. Reuben M. Whitney called upon me, at my lodgings, at the desire, as he said, of the President, to make known to me what had been done, and what was contemplated, in relation to the United States Bank. * * The communication thus made to me created surprise and mortification. I was surprised at the position of affairs which it revealed, and mortified at the low estimate which had been formed of the independence of my character. * * I had heard rumors of the existence of an influence at Washington, unknown to the Constitution. The conviction that such influence existed, at least in relation to the matters then pressed upon me, was irresistible. I knew that four of the six members of the Cabinet, before I became a member of it, had been opposed to any present action in relation to the depositories; and I also knew that four of the six members of the existing cabinet entertained the same views. I felt satisfied, not only that the President was not in the hands of his constitutional advisers, but that their advice was successfully resisted by persons, whose views I considered at variance with the public interest and the President's fame." Surely, Mr. Duane and Burke are speaking with reference to the same facts and the same policy.

But let us examine the inner constitution of the cabal, *camarilla*, kitchen-cabinet, or whatever it may be, which Burke and Mr. Duane had in their mind's eye.

"That this body may be enabled to compass all the ends of its institution, its members are scarcely ever to aim at the high and responsible offices of the state. They are distributed with art and judgement through all the secondary, but efficient, departments of office, * * so as on one hand to occupy all the avenues to the throne, and on the other to forward or frustrate the execution of any measure, according to their own interests."

Just the position of William B. Lewis, Amos Kendall, and the rest of the cabal.

"With the credit and support which they are known to have, though for the greater part in places which are only a genteel excuse for salary, they possess all the influence of the highest posts; and they dictate publicly in almost every thing, even with a parade of superiority. Whenever they dissent, as it often happens, from these nominal leaders, the trained part of the Senate, instinctively in the secret, is sure to follow them; provided the leaders, sensible of their situation, do not of themselves recede in time from their most declared opinions."

We think no member of Congress, or other person, familiar with affairs at Washington, can fail being struck with the faithfulness of this representation. In all the proceedings upon the bank, it was more especially apparent; and the insolence of the cabal, its "parade of superiority," its disposition to "dictate publicly in every thing," and the *instinct* of the "trained" members of Congress, were all manifest together on occasion of the choice of a Speaker of the House last winter in place of Mr. Stevenson.

"It will not be conceivable to any one who has not seen it, what pleasure is taken by the cabal in rendering these heads of office thoroughly contemptible and ridiculous. And when they are become so, they have then the best chance of being supported."

Yes: Mr. Cass is a good sort of a man who cannot take a hint; Mr. Woodbury is "yes and no;" Mr. Branch, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Berrien, Mr. Duane, Mr. McLane, are thrust out of place with various degrees of indignity; Mr. Barry alone, willing to be made "thoroughly contemptible and ridiculous," is "well supported." Is it not literally true?

"The members of the court-faction are fully indemnified for not holding places on the slippery heights of the kingdom, not only by the lead in all affairs, but also by the perfect security in which they enjoy less conspicuous, but very advantageous situations. * * Whilst the first and most respectable persons in the kingdom are tossed about like tennis-balls, the sport of a blind and insolent caprice, no minister dares even to cast an oblique glance at the lowest of their body. If any attempt be made upon one of this corps, immediately he flies to sanctuary. * * Conscious of their independence, they bear themselves with a lofty air to the exterior ministers. Like janissaries, they derive a kind of freedom from the very condition of their servitude. They may act just as they please; provided they are true to the great ruling principle of their institutions; * * enjoying at once all the spirited pleasure of independence and all the gross lucre and fat emoluments of servitude. * * The whole system, comprehending the exterior and interior administrations, is commonly called, in the technical language of the court, *double cabinet*."

We may add, that General Jackson himself has borne testimony to the existence of the cabal or *camarilla* behind the throne; since, on a well-known occasion, he spoke of the heads of department, the only cabinet known to the laws, as his *cabinet proper*; on which account the people have very aptly styled the other cabinet, his cabinet improper. Some are accustomed to call it the kitchen-cabinet, we suppose, by way of indicating its meanness. However, as one of the organs of the administration in the Senate, Mr. Ether Shepley of Maine, has expressly vindicated and justified the kitchen, we take this last to be, at present, on the whole, the authorized, and, as it were, classical denomination of the interior and improper cabinet.

Now for the mischievous effects of this double cabinet upon the public welfare.

"It is this unnatural infusion of a system of favoritism into a government which in a great part of its constitution is popular, that has raised the present ferment in the nation. The people, without entering deeply into its principles, could plainly perceive its effects, *in much violence, in a great spirit of innovation, and in a general disorder in all the functions of government.* * * * *This is the fountain of all those bitter waters, of which, through an hundred different conduits, we have drunk until we are ready to burst.* The discretionary power of the crown in the formation of ministry, abused by bad or weak men, has given rise to a system, which, without directly violating the letter of any law, operates against the spirit of the whole constitution. * * * One great end undoubtedly of a mixed government like ours, * * * is that the prince shall not be able to violate the laws. This is useful, indeed, and fundamental. But this, even at first view, is no more than a negative advantage—an armor merely defensive. It is therefore next in order, and equal in importance, that the discretionary powers, which are necessarily vested in the monarch, whether for the execution of the laws, or for the nomination to magistracy and office, or for conducting the affairs of peace and war, or for ordering the revenue, should all be exercised upon public principles and rational grounds, and not on the likings or prejudices, the intrigues or policies, of a court. This, I said, is equal in importance to the securing a government according to law. The laws reach but a very little way. Constitute government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state. Even all the use and potency of the laws depends upon them. Without them your commonwealth is no better than a scheme upon paper, and not a living, active, effective constitution. * * * When, therefore, the abettors of the new system tell us, that between them and their opposers there is nothing but a struggle for power, * * * we must tell those, who have the impudence to insult us in this manner, that of all things we ought to be most concerned, who and what sort of men they are that hold the trust of every thing that is dear to us. Nothing can render this a point of indifference to the nation, but what must render us totally desperate, or soothe us into the security of idiots."

And the personal nature of the objections to a system of administration in the hands of back-stairs favoritism, is well stated in these words:—

"The people of a free commonwealth, who have taken such care that their laws should be the result of general consent, cannot be so senseless as to suffer their executory system to be composed of persons on whom they have no dependence, and *whom no proofs of the public love and confidence have recommended to those powers, upon the use of which the very being of the state depends.*"

Of this description are Amos Kendall and his associates; men, who may have ability and integrity, but if they have these qualities, their genuineness has not yet been assayed, and marked, and made current by any proofs of public confidence. They have insinuated themselves into power through the mean by-paths of sycophancy and personal subserviency. They possess no *constituency*, so to speak; they are not linked by elective ties to one part of the people, nor made known to the rest by responsible public services. These are conditions, without which no man becomes an ostensible head of department; and they apply, with equal force, to the actual possessor of power in a free state, whether he belong to a cabinet proper, or a cabinet improper.

"Those knots or cabals of men who have got together avowedly without any public principle, in order to sell their conjunct iniquity at the higher rate, and are, therefore, universally odious, ought never to be suffered to domineer in the state; because they have no connexion with the sentiments and opinions of the people. * * * Here it is that the people must, on their part, show themselves sensible of their own value. Their whole importance, in the first instance, and

afterwards their whole freedom, is at stake. * * We are at present at issue upon this point. We are in the great crisis of this contention; and the part which men take, one way or the other, will serve to discriminate their characters and their principles. Until the matter is decided, the country will remain in its present confusion."

True: how can we have peace, until the domination of that corrupt cabal of men, without any principle but to sell their conjunct iniquity at the highest price, be ended?

We conclude these extracts with two or three short ones, applicable to the situation of Congress.

"Parliament was, indeed, the great object of all these politics, the end at which they aimed, as well as the instrument by which they were to operate. But, before parliament could be made subservient to a system, by which it was to be degraded from the dignity of a national council, into a mere member of the court, it must be greatly changed from its original character. * * The virtue, spirit, and essence of a house of commons, consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation. It was not instituted to be a control upon the people, as of late it has been taught, by a doctrine of the most pernicious tendency. * * A vigilant and jealous eye over executory and judicial magistracy; an anxious care of public money, an openness approaching towards facility, to public complaint: these seem to be the true characteristics of a house of commons. But an addressing house of commons, and a petitioning nation; a house of commons full of confidence, when the nation is plunged in despair; in the utmost harmony with ministers, whom the people regard with the utmost abhorrence; who vote thanks, when the public opinion calls upon them for impeachments; who are eager to grant, when the general voice demands account; who, in all disputes between the administration and the people, presume against the people; who punish their disorders, but refuse even to inquire into the provocations to them: this is an unnatural, a monstrous state of things in this constitution."

This parallel is just to the letter; in addition to which we have two means, or tests, of judging whether the legislature be corrupt or not; for it is so, when we see,—

"First, a rule of indiscriminate support to all ministers; because this destroys the very end of parliament as a control, and is a general precious sanction to misgovernment: And, secondly, the setting up any claims adverse to the right of free election."

Of its indiscriminate support of ministers, the present Congress has given ample evidence. Has it set up any claims adverse to the right of free elections? Yes, in Letcher's case, described point by point, in the following passage:—

"In the last session, the corps, called the *King's friends*, made a hardy attempt, all at once, to alter the right of election itself; to put it into the power of the house of commons to disable any person disagreeable to them from sitting in parliament, without any other rule than their own pleasure; to make incapacities, either general for descriptions of men, or particular for individuals; and to take into their body persons who avowedly had never been chosen by the majority of legal electors, nor agreeably to any known rule of law."

We remark only, in conclusion, that all these extracts are, of course, made without any addition or change of words, and without any omission, except when it is expressly noted; and in those cases, the sense remains the same as in the original text. C.

THE STORY TELLER.

NO. I.

AT HOME.

FROM infancy, I was under the guardianship of a village parson, who made me the subject of daily prayer and the sufferer of innumerable stripes, using no distinction, as to these marks of paternal love, between myself and his own three boys. The result, it must be owned, has been very different in their cases and mine; they being all respectable men, and well settled in life, the eldest as the successor to his father's pulpit, the second as a physician, and the third as a partner in a wholesale shoe store; while I, with better prospects than either of them, have run the course, which this volume will describe. Yet there is room for doubt, whether I should have been any better contented with such success as theirs, than with my own misfortunes; at least, till after my experience of the latter had made it too late for another trial.

My guardian had a name of considerable eminence, and fitter for the place it occupies in ecclesiastical history, than for so frivolous a page as mine. In his own vicinity, among the lighter part of his hearers, he was called Parson Thumpcushion, from the very forcible gestures with which he illustrated his doctrines. Certainly, if his powers as a preacher were to be estimated by the damage done to his pulpit furniture, none of his living brethren, and but few dead ones, would have been worthy even to pronounce a benediction after him. Such pounding and expounding, the moment he began to grow warm, such slapping with his open palm, thumping with his closed fist, and banging with the whole weight of the great Bible, convinced me that he held, in imagination, either the Old Nick or some Unitarian infidel at bay, and belabored his unhappy cushion as proxy for those abominable adversaries. Nothing but this exercise of the body, while delivering his sermons, could have supported the good parson's health under the mental toil, which they cost him in composition.

Though Parson Thumpcushion had an upright heart, and some called it a warm one, he was invariably stern and severe, on principle, I suppose, to me. With late justice, though early enough, even now, to be tintured with generosity, I acknowledge him to have been a good and a wise man, after his own fashion. If his management failed as to myself, it succeeded with his three sons; nor, I must frankly say, could any mode of education, with which it was possible for him to be acquainted, have made me much better than what I was, or led me to a happier fortune than the present. He could neither change the nature that God gave me, nor adapt his own inflexible mind to my peculiar character. Perhaps it was my chief misfortune that I had neither father nor mother alive; for parents have an instinctive sagacity, in regard to the welfare of their children; and the child feels a confidence both in the wisdom and affection of his parents, which he cannot transfer to any delegate of their duties, however conscientious. An orphan's fate is hard, be he rich or poor. As for Parson Thumpcushion, whenever I see the old gentleman in my dreams, he looks kindly and sorrowfully at me, holding out his hand, as if each had

something to forgive. With such kindness, and such forgiveness, but without the sorrow, may our next meeting be !

I was a youth of gay and happy temperament, with an incorrigible levity of spirit, of no vicious propensities, sensible enough, but wayward and fanciful. What a character was this, to be brought in contact with the stern old Pilgrim spirit of my guardian ! We were at variance on a thousand points ; but our chief and final dispute arose from the pertinacity with which he insisted on my adopting a particular profession ; while I, being heir to a moderate competence, had avowed my purpose of keeping aloof from the regular business of life. This would have been a dangerous resolution, any where in the world ; it was fatal, in New-England. There is a grossness in the conceptions of my countrymen ; they will not be convinced that any good thing may consist with what they call idleness ; they can anticipate nothing but evil of a young man who neither studies physic, law, nor gospel, nor opens a store, nor takes to farming, but manifests an incomprehensible disposition to be satisfied with what his father left him. The principle is excellent, in its general influence, but most miserable in its effect on the few that violate it. I had a quick sensitiveness to public opinion, and felt as if it ranked me with the tavern-haunters and town-paupers,—with the drunken poet, who hawked his own fourth of July odes,—and the broken soldier, who had been good for nothing since last war. The consequence of all this, was a piece of light-hearted desperation.

I do not over-estimate my notoriety, when I take it for granted, that many of my readers must have heard of me, in the wild way of life which I adopted. The idea of becoming a wandering story teller had been suggested, a year or two before, by an encounter with several merry vagabonds in a showman's wagon, where they and I had sheltered ourselves during a summer shower. The project was not more extravagant than most which a young man forms. Stranger ones are executed every day ; and not to mention my prototypes in the East, and the wandering orators and poets whom my own ears have heard, I had the example of one illustrious itinerant in the other hemisphere ; of Goldsmith, who planned and performed his travels through France and Italy, on a less promising scheme than mine. I took credit to myself for various qualifications, mental and personal, suited to the undertaking. Besides, my mind had latterly tormented me for employment, keeping up an irregular activity even in sleep, and making me conscious that I must toil, if it were but in catching butterflies. But my chief motives were discontent with home, and a bitter grudge against Parson Thumpcushion, who would rather have laid me in my father's tomb, than seen me either a novelist or an actor ; two characters which I thus hit upon a method of uniting. After all, it was not half so foolish as if I had written romances, instead of reciting them.

The following pages will contain a picture of my vagrant life, intermixed with specimens, generally brief and slight, of that great mass of fiction to which I gave existence, and which has vanished like cloud-shapes. Besides the occasions when I sought a pecuniary reward, I was accustomed to exercise my narrative faculty, wherever chance had collected a little audience, idle enough to listen. These

rehearsals were useful in testing the strong points of my stories; and, indeed, the flow of fancy soon came upon me so abundantly, that its indulgence was its own reward; though the hope of praise, also, became a powerful incitement. Since I shall never feel the warm gush of new thought, as I did then, let me beseech the reader to believe, that my tales were not always so cold as he may find them now. With each specimen will be given a sketch of the circumstances in which the story was told. Thus my air-drawn pictures will be set in frames, perhaps more valuable than the pictures themselves, since they will be embossed with groups of characteristic figures, amid the lake and mountain scenery, the villages and fertile fields, of our native land. But I write the book for the sake of its moral, which many a dreaming youth may profit by, though it is the experience of a wandering story teller.

A FLIGHT IN THE FOG.

I SET out on my rambles one morning in June, about sunrise. The day promised to be fair, though, at that early hour, a heavy mist lay along the earth, and settled, in minute globules, on the folds of my clothes, so that I looked precisely as if touched with a hoar-frost. The sky was quite obscured, and the trees and houses invisible, till they grew out of the fog as I came close upon them. There is a hill towards the west, whence the road goes abruptly down, holding a level course through the village, and ascending an eminence on the other side, behind which it disappears. The whole view comprises an extent of half a mile. Here I paused, and, while gazing through the misty veil, it partially rose and swept away, with so sudden an effect, that a gray cloud seemed to have taken the aspect of a small white town. A thin vapor being still diffused through the atmosphere, the wreaths and pillars of fog, whether hung in air or based on earth, appeared not less substantial than the edifices, and gave their own indistinctness to the whole. It was singular, that such an unromantic scene should look so visionary.

Half of the parson's dwelling was a dingy white house, and half of it was a cloud; But Squire Moody's mansion, the grandest in the village, was wholly visible, even the lattice-work of the balcony under the front window; while, in another place, only two red chimneys were seen above the mist, appertaining to my own paternal residence, then tenanted by strangers. I could not remember those with whom I had dwelt there, not even my mother. The brick edifice of the bank was in the clouds; the foundations of what was to be a great block of buildings had vanished, ominously, as it proved; the dry-good store of Mr. Nightingale seemed a doubtful concern; and Dominicus Pike's tobacco-manufactory an affair of smoke, except the splendid image of an Indian chief in front. The white spire of the meeting-house ascended out of the densest heap of vapor, as if that shadowy base were its only support; or, to give a truer interpretation, the steeple was the emblem of religion, enveloped in mystery below, yet pointing to a cloudless atmosphere, and catching the brightness of the east on its gilded vane.

As I beheld these objects, and the dewy street, with grassy intervals and a border of trees between the wheel-track and the side-walks, all

so indistinct, and not to be traced without an effort, the whole seemed more like memory than reality. I would have imagined that years had already passed, and I was far away, contemplating that dim picture of my native place, which I should retain in my mind through the mist of time. No tears fell from my eyes among the dew-drops of the morning; nor does it occur to me that I heaved a sigh. In truth, I had never felt such a delicious excitement, nor known what freedom was till that moment, when I gave up my home, and took the whole world in exchange, fluttering the wings of my spirit, as if I would have flown from one star to another through the universe. I waved my hand towards the dusky village, bade it a joyous farewell, and turned away, to follow any path but that which might lead me back. Never was Childe Harold's sentiment adopted in a spirit more unlike his own.

Naturally enough, I thought of Don Quixote. Recollecting how the knight and Sancho had watched for auguries, when they took the road to Toboso, I began, between jest and earnest, to feel a similar anxiety. It was gratified, and by a more poetical phenomenon than the braying of the dappled ass, or the neigh of Rosinante. The sun, then just above the horizon, shone faintly through the fog, and formed a species of rainbow in the west, bestriding my intended road like a gigantic portal. I had never known, before, that a bow could be generated between the sunshine and the morning mist. It had no brilliancy, no perceptible hues; but was a mere unpainted frame-work, as white and ghost-like as the lunar rainbow, which is deemed ominous of evil. But, with a light heart, to which all omens were propitious, I advanced beneath the misty archway of fatuity.

I had determined not to enter on my profession within a hundred miles of home, and then to cover myself with a fictitious name. The first precaution was reasonable enough, as otherwise Parson Thumpcushion might have put an untimely catastrophe to my story; but, as nobody would be much affected by my disgrace, and all was to be suffered in my own person, I know not why I cared about a name. For a week or two, I traveled almost at random, seeking hardly any guidance, except the whirling of a leaf, at some turn of the road, or the green bough, that beckoned me, or the naked branch, that pointed its withered finger onward. All my care was to be farther from home each night than the preceding morning.

A FELLOW-TRAVELER.

ONE day, at noontide, when the sun had burst suddenly out of a cloud and threatened to dissolve me, I looked round for shelter, whether of tavern, cottage, barn, or shady tree. The first which offered itself was a wood, not a forest, but a trim plantation of young oaks, growing just thick enough to keep the mass of sunshine out, while they admitted a few straggling beams, and thus produced the most cheerful gloom imaginable. A brook, so small and clear, and apparently so cool, that I wanted to drink it up, ran under the road through a little arch of stone, without once meeting the sun, in its passage from the shade on one side to the shade on the other. As there was a stepping-place over the stone-wall, and a path along the

rivulet, I followed it and discovered its source,—a spring gushing out of an old barrel.

In this pleasant spot, I saw a light pack suspended from the branch of a tree, a stick leaning against the trunk, and a person seated on the grassy verge of the spring, with his back towards me. He was a slender figure, dressed in black broadcloth, which was none of the finest, nor very fashionably cut. On hearing my footsteps, he started up, rather nervously, and, turning round, showed the face of a young man about my own age, with his finger in a volume which he had been reading, till my intrusion. His book was, evidently, a pocket-Bible. Though I piqued myself, at that period, on my great penetration into people's characters and pursuits, I could not decide whether this young man in black were an unfledged divine from Andover, a college-student, or preparing for college at some academy. In either case, I would quite as willingly have found a merrier companion; such, for instance, as the comedian with whom *Gil Blas* shared his dinner, beside a fountain in Spain.

After a nod, which was duly returned, I made a goblet of oak-leaves, filled and emptied it two or three times, and then remarked, to hit the stranger's classical associations, that this beautiful fountain ought to flow from an urn, instead of an old barrel. He did not show that he understood the allusion, and replied, very briefly, with a shyness that was quite out of place, between persons who met in such circumstances. Had he treated my next observation in the same way, we should have parted without another word.

"It is very singular," said I, "though, doubtless, there are good reasons for it, that Nature should provide drink so abundantly, and lavish it every where by the road-side, but so seldom any thing to eat. Why should not we find a loaf of bread on this tree, as well as a barrel of good liquor at the foot of it?"

"There is a loaf of bread on the tree," replied the stranger, without even smiling at a coincidence which made me laugh. "I have something to eat in my bundle, and if you can make a dinner with me, you shall be welcome."

"I accept your offer with pleasure," said I. "A pilgrim, such as I am, must not refuse a providential meal."

The young man had risen to take his bundle from the branch of the tree, but now turned round and regarded me with great earnestness, coloring deeply at the same time. However, he said nothing, and produced part of a loaf of bread, and some cheese, the former being, evidently, home-baked, though some days out of the oven. The fare was good enough, with a real welcome, such as his appeared to be. After spreading these articles on the stump of a tree, he proceeded to ask a blessing on our food; an unexpected ceremony, and quite an impressive one at our woodland table, with the fountain gushing beside us, and the bright sky glimmering through the boughs; nor did his brief petition affect me less, because his embarrassment made his voice tremble. At the end of the meal, he returned thanks with the same tremulous fervor.

He felt a natural kindness for me, after thus relieving my necessities, and showed it by becoming less reserved. On my part, I pro-

fessed never to have relished a dinner better, and, in requital of the stranger's hospitality, solicited the pleasure of his company to supper.

"Where? At your home?" asked he.

"Yes," said I, smiling.

"Perhaps our roads are not the same," observed he.

"O, I can take any road but one, and yet not miss my way," answered I. "This morning I breakfasted at home; I shall sup at home to-night; and a moment ago, I dined at home. To be sure, there was a certain place which I called home; but I have resolved not to see it again, till I have been quite round the globe, and enter the street on the east, as I left it on the west. In the mean time, I have a home every where or no where, just as you please to take it."

"No where, then; for this transitory world is not our home," said the young man, with solemnity. "We are all pilgrims and wanderers; but it is strange that we two should meet."

I inquired the meaning of this remark, but could obtain no satisfactory reply. But we had eaten salt together, and it was right that we should form acquaintance after that ceremony, as the Arabs of the desert do; especially as he had learned something about myself, and the courtesy of the country entitled me to as much information in return. I asked whither he was traveling.

"I do not know," said he; "but God knows."

"That is strange!" exclaimed I; "not that God should know it, but that you should not. And how is your road to be pointed out?"

"Perhaps by an inward conviction," he replied, looking sideways at me, to discover whether I smiled; "perhaps by an outward sign."

"Then believe me," said I, "the outward sign is already granted you, and the inward conviction ought to follow. We are told of pious men in old times, who committed themselves to the care of Providence, and saw the manifestation of its will in the slightest circumstances; as in the shooting of a star, the flight of a bird, or the course taken by some brute animal. Sometimes even a stupid ass was their guide. May not I be as good a one?"

"I do not know," said the pilgrim, with perfect simplicity.

We did, however, follow the same road, and were not overtaken, as I partly apprehended, by the keepers of any lunatic asylum in pursuit of a stray patient. Perhaps the stranger felt as much doubt of my sanity as I did of his, though certainly with less justice; since I was fully aware of my own extravagances, while he acted as wildly, and deemed it heavenly wisdom. We were a singular couple, strikingly contrasted, yet curiously assimilated, each of us remarkable enough by himself, and doubly so in the other's company. Without any formal compact, we kept together, day after day, till our union, appeared permanent. Even had I seen nothing to love and admire in him, I could never have thought of deserting one who needed me continually; for I never knew a person, not even a woman, so unfit to roam the world in solitude, as he was—so painfully shy, so easily discouraged by slight obstacles, and so often depressed by a weight within himself.

I was now far from my native place, but had not yet stepped before the public. A slight tremor seized me, whenever I thought of relinquishing the immunities of a private character, and giving every man,

and for money, too, the right, which no man yet possessed, of treating me with open scorn. But about a week after contracting the above alliance, I made my bow to an audience of nine persons, seven of whom hissed me in a very disagreeable manner, and not without good cause. Indeed, the failure was so signal, that it would have been mere swindling to retain the money which had been paid, on my implied contract to give its value of amusement; so I called in the door-keeper, bade him refund the whole receipts, a mighty sum, and was gratified with a round of applause, by way of offset to the hisses. This event would have looked most horrible in anticipation; a thing to make a man shoot himself, or run a muck, or hide himself in caverns, where he might not see his own burning blush; but the reality was not so very hard to bear. It is a fact, that I was more deeply grieved by an almost parallel misfortune, which happened to my companion on the same evening. In my own behalf, I was angry and excited, not depressed; my blood ran quick, my spirits rose buoyantly; and I had never felt such a confidence of future success, and determination to achieve it, as at that trying moment. I resolved to persevere, if it were only to wring the reluctant praise from my enemies.

Hitherto, I had immensely underrated the difficulties of my idle trade; now I recognized, that it demanded nothing short of my whole powers, cultivated to the utmost, and exerted with the same prodigality as if I were speaking for a great party, or for the nation at large, on the floor of the capitol. No talent or attainment could come amiss; every thing, indeed, was requisite; wide observation, varied knowledge, deep thoughts, and sparkling ones; pathos and levity, and a mixture of both, like sunshine in a rain-drop; lofty imagination, veiling itself in the garb of common life; and the practised art which alone could render these gifts, and more than these, available. Not that I ever hoped to be thus qualified. But my despair was no ignoble one; for, knowing the impossibility of satisfying myself, even should the world be satisfied, I did my best to overcome it, investigated the causes of every defect, and strove, with patient stubbornness, to remove them in the next attempt. It is one of my few sources of pride, that, ridiculous as the object was, I followed it up with the firmness and energy of a man.

I manufactured a great variety of plots and skeletons of tales, and kept them ready for use, leaving the filling up to the inspiration of the moment; though I cannot remember ever to have told a tale, which did not vary considerably from my pre-conceived idea, and acquire a novelty of aspect as often as I repeated it. Oddly enough, my success was generally in proportion to the difference between the conception and accomplishment. I provided two or more commencements and catastrophes to many of the tales, a happy expedient, suggested by the double sets of sleeves and trimmings, which diversified the suits in Sir Piercy Shafton's wardrobe. But my best efforts had a unity, a wholeness, and a separate character, that did not admit of this sort of mechanism.

A RENCONTRE ON THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE great national road, which traverses the vast ridges of the Alleghanies, stretching nearly from the Atlantic to the valley of the Mississippi, often presents scenery of the most beautiful and imposing character. The traveler, as he approaches the western termination of this road, looks around with amazement upon the high peaks piled up like a rampart against the horizon. Their blue outlines, distinct as the folds of a pillow cloud, seem penciled on the sky. South and north these immense chains stretch away in the distance far beyond the reach of human vision.

One fine morning in autumn, during my sojourn in the West, I ascended, on horseback, one of the loftiest points in the midst of this mountain scenery. On reaching the summit, I dismounted from the vigorous animal, who had borne me up the acclivity, and, leaning upon his arched neck, I gazed around over a prospect of bewildering magnificence. Far down in the valleys beneath me, the mist rolled like a sea, tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, as if the prismatic colors of sunlight had been decomposed and mingled with its waves. From the east a flood of crimson was beginning to illumine the peak on which I stood. The sky overhead was intensely blue, but the day-star's brightness was not yet eclipsed. A few drifted clouds, in narrow ridges, flecked the wide expanse; and were flushed with the early radiance of morning.

The forests, which hung around me, now motionless, now quivering through every fibre, as the light breeze inclined their tops, were variegated with a myriad brilliant dyes. Autumn's subtle alchemy had transmuted every leaf. Masses of glittering foliage looked beautiful in decay. The huge sycamore towered proudly among its fellows, spreading forth its long and silvery branches, which shone in strange contrast with its leaves of scarlet and yellow. But its trunk was still entwined by parasitical evergreens, and grape-vines had clambered to its very top. Nor was animation wanting to the scene. Birds of rich plumage darted from bough to bough, while others of a more sober appearance, poured forth songs of ravishing melody. Far away, a line of light marked the issuing of a noble stream, which rushed on its course to pay due tribute to the Father of Waters.

As I looked around upon the various objects of wonder and of interest which attracted my glance, my heart swelled high with emotion. I stood in the midst of a country, vast in extent, and unparalleled in the increase of its population. Its early history, its youthful struggles, its triumphant rise, its immense resources, and that comprehensive spirit of enterprise, which had already effected so much and gave such promise of the future—all these passed rapidly through my mind, and pictured forth images, which I will not trust my pen to describe. I thought of the thousands of my countrymen, who were at that moment awaking in every direction to renewed life and activity, and I exclaimed in my enthusiasm—"They rise to labor over thy undulating fields, O hardy Pennsylvania! They reap the luxuriant harvest that cumbers thy generous soil, thrice-fertile Ohio! They behold thy lofty hill-tops, blushing in the red rays of morning, O beautiful

Virginia! Ever memorable Kentucky! no 'longer the 'dark and bloody ground,' but blessed with a population, who" ——

"Must not forget the price of their inheritance"—exclaimed a voice near me. The tone of the exclamation was low, but yet so startling, that my horse snorted with terror, and I stopped short in my soliloquy, without, however, altering my position. "Go on," said the same mysterious voice, after a brief pause; and glancing round—somewhat indignantly, I must confess—I saw, close by my side, an old man in the garb of a hunter, leaning upon his rifle, and bending on me a glance so earnest and yet so strangely tender, that every feeling of anger vanished in a moment from my heart. The individual was above the middle height. In his prime, his stature must have been handsome and commanding. From a subdued expression in his face, I conjectured that the sway of passion had been overcome, but not till after long and severe struggles. The lines and muscles, which had once swollen under strong and overpowering excitement, were still apparent, although the fervor, which had glowed beneath them, was suppressed. Like the lava-streams and the fissures of a spent volcano, they still bore witness that the flames had once raged terribly within, though now the secret fires were extinguished.

For nearly a minute we were both silent; but at last the old man exclaimed—"Why do you not go on? Give wings to your aspiring thoughts, to your brilliant anticipations. Too soon shall those thoughts and those anticipations be checked and cast down. Why do you not go on?"

I know not how it was that I stood silent and immovable. Perhaps some spell, like that by which the ancient mariner detained the wedding-guest, was in the "glittering eye" of the old hunter. I finally replied, however, that my curiosity had been naturally awakened by the manner in which he had broken in upon my musings, and that, as for myself, I was always more successful in soliloquy than in any other species of oratory.

"I have disturbed your meditations somewhat unceremoniously," said the old man; "but trappers and savages are not the best models of courtesy, neither is the desert the most fitting school for politeness. My story," continued he, "is, after all, but that of thousands, who, like myself, were among the pioneers of the West. But the memory of those men is fast passing away. Their exploits, their sufferings, will soon be forgotten in the political quarrels and speculations of the day. Though martyrs to the cause of civilization, the very progress of that mighty power will only throw them the farther into the shade."

How happens it that, under peculiar circumstances of scene or situation, some hidden sympathy connects the hearts of those who had before been strangers, and brings out that mutual interest which leads to a mutual confidence, and an interchange of common feelings? After the first embarrassment of our abrupt introduction was over, questions and replies followed in a quick succession, and in a few, very few minutes the stranger and myself were better acquainted with each other's sympathies and disposition, than we should have been after years of the ordinary intercourse of life. He at last fell into such a train of observations on his own career, that I was justified in my curiosity to know something more of its details; and his story, as far

as I can gather it from my own recollections, and from some rough notes, made at my next stopping-place, ran somewhat after the following fashion :—

“Stranger! I was one of the earliest emigrants from New-England to the valley of the Mississippi. My native village was beautifully situated in view of the Atlantic, and if its hills were barren, and its climate ungenial, its inhabitants were thrifty and warm-hearted. I lived a contented man, until one day I fell in with an individual, who had visited the massive forests and the broad savannahs of the far West. He gave me glowing descriptions of the surpassing fertility and the delicious atmosphere of that land of promise. My mind was filled with dreams of wide-extending plains, of natural vineyards, and of noble streams. I grew wearied of the rugged aspect of my native place, of its stubborn and rock-ribbed soil, its rusty cedar-trees, and its scanty fields of corn and potatoes. I resolved to emigrate to the West.

“But there were serious difficulties in the way. My family consisted of a wife and two children; the expenses and difficulties of the journey were considerable, and the dangers not a few. My wife at first dissuaded me from the undertaking; but when she saw my earnestness to enter upon it, she withdrew her opposition, and consented to quit kindred and friends, and take up her abode with me in the wilderness. She was a gentle and beautiful creature, brought up in tenderness, but fearless of hardship and deprivation. On my power of protection, she seemed to place the most implicit reliance; and my assurances of safety, would, I believe, have reconciled her to any situation, even were it full of peril. We were both young, and both with less experience, perhaps, than a parent ought to possess.

“We quitted our native village, not without regret. I think that in the course of all my sufferings, I never experienced a more miserable moment than that, when, seated in the vehicle, which transported us from the home of our youth, I saw the church steeple sink beneath my view, and the houses disappear, like familiar faces, from my sight. Mournful recollections of the past, fitful and mysterious glimpses of the future, doubts, anxieties, and self-reproaches, seemed to cast ill omens upon the success of my undertaking. How were they fulfilled!

“I will not detain you with a description of our long, tedious, and eventful journey. Over these ridges, the road was extremely toilsome and dangerous. We descended the Ohio in one of the flat-bottomed boats, which used to be so numerous upon that river. At that time shoals of emigrants were pouring towards Kentucky. I followed in their trail, and finally selected a rich tract of land in the neighborhood of a considerable station, and commenced the usual operations of a settler. With a little assistance, I erected a log-house, and cleared a portion of my land for cultivation. The soil amply repaid all the labor which I expended upon it. My crops of corn the second year were immense. My stock of cattle and horses, with trifling care and expense, was increased an hundred fold. My garden supplied me with fruits and vegetables in abundance. All the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life were within my reach. To the culture of the grape I paid particular attention, and was rewarded with a plenti-

ful vintage. The maple-tree, which grew in profusion on my estate, offered a suitable object for well-directed labor and enterprise. I invented a process of clarifying the substance which exudes from this tree, and could prepare from it sugar of a crystal whiteness. In six years, my plantation was improved to a degree, which was a subject of astonishment to my neighbors. I erected a neat and commodious house, extended my orchards and vineyards, and, instead of blackened stumps and half-burned timber, I beheld around me fields of waving corn, gardens of freshest verdure, and a prospect of increasing loveliness, comfort, and delight. My wife seemed more beautiful than ever. My family had not increased since we quitted New-England; but Charles and Virginia, as our two children were called, were to us a constant source of gratification and amusement. Charles was now grown into an active, dark-eyed boy of nine years of age, and my little daughter was unfolding like a most sweet flower to the air of the wilderness. I know not how I can speak of these things now with so much moderation; but mighty, indeed, must be the grief, from which thirty years cannot take the sting.

“The struggles of the first settlers of ‘the dark and bloody ground,’ with the savages who lurked in their paths, the hardships which they had to encounter, their courage, their un baffled perseverance, and those high and extraordinary virtues which danger seemed to develop—these often furnished us with ample topics for eulogy and wonder. In that part of Kentucky where I had taken up my abode, all apprehension respecting a hostile incursion of the Indians, had subsided into a firm and fatal conviction of security. I see that you anticipate the result to which my story tends; but permit me to proceed. Straggling bands of Indians occasionally visited my house, where they were hospitably received. I flattered myself that I had secured their lasting friendship by my conduct towards them. The event proved that I was mistaken.

“Stranger, it was on a morning in autumn—a morning beautiful as this—that I joined a party of young men from a neighboring station, who were setting out on a chase. There seemed no cause for uneasiness at that time in leaving my family for a day or two. But, at the beginning of the chase, I felt an unaccountable depression. A dark, undefined thought of evil clouded my gaiety. This, sir, is no after dream. The fact is well impressed on my mind. My comrades remarked my anxiety, and inquired the cause. I was ignorant of it myself. The circumstance was inexplicable to me then, and has been ever since. I do not often venture to reflect upon it.

“But I soon forgot my vague and melancholy presentiments in the gaiety and exhilaration of the chase. The deer yet roved in considerable numbers through the vast forests, which extended around us. The scene, on this occasion, was refreshing and delightful. The nervous and impatient baying of the hounds, the rich echoes of the huntsman’s horn, the shouts of those engaged in the sport, as a new object of pursuit started in view, all tended to quicken the blood, to sharpen the faculties, and to enliven the imagination. I had dismounted for the purpose of tightening the girths of my saddle, when I heard the sound of footsteps in a neighboring thicket, and, a moment after, an old Indian, whom I recognized as one to whom I had once made a

present of some tobacco, stood before me. He pointed, breathless, in the direction of my house, and said these words—I shall never forget them—'Look to your home. The Shawnese are cowards, and spare neither women nor children. Haste, or you will be too late.' A dreadful thought, which it was madness to entertain, crossed my mind. I remember calling one of my companions of the chase, and imparting to him my misgivings. He promised to collect the rest of the party, and follow in the direction of my house. I looked round to see the old Indian, but he had disappeared. I leaped into the saddle, and, dashing the rowels deep into the flanks of my horse, I sped like a whirlwind towards my home. When I look back upon that dreadful ride, it seems all like a dream. If you were ever hurled through the air by a hurricane, you may form some conception of the nature of my journey. Trees, hills, cattle, and corn-fields, seemed to rush by me like pursuing spectres. Sky and earth appeared confounded. It was as if I were borne forward by a mere act of volition; and, with my rifle grasped in my right hand, and the reins held loosely in my left, while with my spurs I galled the poor animal who was performing his death-race, I must have been an object of astonishment, if not of awe, to a spectator.

"Stranger, on ascending the hill, which commanded a view of my estate, I beheld my house, with its enclosures, in flames. I uttered a cry of horror at the sight. My horse made a fearful leap forward, and then fell dead beneath me. I speedily disentangled myself from the saddle, and ran on towards my burning house. Five or six Indians were visible, in different directions. I believe they belonged to a distant tribe, for I had never seen them before. As I approached the scene of desolation with desperate haste, I saw my little Virginia running towards me, pursued by a tall, half-naked savage. The moment she beheld me, her slight frame seemed to be filled with renewed animation. She again rallied her energies to escape her dreaded foe, and exclaimed—'O, dear, dear father! you have come to—to save'—Scarcely had she uttered these words, than—God of justice!—the barbarian flung his hatchet, with unerring aim, and my little daughter, my tender playmate, my solace, my pride, my most treasured hope, fell quivering, and wounded unto death, into my arms. A smile of subdued terror, of confiding joy, of affection strong to the last, passed over her innocent features like sunshine, and her pure soul fled to the heaven, whence it came. Leaving her on the green turf, I looked around for her destroyer. He was not to be seen, but the next moment a bullet whizzed by my ear, and I knew he must be lying in wait for my life. A dreadful foreboding urged me forward. My house was still in flames, and, rushing towards the threshold, I throttled the savage who opposed me, and called by name upon my wife and son. I received no answer, and was about to dart through the midst of the flames, in search of them, when a half consumed timber fell upon my head, and I was borne senseless and stunned to the ground.

"I will not excite your sympathies by details of all the distressing circumstances attending the destruction of my family. My wife and boy, after a brave resistance, and after both had been painfully wounded, were killed, together with two of my slaves. The attack was totally unexpected. Indeed, I have since thought that it was but very

suddenly undertaken by the Indians, who, at the time, were inflamed with whisky. As for myself, I was dragged from under the smouldering ruins, by my companions of the chase, and transported to the nearest station. Here I was carefully and kindly attended; but I did not regain my consciousness until the expiration of several days. Then, what a tide of horrible recollections poured in upon me! The friends, under whose roof I was, could not but admit the full extent of my loss. They informed me that the remains of my family had been decently interred—that nothing was left of my house but naked rafters and heated ashes—that my orchards had been consumed or spoiled—and that my cattle had been driven away. After listening to this catalogue of disasters, I stood, for some time, with fixed eyes, speechless and motionless. Then, bidding my host farewell, I took my rifle and hunting-accoutrements, and went forth into the woods—and there, for years, has been my home. My hostility to the Indians has been active, savage, and unrelenting. I have pursued them through forest and through prairie. I have shot them down as I would so many wild beasts. I have destroyed them in ambuscade and in open warfare. I have slain my thousands. And my revenge has been great!

“One night I had a dream, which made a powerful impression upon me. I dreamed that, on a sultry day in summer, I stood by the side of a spring of water, which bubbled up from its marble basin clear as crystal and cool as the heart of an iceberg. An old Indian, wearied and panting with heat, came to drink of the clear fountain. He filled a gourd with the water; but as he lifted it eagerly to his lips, I dashed it from his hands. He looked at me a moment, in astonishment, but quickly composing his features, he addressed me,—‘I suppose that my white brother has some fire-water to give me. But I want it not. I know its treachery. I have lived to see my tribe dwindle away before its consuming fierceness. Once my people were numerous as the leaves of summer in our forests. The white man came with his maddening and accursed potions, and they faded away and fell to earth as the wasted leaves in autumn. Our lands were taken from us, and we—we—if we resisted because our wigwams were burned and our hunting-grounds invaded—were made to feel the vengeance of the white man. Oppression, injury, and fraud, exercised towards us, were virtues in the eyes of the whites; but our indignant resistance was savage barbarity, cruelty, and revenge! The weak must yield to the strong; and we must soon be an extinguished people. The advancing waves of civilization are driving us towards the Pacific. There may we have rest!’

“And as the old Indian said these words, he again lifted the gourd filled with the crystal water to his lips. But, with an insatiable ferocity, I raised my rifle, and shot him through the heart. The fancied report awoke me. The stars were shining brightly through the green network of leaves, which the tall sycamores, with their intertwining boughs, formed above me. An almost unnatural quiet pervaded the forest. I thought upon the events of my dream. The words of the old Indian yet rung in my ears. A train of reflections passed through my mind, which roused me to a sense of my sinful and relentless passions. My feelings were softened and subdued. I prostrated myself upon the dewy turf, and poured out my soul in prayer to that invisible Spirit,

towards whom a mysterious sympathy raised my aspirations. My repentance was entire and unreserved. I arose an altered man.

"I had rendered myself terrible to the Indians by my successful and ever-eager hostility. I now found it impossible to inspire them with confidence in my good intentions. A revulsion of feeling in their favor had made me desirous of devoting the remainder of my life to the amelioration of their condition. But they received my advances with distrust and with threats of vengeance. I at last quitted the wilderness, of which I had been a habitant for more than twenty years, and determined to return to the village of my birth. I am thus far, stranger, upon my pilgrimage. How changed from what I was when I first traversed these mountains!"

The old man finished his narrative, and, as we were going in opposite directions, we bade each other farewell. The mists of the morning were by this time dissipated, and the sun shone forth with fervid brightness. I again mounted my horse, and continued, with new food for reflection, on my solitary way.

E. S.

FAUST'S SOLILOQUY.

(GOETHE.)

SPiRIT sublime! thou grantedst all I prayed for!
 Thy face of fire thou didst not turn on me
 In vain. With power to feel and to enjoy,
 Thou gavest to me bright Nature for a realm.
 No cold and wondering visit didst thou deign
 That I should pay unto her glorious shrine;
 But into her deep bosom made me look,
 As in the bosom of some loving friend.
 Before me pass, in their distinctive forms,
 All animated things—and, by thine aid,
 I find my brothers in woods, sea, and air.
 When rolls the tempest through the bending grove,
 And when the pine, gigantic though it stand,
 Breaks, crashing downward, all the neighboring boughs,
 And the lone mountain thunders to the fall,—
 Thou bearest me kindly to some sheltered cave,
 And showest me there myself—myself and all
 The deep and wondrous mystery of my soul.
 And when, with soothing smile, the brilliant moon
 In heaven floats upward, then from wall-like rocks
 And moistened shrubs arise the silvery forms
 Of vanished ages, casting mellow shades
 On Contemplation's deep, retired paths.
 O! now I feel that nothing perfect crowns
 The lot of man in this relentless world!
 With that blest gift, which, to the eternal gods
 Nearer and nearer draws my burning soul—
 Thou gavest a friend with whom I may not part,
 Though, cold and insolent, his bearing shows
 My self-abasement—and thy precious gifts
 Turn into airy nothing with a breath.
 That holy image, at his word, creates
 A wild-fire in my heart—and thus I reel,
 From fond desire to rich enjoyment's bower,
 And in enjoyment languish for desire.

P. B.

REFLECTIONS OF A JAIL BIRD.

WELL, here I am, safe enough, sure enough. I could not be safer. A turnkey and an iron door will keep my enemies from me. I have stone under my feet, stone over my head, and stone on all sides of me. Well, here I am, at last. I have long expected it. I am here among felons; and their shouts, blasphemies, and obscene songs are like to be my music for an hundred and five days. The hinges have grated, and the bolts have clanged upon me.

I do not yet feel at all despondent, though I know that my situation is inconvenient in the extreme, and a sort of stigma is attached, by the unthinking, to the very idea of being in jail. However, I live not in the opinions of others,—while I can respect myself, I care not in how small esteem I may be held by the fools and rogues who compose the mass of the community. Let me, therefore, examine myself. As yet, “my mind to me a kingdom is.” Let me see if there is any thing in my narrow dominion, that can cause me much discomfort. What have I done? have I unjustly invaded the rights of my neighbor? have I been guilty of any, the least injustice? have I broken my word? have I turned my back on friend or foe? None of all this. I have done the state some service, and they know it; I have made my name a terror to evil-doers, great and small. I have been rash and imprudent, and now I must be whipped forty stripes for it. So be it; a legal enactment cannot create guilt; a petty quibble to exclude evidence, cannot alter the immutable nature of truth. My conscience acquits me of evil-doing and evil-intending, and with this feeling, I can bid defiance to all that man can do to me.

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron-bars a cage.”

As I have, in my time, been stern to inflict, so I will now be stubborn to endure. These walls, and that door, and that grate, will not hinder me from whistling, singing, and dancing.

“O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy glorious flame;
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thine eager spirit tame?”

Halloo! but the turnkey can hinder me, though. I hear his voice under the window. “Mr. S——, you must n’t sing.” “Why not?” “It is against the rules, and the doors are locked, and it is after seven o’clock.” My next neighbor is in for selling a lottery ticket. He can hear me, if I raise my voice a little. “Mr. E——! Mr. E——! I say; that man has no ear for music. He don’t relish the finest air that was ever composed. This is rather hard,—they are not content with confining our bodies,—they want to confine our tongues, too.” “Hold your tongue,” cries the turnkey, who, it seems, has been listening under the window,—no very gentlemanly occupation, by the by. “You know the rules of the jail. If you behave well, you shall be treated well. If not, you must take the consequences.” “Best be quiet,” cries Mr. E——. “He hears every word you say.” “Let him hear: who cares?” “Let me hear you singing again, and

I'll put you where the dogs won't bite you," vociferates the turnkey, which, I suppose, means that I am in danger of being put into the black hole. "I say, Mr. E——, suppose we petition the sheriff to displace this turnkey, and import a 'rugged Russian bear' in his place?" No answer,—Mr. E—— is wiser than I. Having got his hand into the lion's mouth, he thinks it best to tickle his belly,—a thing I never thought of, though I see that he is right.

After all, and after a few weeks imprisonment, I find that I have been rather unjust to poor C——, the turnkey. He is rough, surly, and crabbed, to be sure; but not at all a bad hearted man. Much allowance is to be made for the asperity of his temper: he has to deal with a set who are little better than the wicked; and like others, who try to please all, he pleases none.

My thoughts never ran in a connected train; behold the proof of it. I think my trial was quite as fairly conducted as that bundle of precedents, technicalities, and absurdity,—that perfection of human folly, the law, would allow. The judges behaved with much candor and humanity,—qualities seldom to be observed in one of our courts. Only one thing strikes me disagreeably, upon recollection. When asked what I had to say in mitigation of sentence, I spurned the idea of having been morally *guilty*, in the least degree. I do so still. Whereupon, the prosecuting officer arose, and, in a speech characteristically dull, alleged that, to be entitled to any mercy, I ought to acknowledge guilt and profess penitence. His duty did not require this of him, and his remarks, as I thought, amounted to saying that I ought to have purchased favor with a lie; for, assuredly, if I had admitted a sense of guilt or penitence, I should have lied, most basely. What I have done, I would do again. He insisted strongly, too, that the assumption of right, made by me, ought to operate against me, i. e. I ought to be punished for refusing to forfeit my self-esteem, by a falsehood, dictated by fear. I have generally observed that lawyers, who have much practice in criminal cases, acquire strange notions of right and wrong.

Now for an examination of the *locale*. The jail is three stages high, the two lower are appropriated to criminals, and the upper to debtors. The whole is as neat as care and white-wash can make it; not but the white-wash of my own drawing-room has crevices in it, and in those crevices, inhabit countless myriads of unclean insects. There is another annoyance of the same sort:—

"The skipping fleas in shadowy legions prance;
The artillery bugs in heavy files advance."

I am constitutionally plethoric; but, really, I am more than sufficiently phlebotomized.

My peculiar kingdom, that is, my dungeon, is about twelve feet square. It has a wrought-iron door, with two great bolts,—a necessary precaution, considering my size and strength. My window is decorated with a beautiful iron grate, and affords me the exquisite prospect of a high fence, over which I can see about three square yards of blue sky. My furniture might answer for the celebrated East Room. It consists of a broom, a spittoon, a tub, a bench, a pail, a tin pan, what was once the half of a table, now sadly mangled by the jackknives of former occupants, and a bed, filled with fleas and

straws about as thick as pipe-stems. I have the comfort, too, of knowing that it has been honored by the pressure of divers inmates of the House of Correction, whence it was brought. I begin to feel uneasy at the thoughts of it.

Now for the routine. At about seven in the morning, the turnkey opens the door of the entry between the two rows of cells, and presently a fellow, who is released from his cell, and has the range of the jail-yard for doing the dirty work, appears with a pail of water, which he passes to me through the small hole in the bottom of the door, a pint at a time. Then comes the baker with a loaf, and the cook with a decoction, which, in the jail, passes for coffee, but is, in reality, made of corn and sweetened with treacle. It is tolerably palatable. At noon comes the turnkey, with a tray full of the boiled animal offal of the market, of which he gives me a pound. An adopted citizen next hands me in two or three potatoes, and presently the delightful sound of "Skilly, ho!" warns me to thrust out my pan and receive half a gallon of that delicious mixture. It is a kind of gruel, made by mixing a few handfuls of Indian meal in the liquor in which the above-mentioned offal has been boiled. It is clean, and, with the admixture of a little salt, is not unpalatable. At five o'clock I get another pint of coffee, and soon after the entry door is locked for the night.

Such is the fare on which I luxuriate—good enough for libelers and persons guilty of the enormous crime of being poor. Moreover, as the county provides salt, *ad libitum*, and soap, and does all my washing, I think there is little to complain of. I have certainly fared much worse. Besides, I am allowed candles, cigars, and anything eatable and drinkable that I can pay for, excepting strong waters, wines, and beer, which are prohibited by the Temperance society.

Sunday. Here is a fellow, who looks like a pickpocket, but who calls himself a minister, at the door of my cell. His appearance is against him, and his language evinces quite as much zeal as knowledge. Without vanity, I really think I know almost as much as he does. I will hear him meekly and respectfully, however, out of regard to his calling. He tells me that I am a poor, miserable, undone devil, (true enough, by the way,) that I am utterly and desperately wicked and depraved, and that I deserve to be damned to all eternity, and probably shall be. Very comfortable doctrine this. He gives me a tract. "Thank you, sir, for your information, your counsel, and your book. I shall make a proper use of it, and so good bye, for I am very sleepy."

What is the reason that my friends do not come to see me? The turnkey tells me that the sheriff avers that I have been incarcerated as a punishment, that punished I must be, and that no one is to be allowed to come to the hole in my door, unless on particular business, which, I suppose, implies a right to know what that business is. I should have supposed that that functionary would display his little brief authority in some such annoying manner. He exceeds the bounds of his duty, which only requires him to keep me safely confined. I was not sentenced to solitary confinement; and he knows that, if he left my door open, I would not walk out of it. If I were disposed to escape, his door and his grates would not hold me. I could drill off the heads of the staple that confines me in an hour; I could cut a passage through the grated window in eight hours, with a watch-spring

saw, and I could blow the door from its hinges in half a minute with half a pound of gunpowder.

A fortnight has elapsed, and my friends, at least some of them, are admitted to me. An article has appeared in one of the newspapers, commenting on the severity of my imprisonment. Still a great many are turned away, because, as the turnkey says, visitors make a great deal of trouble. This is a mere pretext. They cause him no other trouble than that of opening his mouth, to say Yes; and, if he sends them away, he is obliged to distend his jaws, to say No. If his duty is troublesome, is he not paid for it? The jailor himself make no such plea. By the way, this same jailor is a very kind, gentlemanly, estimable man.

If I were sheriff, I would make some alterations in the management of the jail. I would have no one debarred from the visits of his friends. If they abused the privilege of seeing him, by bringing him ardent spirits, or otherwise, I would act accordingly. I would allow all an hour's exercise *per diem*, in the entry or the jail-yard. I would, without increasing the expense of feeding the prisoners, give them a greater variety, and a greater proportion of vegetable matter. Whosoever should make an ill use of my indulgence, I would punish; but all should not suffer for the possible misconduct of a few.

Morning July 3d. Three o'clock. A raging headache awakens me. A tremendous storm is raging without. The lightning absolutely blinds me; the rain comes down in torrents, and the thunder-peals shake the building. Every vein is boiling—my skin is hissing hot—racking pains shoot through every limb. My fever is increased by the bugs and fleas, which are holding their carnival on my poor, miserable carcass. Three hours of misery. The storm and my anguish continue. I can scarcely stand, and that with pain and difficulty. There is balm, however, in Gilead. The adopted citizen, who dispenses "coffee," informs me that some bold fellow has sawed off the head of the graven image, with which Commodore Elliot has dared to decorate the prow of Old Ironsides. Moon and stars catch my night-cap! God bless the man who has vindicated the honor of Boston! Nothing could have given me greater pleasure, unless—something that it would not become a subject to suggest. I am sick no longer. I can dance, leap, and sing. Would that I had done this deed myself.

Sick, sick, sick. Throbbing brow, burning blood, failing limbs. I can neither eat nor drink. The sight of food fills me with loathing. The drugs I would throw out of the window, but for fear of offending my kind and excellent physician, in whose skill I have implicit confidence. Five days have passed, and I have hardly been able to lift my hand to my head. My poor wife is allowed to attend me. I wish they had kept her out, for the sight of her distress increases my own. My headache amounts to torture, and, I suppose, with a view to diminish it, three adopted citizens, in the next cell but one, sing, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, without intermission. The echo of the vaulted passage prevents me from hearing their most lugubrious ditty distinctly; but thus much I have caught:—

"O cruel Colonel Barber!
With a heart like stone, or harder;
What parpethrated murder,
And malice, I am surrè.

Reflections of a Jail Bird.

* * * * *

The infantry advancing,
The cavalry were prancing,
And sabres bright were glancing,
On that unhappy day.

These four were then led out,
With courage all so stout,
And a numerous rabble rout,—
To view this tragedy.

Their pieces they presented,
Their tinder brists they enthered,
While many sorre lamented,
To see these heroes die;

To see these matchless four
Lie speechless in their gore,
While the ground was all died o'er
With his barbarity.

* * * * *

For the want of edication,
And equal toleration,
Throughout this Irish nation,
I dhrop my trimbling quill."

Add to this the shouts, oaths, and songs, of the other prisoners, and ye have an idea of what I endure,—not to speak of the occasional clang of bolts and bars.

I am well again; at least, I am free from pain. Let us try the dumb bells. I cannot lift them. What a falling off is here!

It is all nonsense to sentence prisoners to hard labor in the common jail. There is a boy in this range, for robbing the Post-office of eight thousand dollars. Wonder what would become of some of the officers of the department, if all who rob it were thus treated? The said boy is sentenced for two years to hard labor. He is the child of two of "the finest pisintry in the worruld." He has a comrade,—and to judge by the noise they make, there is little *hard* labor going on betwixt them. They seem to be constantly employed in amusing themselves. Such oaths, such blasphemies, such obscene exclamations! Verily, the lad has an able teacher, and is in a hopeful way of being reformed.

To-day, Mr. Durant goes up in his balloon, and I shall not have the satisfaction to gape and stare at him, like others. I am mistaken—there he comes, across the small spot of sky within the compass of my vision, about a mile high. A thousand shakes of the dice-box of Destiny would not produce such another "concatenation accordingly." His balloon looks about as big as a pigeon's egg, and himself almost as great as a fly. I can see him wave his flag very distinctly. I wish I were with him. Yet, after all, of what use is this sailing in the air? *Cui Bono?* Yet some of our poets have gained notoriety by getting above the clouds; and, if they be allowed to fly with paper wings, why should not Durant do the same with silken ones?

Seventy-two days have passed, and the Governor and Council, in their infinite goodness and mercy, have seen fit to let me forth. Thank them and bless them, and doubly be thanked the excellent friends who have moved them to this desirable consummation. If he

who learns nothing by experience is a fool, then am I a fool. I come out the same in mind, though not exactly so in body, as I came in.

Morning after my liberation. The person whom I am now meeting, is the cook of the jail, going after the doctor. He tells me that one of the pirates, now awaiting trial, has committed suicide. I will go and see the body.

The man is a handsome man, and was a desperate one. He has attempted to beat out his own brains with the cover of his tub, whence has arisen that contusion on his broad forehead. Next, he has broken his window with his bare elbow, and cut a considerable piece out of his arm, in so doing. He has made three several cuts at his throat, with the broken glass. The first has failed. The second and third have been horribly successful. The wound is most ghastly. Well, in such circumstances, suicide is confession. Peace to his manes, after the surgeon's knife has done with them. *Death pays all accounts.*

W. J. S.

TO A LADY.

Ah! surely, if the soul of Song
E'er glowed within a verse of mine,
The theme you give would wake a throng
Of fancies brilliant and divine.

Your charms!—what more to swell his lay
Would youthful poet dare to ask?
Alas! that I should live to say,
I am unequal to the task!

I—who once raved of raven locks,
And quailed before a sparkling eye—
Now coolly ask the price of stocks,
And rarely feel inclined to sigh.

My habits are correct and plain,
My manners proper and sedate,
I very seldom drink Champagne,
And very seldom come home late.

I never promise to adore—
I talk of failures and hard times;
'T is now some eighteen months or more
Since I have meddled thus with rhymes.

The fire poetic burns not now
Within my intellectual veins;
How can it—when e'en such as thou
Fail to inspire immortal strains?

O then, forgive me, if the theme
Find an unworthy bard in me!
Forgive me, that I may but dream
Of beauty, poetry, and thee!

C.

ETCHINGS OF THE SENATE.

NEVER were the eyes of a nation fixed more intently upon a legislative body, than were those of the American people upon the Senate during the last session of Congress. The exciting questions upon which they were called to act, the repeated petitions for relief, by which they were besieged from all parts of the country, the extraordinary attitude, in which they stood, of opposition to the House and to the Executive—all combined to render their proceedings interesting and momentous. And though the relief which was prayed for, they could not grant, and though baffled in their exertions to restore confidence and prosperity, yet the firmness with which they rallied around our assailed constitution, and preserved their stand, must long be gratefully remembered by the reflecting portion of the people. For several months the Senate Chamber was the great point of attraction to all visitors at Washington, and the seats for spectators were crowded to an unparalleled excess. The general stagnation of business afforded many classes of citizens leisure to quit their homes; and strangers from all quarters of the union daily poured into the metropolis. Among those who contributed to make up the throng was myself; and, though my stay was brief, I was fortunate enough to hear the principal speakers on the floor of the Senate. That precious document, the Protest of the President, was the order of the day when I arrived; but much time was also occupied in the presentation of memorials, and in discussions upon the deranged state of the currency.

The first person who caught my eye, on entering the Senate Chamber by the middle door, was the Vice-President, who, with his hands in his pockets, was jauntily pacing the area, and bowing complacently to some ladies of his acquaintance. It cannot be denied that this personage, is *au fait* in matters of dress and fashion; but the smirks and grimaces of a petit-maitre contrast oddly with the gravity and decorum of a deliberative assembly. All at once, I saw the little man approach his table, and rap on it with a small ivory bâton. The effect was electric. Silence immediately ensued; and a prayer from the chaplain opened the session. The proceedings of the day before were then read by the clerk. I was soon after startled at hearing from the Vice-President, the words, "The gentleman from Massachusetts," and, turning, I perceived that Daniel Webster had risen to speak. His remarks, however, were brief, though delivered with his usual impressive eloquence. They were upon the presentation of a memorial from some county in Pennsylvania. I afterwards heard his sublime speech upon the Protest, and never were the powers of human oratory more triumphantly displayed than by him on that occasion.

Mr. Webster's strength lies not in appeals to the feelings or to the imaginations of his hearers, but in the manner in which he brings out his strong phalanx of arguments, and displays them to the reason—the noblest faculty of the human mind. His intonation is deep, and his action elegant and dignified. His phraseology is pure, manly, and unincumbered with those tinsel ornaments, to which some of our orators descend. He is less successful as the haranguer of a popular and excited assembly, than as the expounder of constitutional law or

the repeller of executive aggression in the seat which he honors. Still does he sometimes introduce into his speeches bursts of eloquence, which stir the heart like the voice of a trumpet, and are the more stirring because unexpected. But the weapons of fair and unembellished argument are those which he generally employs, while we see that much of his force is in reserve.

Mr. Clay was often engaged in light skirmishes with Forsyth, and others of the administration party, during my attendance on the debates. In these encounters the Senator from Kentucky invariably came off victorious. His imperturbable good humor frequently gave him an advantage over his antagonists. I remember that, on one occasion, when he was replying to a somewhat heated opponent, a sudden squall came up and rattled the window-curtains, so as to produce a considerable noise. The orator stopped short in the midst of his remarks, and inquired, aloud, what was the matter; and then, as if divining the cause of the disturbance, he said—"Storms seem to be coming in upon us from all sides." The observation, though trivial as related, was highly amusing under the circumstances which gave rise to it, and from the manner in which it was uttered. Mr. Clay rarely fails to rivet the attention of his audience, and to reward it. His enunciation is clear and melodious, and he expresses strongly what he deeply feels. He is not over cautious in his choice of phrases and epithets, when speaking of the usurpations of the present incumbent of the presidential chair, or of the "lean and hungry parasites," who flatter and mislead him. He is always happy in his illustrations, and no one can tell a good story with better effect. He possesses the highest qualifications of a genuine orator.

I heard Mr. Calhoun once or twice in the Senate. He is not a frequent speaker, but is always listened to with interest and with delight. He is rapid in his utterance, and is too apt, in his eagerness, to leave parts of his words behind him but half enunciated. He has been accused of being metaphysical, but the charge is unjust. His speeches do not drag their slow length along to the usual Congressional extent, but are lucid and forcible without being diffuse. He does not hammer upon his arguments as if he thought the apprehension of his hearers was of the nature of an anvil, but generally offers such as do not need much enforcement or elucidation. Mr. Calhoun's personal appearance would at once impress a stranger with the conviction, that he was an extraordinary man. He is somewhat tall and slim in stature, although a not ungraceful stoop detracts from his height. He manifests a schoolboy negligence of dress. His forehead is prominent and intellectual, jutting over a pair of full, lustrous gray eyes, which beam with the soul's fire. His chin, if physiognomy may be trusted, denotes firmness. His face is indented with premature wrinkles, and, at times, when shaded with intense thought, its severity reminds one of the chiseled features of some antique sage. But when lighted up with the animation of social intercourse, its expression is benignant and attractive. In conversation Mr. Calhoun is unrivaled. He is earnest and eloquent without being dictatorial, and his ready affability, his entire destitution of pretence, his frankness and simplicity of manner, render him a favorite with all his personal acquaintances. His colleague, Mr. Preston, has, within the past year, taken no inconspicuous stand by

his side among the foremost men in Congress. Mr. Preston is perhaps now the most popular and gifted speaker in the Senate. His rhetorical acquisitions are no doubt great; but nature has done more for him than art. To a mind imbued with elegant literature, and to powers of oratory confirmed by long practice, he unites a vigorous understanding and genius of a high order. His voice is flexible and richly-toned, and his management of it is perfect. His pronunciation is always classical and correct. He is profuse and animated in his gestures, and his style of delivery is energetic and thrillingly effective. Over the fluctuating sea of human passions and prejudices, he exercises the control of a Prospero; and, as he wills it, the waves tower and foam, or sink into the serenity of a noonday calm. He is an orator for great occasions, and, like his kinsman, Patrick Henry, he is most eloquent on the spur of the moment. Some of his most fortunate efforts have been those which were wholly unpremeditated; and his reported speeches convey an imperfect idea of their effect when spoken. He is a devoted Whig, and an uncompromising foe to the arbitrary measures of the present dynasty.

In his personal appearance, Mr. Preston is tall and robust. He stands six feet and a fraction in his slippers, and is stout and well proportioned. His countenance is open and manly, with no prominent trait, and his complexion is somewhat florid. His hair—but candor compels me to admit that the orator, who attracts such general admiration, the observed of all observers—wears a wig. The circumstance would not be readily discovered, but he shows so little solicitude to conceal it, that often when speaking, he raises his hands to adjust his borrowed integument. Mr. Preston, like most of the warm-hearted gentlemen of the south, is a delightful companion, cordial in his manners, kind and unsuspecting in his intercourse, and high-minded in all his relations. He is a staunch nullifier, and, in the opinion of some, this caps the climax of his good qualities.

Mr. Poindexter of Mississippi is useful and statesman-like in the station which he occupies. He is not a fluent or powerful speaker, but his remarks are usually pungent and sententious. He has a faculty of saying severe things in a quiet way and in a low tone of voice, as if he were uttering mere common-place. In this manner he often takes an adversary by surprise. He is untiring in his attention to legislative business, and, unlike many of his fraternity, shows an impatience to proceed with all possible despatch, and bring the session to a close. He is a fearless opponent of the recent aggressions of the President and his reckless advisers, and it is a very fair proof of his vigilance and integrity, that he has incurred their most bitter hatred.

Among the most estimable members of the Senate is Judge Porter, of Louisiana. This gentleman is an Irishman by birth, and his father was one of that honorable band, who, with Emmet, fell victims to the cruelty of Ireland's oppressors, and paid, on the scaffold, the price of their devotion to liberty. The son has proved himself worthy of the blood from which he sprang, and which was spilled in so sacred a cause. In his adopted land he manifests the same hatred of tyrants and their tools, which subjected his parent to persecution unto death. Judge Porter is a true-hearted Whig. His opposition to the present administration is strong and decided, because, in the doctrines which

it has dared to avow, he sees, with abhorrence, the features and the elements of a despotism more odious, if possible, than that from which he fled. He is warmly attached to our free institutions. In the Senate he is always listened to with respect and attention. He is an agreeable and animated speaker, somewhat rapid in his delivery, and with an accent sufficient to remind one of his origin. His talents are of the first order, and his literary attainments brilliant and various.

Mr. Waggaman, his colleague, is one of the finest-looking men I remember to have seen. He is a graceful and intelligent debater, and an honor to the state which he faithfully represents.

I was amused by the contrast between the Senators from Maine. Mr. Shepley, the Tory champion, and "the classmate of Amos," is a universal butt at Washington. He is a perpetual laughing-stock, an innocent buffoon, an unconscious merry-andrew, and a very bad joke. His drone is melancholy discord, his drivel is unadulterated nonsense. Never was individual so misplaced. When he rises to bray, legislation is obstructed, seats are forsaken, and a ludicrous panic is depicted on the faces of his hearers. His exhibitions of imbecility are often truly painful, and he is always happiest in his conclusions.

But if Maine is abused in the unfitness of one of her Senators, she is no less honored in the transcendent abilities of the other. Mr. Sprague is one of the proudest ornaments of our national legislature. Ready and eloquent in debate, sagacious in his investigations, and bold in his expositions, he is a thorough statesman, and a first-rate orator. Though one of the youngest members of the Senate, he has acquired a renown, which the most sterling talents alone could have conferred. He has, as might be anticipated, been denounced in strong terms by the servile cabal, who now hold the reins of government; but his manly and independent course must place him high in the estimation of honest and unprejudiced men.

There is no state more worthily represented than Virginia, in the Senate. I heard Mr. Leigh speak but once, while at Washington. He is ardent and voluble in his delivery, and choice in his language. He is said to be surpassed by few in the variety and extent of his information; and his popularity is rapidly on the increase. In person, he is short and thick-set, with an amiable countenance and expressive features. Governor Tyler entered early into political life, and his experience has been considerable. He is an unostentatious speaker; but occasionally startles by his high-toned eloquence. He preserves a respectable standing among the many able legislators, with whom he has to compete.

Judge Mangum of North-Carolina is a vigilant friend of the constitution, and a valuable accession to the party, which holds up that palladium of our liberties as a banner and a shield. He is a man of great energy of character, and his style of speaking is impressive to a remarkable degree. In person he is tall and commanding, and his face is indicative of true nobility of soul. This gentleman, together with Mr. Ewing of Ohio, and Governor Tyler, has lately been a visitant of our city, and the impressions, which he carried away were, I believe, as favorable and as gratifying as those, which he has left behind. Mr. Ewing has been subjected to the haughty sneers of the Tory journalists, because his origin was humble, and he has risen from the obscure

station of a stable-boy to the eminence which he now enjoys. Perhaps these fastidious gentlemen may trace some affinity between his old employment, and the Augean task, which he has recently so ably completed, of investigating the concerns of the Post-office Department. If ever a representative merited the entire confidence of his constituents, and of the public, Mr. Ewing is the man. Honesty and truth beam in his features, and are the ruling traits of his character. He is a skillful and temperate debater; and native good sense forms the foundation of all his remarks.

I regretted that I did not have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Southard. His published speeches have attracted much attention, and his oratorical powers are said to be great. I was much pleased with Mr. Frelinghuysen's chaste but vigorous style of speaking. He is an accomplished legislator, and a most worthy and patriotic man. The hireling paragraphists of the administration press have attempted to ridicule him, because he is so undiplomatic as to manifest, on all occasions, a supreme regard for religion and morality; but I believe that most persons will not be inclined to consider this a serious objection to him, either in his political or social relations. Mr. Chambers of Maryland is an efficient member of the Senate. His voice, however, is defective, and his manner is not that of a finished orator. He is a dangerous antagonist, and always has an appropriate flow of words at his command. Just before the adjournment of Congress, he was the cruel cause of the annihilation of that immaculate politician, the honorable Isaac Hill, of whom, little has since been heard. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Delaware furnishes a talented delegation to the Senate. Mr. Clayton possesses a highly-gifted intellect, and is a profound statesman. His legal acquirements are very extensive. He is a fine, manly speaker, and is untiring in his devotion to public business. Dr. Naudain, his colleague, is a consistent democrat of the old school, and inimical to the arbitrary sway of the office-holders and their military chieftain.

What will the minority in the Senate do, now that they are deprived of that Antæus-like gladiator, Mr. Forsyth? Who will now rally their shattered forces, and lead them forth to the unavailing encounter? Who will audacious venture singly into the field in the face of an opposing host? What new Ajax will arise and defy the thunders of popular indignation? But I am growing mythological, and do not wish to excite the jealousy of Colonel Benton. To descend, then, to level prose—who will take the place of the ex-senator from Georgia? It assuredly will not easily again be filled as it has been. Mr. Forsyth is no ordinary man. He would be a consummate orator, if his heart could only go with him in what he says. He is an admirable tactician, and, though often compelled to retreat, it is rare that he is completely subdued. His voice is rich and sonorous, his action graceful and emphatic—and, were it not for a suspicious twinkle in his eye, and a betraying smile on his lip, one might suppose that he was half sincere, even when making the declaration, that the removal of the government deposits from the Bank of the United States produced no distress in the community; or when defending the monstrous doctrines maintained in the Protest. Mr. Forsyth was the indefatigable and indiscriminate advocate of all the measures of General Jackson; but the reward of

his labors was constantly before his eyes. The job was venal and vulgar, but the compensation was a lure not to be despised. The stipulated work has been done; the price of his prostituted talents has been paid him; and the President's Senator is now the President's Secretary of State.

Mr. Wright of New-York is rather an engaging speaker, courteous and dispassionate in his manner, and moderate in his delivery. His voice, however, is neither powerful nor clear, and his pronunciation is somewhat primitive. Wilkins of Pennsylvania has been sent minister to Russia, since the spring. He is a slim and gaunt-looking personage, with stiff, gray hair, and sharp, sunken features. He is an orator of considerable repute, and, in point of abilities, among the first men of his party.

I must not forget Colonel Benton of Missouri. The extraordinary history of this gentleman's connection with General Jackson is well known. Having been concerned in a tavern-broil, with our venerable chief magistrate, a scuffle ensued between them in the street, in the course of which, the old Roman fired a pistol in his face. But the valiant colonel did not fall under his hands. He lived to placard him as the author of a "horrible outrage," and of "the most outrageous affray ever witnessed in a civilized community." He lived, still longer, to become the warmest advocate of his elevation—not to the scaffold—but to the highest office in the gift of the nation. Strange and inconceivable revulsion of feeling! He is now the active supporter of the man, whom he has publicly asserted to be a ruffian and a brawler! The Tories are proud of Benton. They laud him as the prince of orators. He is a boisterous braggadocio, who seems determined to make up in noise what he wants in argument—to split the ears of the groundlings. His phraseology is meretricious and bombastic, his metaphors are incongruous and absurd, and the whole style of his delivery is in the worst possible taste. Ancient Pistol was a fool to him. The colonel is a large and redoubtable-looking person; but it does not take long to discover that the lion's skin is assumed. He is one of those empty vessels, which betray their want of contents, by the quantity of *sound*, which they emit—*when struck*.

One word of Mr. Grundy. He is an indifferent speaker, but stands conspicuous among his friends, in consequence of paying some respect to an enlightened public opinion. He justly passes for an honest man; for, as the credit of integrity is uniformly conceded to him from the other side of the House, we may, at least, grant him the full benefit of the concession. Honest he unquestionably is; as honest, perhaps, as any intelligent man can be, who continues an ardent and uncompromising partisan of the administration.

In taking a deliberate review of the Senate, it must be obvious to an impartial observer, that more than five-sixths of the virtue, talent, and eloquence of that body are arrayed in opposition to the administration, under which, for the last year, the best energies of the country have been shackled and bent. Of course, with the Tories, the cry is still, "Down with the Senate! Down with that bulwark against our chieftain's progress to despotic power! Shall the veteran hero of New-Orleans, whose breast is covered with the scars of many a fray—shall he be dictated to, and withheld by, a parcel of temporizing legislators,

who, perhaps, never handled a musket in their lives?" This may be very good logic for the office-holders, but the people will spurn it with contempt. The aliens, the hereditary bondsmen, who flock to our shores, and, with perjury upon their souls, are sent to mingle in our elections, may also find the doctrine a very palatable one; but the sons of freemen, the honest yeomanry of the country, will not, without a terrible struggle, part with those liberties and those institutions, which our fathers fought for and bequeathed. E. S.

JONATHAN JOLTER'S JOURNAL.

In the midst of Vermont, both my parents declare,
I, Jonathan Jolter, first breathed vital air,—
In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred thirteen,
As in the old Bible recorded I've seen.
With them I remained, like a dutiful son,
Till fairly I numbered of years twenty-one;
Nor ever had stepped o'er the bounds of the state,
Till a journey I took of a quite recent date.
My father had furnished a new freedom suit
Of pretty good clothes, and some money to-boot;
And I thought it was cruel, like little John Horner,
Forever to stick to the old chimney corner;
I wished to examine one of the salt oceans,
And visit the wonderful "city of notions,"—
That, when I got back to the green mountain hill,
My stories might all with astonishment fill.
So I packed up my duds, bade my parents good bye,
Who bade me farewell, with a tear and a sigh,
And many a caution to keep a look out,
And mind, among strangers, what I am about.
As good luck would have it, I soon chanced to light on
A drover of cattle, bound downward to Brighton;
I bargained with him, all his labor to share;
He bargained with me my expenses to bear.
The drover had been there on many a trip,
And, as sailors say, "knew every rope in the ship."
In him I confided, by night and by day,
To explain the strange things that I met on the way.
It is true that my guide had a comical phiz;
Sometimes would speak plainly, and sometimes would quix;
Still, what a rare wonder! I found him a friend,
On whom, with full confidence, I might depend.
Nothing marvelous happened for me to relate,
Till down we had driven far in the "Bay State,"
And, one rainy day, being wet to the skin,
We put up at night at a monstrous great inn.
We asked for a fire, which we might sit by,
Our suppers to eat, and our clothing to dry.
To a room, full as hot as an oven, we steered,
Although not an atom of fire there appeared.
One side of the room all of iron was made,
On which pots and boilers and roasters were laid,
And chickens were broiling, and puddings were baking,
And the cooks and the waiters a bustle were making.
Says I to my friend, "Is n't this all a dream?"
"No," says he, "all such matters are done here by steam."
The next day was clear, and to Cambridge we steered,
Where a noise all-sufficient we presently heard,

Among the big buildings, of brick and of stone ;
 Both myself and the cattle were frightened, I own.
 "That 's the place," says the drover, "in which, it is said,
 That the doctors, and lawyers, and preachers are made :
 The noise is no more than the high-pressure scream ;
 They have got the old college to going by steam."

Arriving at Brighton, the cattle we sold,
 For paper and silver,—not much Jackson gold ;—
 Then agreed a few days at our leisure to stroll,
 And examine whatever was curious or droll.
 We trudged on together, not far from a mile,
 Where we found a vast garden, laid out in grand style,
 With glass houses hot, and with cool, shady bowers,
 All covered and crowded with fruits and with flowers,
 Which appeared, in my eye, a display, far exceeding
 Any notion I 'd formed of the garden of Eden.
 Through this was a dry ditch dug, long, wide, and deep ;
 We slid down into it, the bank being steep,
 Where we found iron rails, laid as true as a die :
 Says my friend, "you will know what this means by and bye."
 He scarcely had spoken, when, what was my wonder !
 A noise seemed approaching, like low-rumbling thunder ;
 And soon there appeared a huge monster, that makes
 A hissing, as loud as a million of snakes,—
 With a head raised aloft, spouting smoke. Thinks I, sure
 This must be the sea-snake, from an over-land tour
 Returning, pell mell, his own ocean to find,
 And dragging a horrible earthquake behind.
 "Keep cool," says my friend,—"this is only a scheme
 To draw a whole line of stage-coaches by steam.
 But perhaps you 're afraid in this manner to go on ;"—
 "Afraid !" says I, "drover, no, not as you know on :
 No Yankee knows fear, that e'er grew on the soil,
 Which old Ethan Allen subdued by his toil."

I sprung in directly, and what seemed most wondrous,
 The land, swift as lightning, flew backward from under us,
 And on either side ; while the more distant hills
 Rushed forward, as rapid as races from mills.
 In a very short time, Boston slid up and met us,
 And down on the pavement the steam-wizard set us.
 Such noises were uttered, and such a strange sight
 Was beheld, as might well a whole nation affright.
 Men, women, and children, close as they could stand,
 Were planted on every half-inch of the land,
 In boats on the water, on wharves, and on bridges,
 At windows, on housetops, quite up to the ridges,
 All sorts, and conditions, and colors, and tongues,
 And kindreds, and nations, exerting their lungs ;
 Cannon roared, trumpets sounded, loud bass-drums kept drumming,
 I thought the last day was now come, or was coming.
 My friend, rightly guessing, that I was in pain,
 Began to relieve me, and matters explain.
 Says he, "there 's a man, swung beneath a balloon,
 Going up to shake hands with the man in the moon.
 There he is, and, depend upon 't he 's a whole team ;
 He 's filling that huge mammoth-bladder with steam."
 By and bye, sure enough, he rose up from the crowds,
 And soared, like an eagle, quite up to the clouds.
 He lighted at evening far off in the bay,
 And came, in a vessel, to Boston next day.
 Thus he went off by air, and by water returned ;
 But his news from the moon I have never yet learned.

Another experiment tried, was a jaunt,
 Across the wide sea, to a place called Nahant.

Though no ardent spirit was drank by the way,
 All said, when arrived, we were over the bay.
 We went in a big boat, without sails or rowing,
 On each side a snug little water-wheel going,
 In a place, like a mill-pond, without any stream;
 I was puzzled, till told they were going by steam.

We next on a visit to Bunker-Hill went,
 To take a fair view of the famed monument,
 Which, to finish, the people not willing, or able,
 One cannot but think of the building of Babel.
 A mournful exception this fabric must seem,
 While all things around it are rising by steam.

In Charlestown we stopped for the night to repose,
 But scarcely had time to fall into a doze,
 Ere all were aroused by most horrible yells,
 And rattling of engines, and ringing of bells.
 We ran out half naked, the cause to inquire,
 And soon saw a beautiful building on fire,
 And women and girls, in a terrible taking,
 Their retreat from a mob of infernals were making.
 Now, says I, 't is high time this strange region to quit;
 This steam must arise from the bottomless pit.
 Give me peace and quiet among the green mountains,
 Beneath shady groves, and beside the pure fountains;
 Nor more will I lavish in traveling expenses,
 Hereabouts, till the people recover their senses.

MY HAT.

THE Beaver is a persecuted animal,—but I have never robbed him, or partaken of his spoil. I would not take his life or his coat. I am not one of the *Fur* traders. I wear a hat guiltless, towards the social, industrious beaver; I bought it fourteen summers ago; the substratum was of wool, but the knap was the fur of the musquash,—three of which father trapped in Bubbling Brook, and two of them satisfied the manufacturer for the hat “which now I wear.” On the occasion of that exchange, the latter uttered his sole and standing joke, that the hat was as good a *beaver* as was ever *felt*,—at the same time, to impress the jest upon me, poking his blue-dyed knuckles into my ribs, so that, herein, the joke was like the hat.

Many a rain has beat upon the old hat,—many a fashion has passed by to laugh it to scorn,—but it has survived them all, and will outlive many more. It has a brim that affords shelter and shade,—a projection that a man may get under with a feeling of security that he is sheltered from the elements, as a poet feels a sensation of comfort and snugness when the rain is beating upon the roof of his garret.

It has saved me much in umbrellas, and, perhaps, in spectacles,—though in some sort it is a spectacle itself. It serves me for other uses than the ephemeral hats of this generation. I carry in it my few receipts, and my many manuscripts. It is not only my pocket, but my valise; and, when I travel, I carry in it the linen,—I should say cotton,—that I do not wear, together with three movable collars, that may be jointed upon the same.

At an inn, in Connecticut, I left an impression of the qualities of the old hat, that savored of brimstone and the black art. I had, in

my chamber,—garret, if you will,—accustomed myself to reap my chin without a looking-glass ; and, at Deacon Hornbug's inn, where I passed the night upon a hard bed, I hung up my hat on a peg in the parlor, and shaved before it with the same grimace, that I have seen others use before a glass, and afterwards adjusted my collar and cravat in the same way. The kitchen door was ajar, and in the crack I saw four or five pair of female eyes looking at my operations with wonder, not unmixed with awe, and, on leaving my hat, the landlady approached, to look into it, followed by her three daughters and the maid. When I had mounted old dobbin, her curiosity became too strong for comfort, and she asked me how I could see to shave by my hat. I informed her that the hat was so constructed as to reflect imaginations, and that what the wearer wished to see therein, that he would discover,—and, riding away before she had time to request to look again at it, saw her, as I turned the corner of the church, wringing her hands at the disappointment.

Hudibras carried his provant in his boots,—but, as I always wear shoes, I often have to carry a day's or two provisions in my hat. The crown is none of the smallest, and were it sufficiently inflated, and freed from ballast, it might lift me in the air.

National costume is nearly obliterated. In Europe and America, there is but one dress,—the eternal coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons. There is no difference but in the covering of the head. To these, fashion allows a choice among many varieties. There are caps of all shapes, colors, and fabrics,—so that, when the heads only of a crowd are seen, there is a show of varieties ; but—

“ Look at the coats, and you 'll forget them all.”

TO MIMOSA.

AN Oak I remember, that grew in a glade,
 And near it there flourished a delicate Vine,
 Contented to blossom like you, in the shade—
 So its tendrils around the tall tree might entwine.

The Vine was as sweet as a jasmine could be,
 And the Oak was so noble, majestic, and tall,
 That I thought I could wish to be changed to a tree
 To be clasped by a vine, so confiding and small.

I remember a Tulip, so slender of stem,
 That it broke when the wind whistled over the lea ;
 And I thought it was strange that so fragile a gem
 Should not shelter itself by the side of a tree.

The Lily, that bends in the morning with dew,
 As tender and timid as Beauty in tears,
 May remind you, perchance, of what Beauty should do—
 For Love has forebodings, and Friendship has fears.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

VERSAILLES.

THE sun shone out bright and warm after a week of cold and wet weather, and I determined to take advantage of this sweet May-day and visit the city and palace of Versailles. Accordingly, at an early hour, I took my place in the diligence, and was soon beyond the gates of Paris. The late rains had brought the season rapidly forward; the trees hung rich with foliage, and many were in full blossom; flowers were growing thick in the fields, and their perfume filled the air. All nature seemed to rejoice in the bloom and loveliness of youth; and I, who had been shut up seven or eight months in Paris, (the longest time, by the way, I had ever spent in a city,) was in the mood to enjoy, in the highest degree, the glories of the country.

I passed the little village of Sèvres, the park of St. Cloud, and near by, the modest mansion of Sully; and, after a ride of about two hours, entered the gate of Versailles. A broad and magnificent avenue, bordered on each side by elms, conducts directly to the palace, which is built on a hill at the extremity.

The eastern front of the Château, which looks upon this avenue, presents a confusion of architecture, forming nothing like a whole, but rather resembling a small city; and the bricks, which are used plentifully on that side, have a bad effect. The western side, which overlooks the park, is much better, being composed of a light-colored stone beautifully carved and ornamented. Even on this side, however, something is wanting to produce an effect. The immense front displayed is too uniform, and seems to require something in the centre, like a portico with colossal columns and a pediment. This deficiency was probably noticed by Peter the Great, who remarked that the building had the wings of an eagle, but the head of a pigeon.

Having ascended the hill, I entered the palace, and, following a long corridor to its extremity, passed through a small open door and found myself in the *Theâtre*. The last time this had been used, was at a ball given by the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and the flooring, which then connected the pit and orchestra with the stage, has never been removed, so that it was difficult, at the first glance, to tell which part had been destined for spectators, and which for the actors. A dim light shone in and showed me that the room was only a magnificent ruin. Rows of pillars, richly carved and almost covered with gilding, encircled the whole. The ceiling was partly painted in fresco, partly destroyed. The conductor pointed out the boxes occupied by the king and the royal family, by the nobility and the foreign Ambassadors;—the fronts were covered with gold. The stage was not less magnificent than the other part, having originally had the spaces between the columns filled up with lofty mirrors. The whole formed the most superb apartment I ever was in; and, seen in this faint light, might almost make one fancy he had entered the abode of some fairy in the caverns of the earth.

From the theatre I ascended to the saloons, a long succession of which extends through the château. It seems as if the object of the

artist had been to make these rooms as splendid as the imagination could devise; the lavished gold, the panneling of polished marble, the mosaic floors, the exquisitely painted ceiling, the vast mirrors, realized all the descriptions of oriental magnificence. Notwithstanding all this splendor, however, there is an air of desolation in these rooms, which becomes deeply impressed upon the mind: the furniture has entirely disappeared, with the exception of one or two articles, which seemed to be left only to tell of the luxury which once reigned there; the fresco painting is beginning to fade in some of the saloons; all announces that the abode has long been deserted; and the traveler has a feeling of satisfaction, that he has been able to visit it before the traces of its former glory have passed away.

Of the interior of the palace, no part seems to retain so much of the original beauty as the chapel. The rude hand, which carried destruction into these luxurious retreats, spared the house of God, and there it remains, untouched amidst the surrounding desolation, an exquisite monument of art. The floor is of polished marble: long columns of white stone support the ceiling, which is richly painted: the altar, the seats of crimson velvet round it, the little organ finely carved and almost covered with gilding, the balustrade of stonework, which forms the front of the gallery all round, the lofty windows, with their borders of stained glass, all are in harmony and of faultless beauty.

From the palace I descended to the park, where there is the same appearance of lavished splendor. Beautiful statues of white marble and admirable workmanship are placed all along on each side of the great avenue, which is open through the middle of the park. The groves of elms are intersected by alleys, ornamented here and there with classic statues. In some places the underwood is growing thick between the trees, in others it is removed, leaving a shady grove.

The fountains in the park are very celebrated, and are, indeed, superb. Sea-gods and monsters of every kind are sculptured in the reservoirs, and throw the water in various directions and shapes; and a fine effect was produced when they all began to play at once. Following a path for some distance through a thick wood, I came at once upon a circular colonnade of polished Italian marble, inclosing a space of about an hundred feet in diameter. In the centre is the statue of a sea-nymph, the presiding genius of the place, to whom a hundred circling fountains offered their tribute; and a tall stream rose under every arch of the colonnade. Along one alley, which descends a sloping hill, fountains were bubbling up from marble vases on each side. Here, a vast column of water rose majestically to a great height, burst in the sunshine, and fell, in silver spray, into the broad reservoir from which it rose; there, a troop of strange-looking monsters were so arranged that they formed an arbor of shining streams, which met above the head of a nymph, who stood in the midst like their queen, and fell in glittering showers around her. The waters were glancing among the trees as they ascended and fell in the groves, and the sound of their murmuring was refreshing and delightful. I remained a long time gazing on these fair scenes; but I had promised to meet a friend in the city and I was obliged to leave the spot.

I had engaged my place for Paris at an early hour of the evening; but, having a few moments to spare, I returned to look once more at

the park. The busy crowds, which had promenaded along the avenues in the daytime, had now gone, all save a few stragglers, who yet lingered as if unwilling to quit these beautiful groves; the fountains had ceased to murmur, and silence had resumed her reign. A feeling of sadness came over me as I gazed around. The rays of the setting sun were reflected in "yellow lustre" from the lofty windows of the palace, but no light shone within; all there was dark and desolate; and the evening breeze sighed as it swept across the broad and lovely terrace, no longer trod by the gay crowds, which once were gathered there. The sound of music and of mirth, which once echoed within those walls, and the sterner tones of war, the groans of the dying and the cries of the raging multitude, which had terrified the inmates, were now alike hushed in death. A blight seems to rest on these splendid haunts of royal debauchery and crime; and Napoleon, in all his power, dared not return to them.

The days for the folly and extravagance of kings have gone by in France, and little care will be taken to preserve the monuments which remain of ancient despotism. This superb palace, in a few centuries, will be nothing but a ruin; and the moss-covered statues, the broken fountains, the fallen columns, and the crumbling walls, will but faintly convey to the traveler, as he muses among them, an idea of the gorgeous temple, which the pride of a monarch had dedicated to the obscene and cruel idols whom he worshiped. C.

SOMEWHAT TENDER.

NAY, tell me not, love, I am selfish and cold,
That my heart is a slave to ambition, or gold;
For what, love, are riches?—A shadow, a name—
And how empty a breath are the voices of fame!

It is true that my heart is not won by a smile,
Nor does every fond glance my poor senses beguile;
A neat foot may twinkle, and I be unmoved,
Bright eyes may look kindly, and yet be unloved.

I cannot deceive, and I will not pretend
To waste the same kindness on stranger or friend;
My affections die not, like my changes of rhyme,
But grow with acquaintance, and ripen with time.

Would you think me less cold, were my feelings a fire
That would kindle and flash, but to pale and expire?
Less selfish, if sterner and worldlier duty
Did not call me so oft from the dalliance of beauty?

If I know my own heart, neither land, love, nor sea,
Holds a gem that I prize half so dearly as thee;
Throw gold to the waves, and throw fame to the wind—
Be my world in thy arms, and my wealth in thy mind.

My sense is undazzled by visions of glory—
I would sleep where no stone tells the slumberer's story;
Let one prayer of affection be breathed on the spot—
And then that I lived may be ever forgot!

EUROPE. NO. VI.

SPAIN.

WHAT a humiliating scene for human vanity, what a check to national pride, held out to us in the present melancholy condition of Spain! The richest and fairest portion of Europe—once teeming with forty millions of inhabitants—the prize for which the Roman and Gothic, the Saracen and the Christian world, so many centuries held bloody contest; the mistress of a third of Europe, half of America, and the whole of the wide ocean, is now become so mean and poor a thing, that, in a time of general peace, when men are gaping from political *ennui*, a contest may take place for her crown, and the world give not attention to its details! Every ship that comes from Europe brings an account of changes in Spain; every morning we find in our papers accounts of battles, and marches, and counter marches; but the reader hurries over the details, nor asks himself, where is Solona or Cordova? who is Zumalacarreguy,—who is Rodil? nay! he hardly knows the comparative merits of the claims of Carlos or the Queen, if, indeed, either has any. Now this ought not to be; for Spain is not only a most interesting country, but an important one; the present crisis in her affairs is not one of vital importance to her present and future happiness, but has a material bearing upon the great cause of the advancement of liberty, Christianity, and civilization in Europe.

Let us look then at her past, but be not alarmed, gentle reader, we will not drag you into the dusty details of history; we will merely glance at such parts as have a bearing on the present, and you will find, be you ever so desultory and irregular in your reading, that this article will perhaps be even too *bizarre* for your taste.

Thoughts on Spain! and what are the first thoughts about Spain? Why, what but the questions, how came she so changed? what is her present situation? what is the state of parties? what her prospects? Softly, and we will touch on all.

What is the present state of Spain? now if by this you mean, what the manners and the morals, then go not for an answer to the Escorial, ponder not over the tomes of De Vega; but come with me to the great square in the centre of Madrid, the famous Puerto del Sol; let us mingle in the crowd that fills it every day; let us examine the representatives of the different classes of Spaniards that there congregate,—let us pass with them one hour, and you will come away better acquainted with Spain than if you had grown gray over your books.

Into the Puerto del Sol eight principal streets are continually pouring their living tides, and in the moving mass which fills it we shall find individuals enough to study, if, indeed, we can but escape being trampled on; for, besides peasants and orange-women, soldiers and priests, ladies and their *duenas*, beggars and beaux, there are droves of sheep and troops of pigs—there are strings of mules laden with straw, driven by a bawling fellow who clings to the tail of the last, and belabors it with a stick. You may spring out of the way of the water-jar of the *aquadore*, but to knock the basket of pomegranates from the hand of the crack-voiced hag who vends them; and can avoid the

coal-panniers of a jackass, only by running against a blind beggar, who thrusts a ballad into your face, or demands charity with a damn-your-eyes tone, which, heard on the high-way, would make you "stand and deliver." You must have all your senses about you in this motley group—peep not too closely under that black *mantilla*, into the yet blacker and flashing eyes of yon signora, for there is a hooded friar, with corded waist, who is making signs to her; or there follows a tall and hairy-faced dragoon, who may spit you on his sabre, if you come between him and his *cara*. Have heed, too, to the mounted police, for the clatter of hoofs announces their approach, and they rattle by with their iron scabbards jangling against their iron spurs, and their bright blades glittering in their hands. But hark! the trumpet peals, and the drums from a score of guard-houses beat the *reveille*, and the soldiers rush out and parade with presented arms; the crowd stands aside—the cavaliers unfold their cloaks—hats and caps are doffed, as the outriders of the royal *cortege* gallop into the square; then follow the splendid coaches—"Viva el Rey" resounds through the crowd—the stately despot snuffs the incense, and rears his head yet more haughtily—the royal train sweeps by and leaves a wake of porkers and poultry, who first rush in to fill the space it left vacant for an instant behind it.

Again another sound is heard, and hushed is the confused uproar in the square; it is but the soft tinkling of a silver bell, and yet not the clang of trumpet, nor the rattle of drum, nor the peal of cannon, could produce such a sensation. "The Host! the Host!" is whispered through the crowd, the horseman descends from his horse, the don from his coach, the peasant slides down over the tail of his mule, the trader turns from his goods, the buyer puts up his purse; and when the train of robed and bare-headed priests, carrying burning tapers in their hands, comes slowly along, all bow the head; and when the incense-pots are swinging before the Host, and the awful representative of the incarnate God is lifted up, all prostrate themselves on the ground—the whole crowd is filled with holy admiration; the beggar and the brigand, the devotee and the debauchee, the fool and the knave, alike hold their breath in pious awe and devout adoration.

Now, reader, if you will examine the various individuals in the great square, you will find representatives of all the different classes in Spain,—if you will heed the general movements, you will see the workings of the great springs of the political machine. What are the general indications?—INDOLENCE, LOYALTY, BIGOTRY! The last, however, is not least; religion sits like a huge incubus upon the breast of Spain; with its enormous weight of churches, convents, and chapels, it crushes the body politic; it makes the dreamer rave with strange feelings of fanaticism and bigotry; while its legions of imps, in the shape of priests, suck out the life-blood into their own pampered and bloated carcasses.

Yes, religion, or the abuse of it, has been at the bottom of half the woes, and the whole of the degradation of Spain; and it is astonishing how the introduction of it should ever have been considered as politically beneficial to Spain. We know not what God, in his mysterious future, may have in reserve in Spain; but, if the introduction of Catholicism is to be the instrument of future good, it should bring ages of

Elysian enjoyment to counterbalance the years of infernal torment it has caused the country to endure.

The expulsion of the Moors from Spain has been considered as one of the triumphs of Christianity,—but, alas! the triumph was affected by force and fraud, by the fire and sword; it was accompanied by cruelty and crime, by rapine and murder; and it was followed by misery, desolation, and depopulation. While the Moors possessed Spain, the whole land was teeming with a busy, prosperous, happy population; the crescent gleamed from the thousand towers of a thousand cities; millions exercised, in tolerant peace, their various callings; and the arts and sciences, manufactures and agriculture, flourished more in Mahomedan Spain, than in Christian Europe. But the crescent paled, and the cross triumphed; the manufactories sunk, and the towers of the inquisition rose; the artisans grew poor, and pined, and disappeared; the priests came, and waxed fat, and increased; the walls of the cities crumbled, but the walls of churches arose; the rich vallies became barren wastes, but the hill-sides were adorned with monasteries and chapels; the husbandman starved, but the cross was held up before his dying eyes, as consolation enough for the ruin of country, the decay of industry, and the loss of life.

The introduction of Catholicism was like a blighting mildew to Spain; and, as it spread wide its branches over the land, its influence seemed like the shadow of the Upas tree, poisoning and withering every thing within its baneful circuit. Take an example—take Toledo, that once regal city, with two hundred thousand inhabitants, now having less than twenty thousand hungry inmates; the grass grows rank in the court-yards—the moss clings to the crumbling walls, and the squalid and beggarly inhabitants sit sunning themselves in the portals of the churches. The rich merchants are gone—the workmen and the weavers are no more—the fabrics are crumbling to the dust, and not a bit of silk or a yard of cloth can be found, to attest the once flourishing state of the manufactories of Toledo. And the convents, the monasteries, the churches,—have not they, too, dwindled from their former splendor? and the sleek, full-fed drones, who were pampered in them,—have they not disappeared, or dwindled into lean monuments of former fatness? Not a whit, not a whit!—thousands of candles blaze before an hundred altars, loaded with idolatrous symbols, in silver and in gold; the incense rises in clouds; the lofty domes re-echo to the strains of rich music; and the red-faced, bloated priest, as he mumbles his humbug to the kneeling crowd, glances his sensual eye over the females; or hurries to a close, as the tinkling bell summons him to the smoking tables of the refectory.

The great Cathedral of Toledo, alone, possesses revenue enough, and employs men enough to perform all the necessary religious services for the whole State of Massachusetts; for there are six hundred persons attached to it; and the revenue, though the amount is carefully concealed by the priests, may be calculated from the fact, that the archbishop's share of the spoils amounts to two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

The riches of the country are not, however, equally divided among these blood-suckers; some are enormously rich, whilst others are very poor; but amongst them, they contrive to fleece poor Spain of almost

all her goods. Their name is legion; they swarm thick as locusts in Egypt; a bare statement of their number startles you. Spain has not over twelve millions of inhabitants; now, if you allow to her twice as many ecclesiastics as we have in New-England, (and we have twice as many as we need,) there would be an array of forty thousand, non-combatting consumers of the public revenue. But this host would be only a handfull in Spain, where the clergy muster as strong as Napoleon's armies; its commander-in-chief is the Pope; its generals, fifty-eight Archbishops; its colonels, six hundred and eighty-five Bishops; its captains, eleven thousand four hundred Abbots; its rank and file, are sixty thousand Priests, fifty thousand Monks, twenty-three thousand Nuns, twenty thousand sextons, singers, &c.—making a grand total of more than one hundred and sixty thousand, whose sole occupation is to sing, and pray, and sleep; to eat the people's bread, and drink the people's wine, and wear the people's clothes, and then damn half of them to purgatory because they will not give them more.

But it is not the worst part of this political curse, that the priests consume, and produce not; they do not merely indulge in the *dolce far niente*, excusable in a Spanish climate, if any where,—but they are depraved in their morals, the debauchers of public virtue, the disgrace of true religion. The state of morals among the clergy may be conceived from a fact, related by good authority, and which happened not long ago. A rich old Don, who, though he kept a generous table, was staggered by the long bills brought by his cook, and not being able to swallow them, but equally unable to prove them false, dismissed the knight of the kitchen without a word. The cook, finding another place, referred his employer to the old Don for a character; the Don enumerated his grievances in the shape of numberless bills for poultry, and viands, and wines, and sauces, which never could have been eaten up by himself and his delicate little wife, and more delicate daughters, who never took more than a pigeon's wing at a time at *his table*, dear creatures! The cook, getting into a rage at the loss of his character, took witnesses, and, going into the old Don's court-yard, bawled out under the balcony the true cause of his delinquency,—that there was a passage-way into a neighboring building, occupied by some Franciscan friars,—that he was obliged, every day, to carry hot dishes of choicest food to them, by order of Signora and her daughters, who often ministered at table to the holy men; and more,—that this had gone on a long time, and a nurse had been provided for three children, whom the friars had probably found somewhere, and were educating privately.* Now this affair caused much amusement, but could have created no surprise; for the immorality of the priests has been long notorious, and the only reason of its being tolerated, is, that things are ever judged of by comparison, and the priests, judged in this manner, are not *very* immoral in Spain.

But enough, enough of priestcraft and abominations; let us look at some of the other causes of the continuance of Spanish degradation,—some other classes of men, whose influence goes for or against the regeneration of this fine country.

We prefaced to this article a confession of our erratic disposition,

* See Spain, by H. D. Inglis, Esq.

and irregular style, and it will be seen how far we have run into it ; but it is never too late to mend, so we will now put the horse before the cart, and do as we ought to have done in the beginning,—give a sketch of the political revolutions in Spain, before stating the present posture of affairs. Every one is acquainted with the Roman conquest and dominion in Spain, and those who have visited her shores, find moral monuments of their sway, as enduring as their mountain-hewn amphitheatres. But Rome fell into her dotage, and in the fifth century came the Goths, who, like fire, seem only to have flourished where there was something to destroy, who swept away or consumed all that was material of the Roman race, and occupied the country long enough to stamp upon some of its manners an enduring impress, a memento of their existence.

The Goths lorded it over Spain for three centuries, with the haughty and merciless system, which ever distinguishes the soldier turned tyrant. The chiefs became the dukes and magnates of the land ; and every fierce and brutal soldier who could seize upon a Roman villa, or Spanish estate, became its feudal lord, and gratified his love of homage, by forcing its old owners to wait upon him as slaves, while he indulged his low passions in the outrageous abuse of the female sex, and exercised his ferocity in the destruction of monuments of the taste and refinement, bought by the wealth of Rome, of the genius of Greece. Yet, from such men, do the nobles strive to establish their direct descent, as the proudest claim to distinction.

But a change was to come over Spain ; a star, a meteor had appeared in the East—the crescent had arisen, and was sweeping onward in its impetuous course over Asia and Africa ; nor did it stop there ; it was borne by the Moors, as their banner, across the Mediterranean ; and, forming themselves by thousands on the southern shores of Spain, they swept over her plains on their Arabian steeds, and, in a day, as it were, the empire passed from the hands of the Goths, and their broken sceptre lay on the bloody field of Fontera, by the body of Roderick, the last of his line.

The dominion of the Moors over Spain lasted from the beginning of the eighth to the end of the fifteenth century ; and we need not refer to history for proofs of its mild and genial nature ; we need not turn to the records of the glorious reigns of the Abderahmans and Alhakems ; Spain still preserves a thousand monuments to attest the liberality and the taste of the Moors, and almost all that is pleasant or agreeable in her institutions, had its origin in the time of their sway. Commerce was encouraged ; Seville, Cadiz, and Malaga, were great marts ; agriculture was fostered ; some of the Provinces became wide gardens, where was now seen, for the first time, various useful and elegant plants from Africa, “ which mingled their foliage with those of Europe ; the palm-tree and banana, grew beside the olive and orange ;” the hum of busy artisans resounded through the land ; the fabrics of silk, of woollen, of arms, and of leather, were such as Spain has not since known. An equal jurisprudence secured the personal right of the subject, and a liberal policy protected Jews, Christians, Mahometans. Chemistry, medicine, surgery, mathematics, astronomy, and all the sciences, whether curious or useful, were cultivated with a success unknown in any other part of Europe.

But who has not heard of the glories of the Moorish dynasty—of the feats of Moorish chivalry? and what American has not read the glowing details of that long struggle which ended in the downfall of Grenada, and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain?

The long wars with the Moors had called forth all the spirit, and developed all the energies of Spain, and the period just before and after their expulsion, is the brightest in the Spanish annals; at this propitious moment, the discovery of America opened a new field for the energies and the enterprise of the nation. But the fell spirit of bigotry and intolerance was at work; and, despite her conquests, despite the wealth that poured in from Potosi and India, Spain began to droop.

From that time down to this, the history of Spain may be traced in two different ways; the ordinary method of naming the hands in which the power has been vested, but which is like describing the state of a ship's crew by the colors she sails under, or the paint on her sides; the other way would be to trace the operations of the peculiar institutions, which have made each generation take a downward step until one may say, rejoicingly, Thank God they can sink no lower. The causes of the decay of Spain from the palmy state, when Grenada alone had three millions of inhabitants, and the Peninsula forty, seem to have been the absorption of all political power into the government, which became despotic, and left the people slaves; and the establishment of the ecclesiastic system: to the one power the people became political helots, to the other laical slaves. These caused the blind, bloody persecutions of the industrious Moors, millions of whom had remained in Spain contented to pursue in peace their various callings; these caused the expulsion of the Jews, who were the soul of Spanish commerce, and who carried on the trade of the Levant almost alone. It is not because her Charleses were bloody, her Philips bigoted and cruel, or that religion immured hundreds of thousands in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or burned them at the stake, that Spain has fallen; but because the tendency of the acts of the government has been to discourage the commerce and industry of the people, and foster the vanity of the nobles; and the tendency and end of the church have been to saddle each generation with an hundred and fifty thousand drones, in the shape of priests, whose business and whose interest it is to keep the people in ignorance and degradation.

Since the expulsion of the Moors, the crown of Spain, every year of less worth, has often changed hands; from 1500 to 1700 it remained in the Austro Spanish line; in 1700 it passed to the grandson of Louis XIV. and remained in the Bourbon line until Napoleon placed it upon the head of his brother. Then the cowardly Bourbons begged the aid of the newly-formed party of Liberals, and, throwing themselves for such upon the better feelings of the nation, called into life the spirit of old Spain; then followed that dreadful "war to the knife;" then was seen how irresistible is national enthusiasm wielded against a common enemy; then were the Bourbons taught how much they might do when acting *with* the people. But did they profit by the lesson? No! not in the least; the French once expelled, they again adopted that system of intolerance, bigotry and *espionage* which brought on the revolution of 1820, and the government of the Cortez.

The Cortez were overthrown by French interference, and the Duke of Angouleme marched almost unresisted to the heart of Spain. And why was this? why did the French, who, but five years ago, found a guerilla behind every rock, an ambuscade in every valley, and a knife under every cloak, now meet with an almost general welcome? Was it that Spain loves the Bourbons—that liberal principles cannot take root in her soil? No! but because the Cortez attacked the prejudices of the people, and the liberals counted too confidently upon the prevalence of their principles. The Spaniards were not yet prepared for so impious a measure as breaking up the convents, and the sequestration of the property of the church. But yet the liberal party had become so strong, and was evidently increasing so fast, that, on their Restoration, the Bourbon family was obliged to court its favor; Ferdinand, a long time before his death, became convinced of its strength, and Don Carlos, his brother, then and now, placed and places his reliance upon the ultra-Apostolical party.

Ferdinand, in his old age, married the young and blooming sister of the Duchess of Berri, Christiana, of the Neapolitan branch of the Bourbons. By her he had, (or thought he had,) Isabella, the present puppet in whose name, and for whose sake, so much blood has been shed, and in whose favor such men as the staunch old royalist Rodil, and the ever patriotic Mina, now unite their voices as the least evil to Spain.

The present queen mother, *la Reina Gobernadora*, as she is called, holds the power in virtue of the abolition of the Salique law, by her husband, Ferdinand, and which turned the succession from Don Carlos. Now the question is not whether Ferdinand had any right, of his own royal will alone, to abolish the Salique law, but whether Carlos or the queen can *make* right by might? The solution of this question is important to Spain, not from the personal character of the combatants, but from the effect it will have upon the liberal institutions now in their tender infancy.

Carlos is a man as deficient in principle as he is in physical courage; but he is neither bigot nor fool; he sees that his interest lies in rallying the Apostolical party around him, and he has had the strong support of the conventual interest, because he promised the friars that their dens of iniquity should not be thrown open to the light, and their property confiscated. But he, even Carlos himself, has been obliged to truckle to the liberal party, and gratify that yearning which the Spaniards begin to feel for power lodged in the hands of the people; and now, at this very moment, if Carlos is on the soil of Spain, or if his sword and buckler, Zumalacareguy, still holds the mountain passes of Catalonia, it is because he has promised to restore to the people their *fueros* or municipal privileges. He knows, and every one knows, that these privileges are incompatible with any central governments, because it gives to each section the right not only of electing their own municipal officers, but of regulating their own system of duties and imposts. But Carlos cares nothing for this; he only *promises*,—and a promise to his people, a confession to his priest, an oath to his God, are alike regarded by him as means for attaining any selfish end.

As for Queen Christiana, she has little more worth as a woman,

than Carlos as a man; vain, lustful, and unprincipled, she wishes to wield the power of the government, not for the interest of her daughter, and much less for the good of Spain, but, like most office-holders, for the spoils of office. Give to her the same royal revenue, the same gorgeous palace, the same brilliant equipage, and she would soon cut the Cortez, leave Spain to the Carlists, the Liberals, or the devil, and fly to *Ischia*, or some other soft seat of sensual indulgence, where, with her own loved *cortejo*, the golden-haired, blue-eyed Munoz, she would compensate herself for the sickening caresses which she was obliged to buy of that loathsome old dotard, her late husband, the power and the patronage of Spanish royalty.

Liberalism has, however, advanced in Spain, and the Queen is forced to consult it; but, alas for poor morality, she does not think it worth her while to pay it the poor tribute of hypocrisy; her great grand-dam had her Valenzuela, and her mother-in-law her Godoy, and gave to each the mastery of themselves and of Spain; and why, forsooth, should she not choose from the royal guards, a sergeant, cast in the fair mould of nature's noblemen, to console her in her widowhood, and relieve her from the cares of state? So reasons Queen Christiana, and the lax Spaniards will not gainsay her, until Munoz shall become entire master of the royal power, and, intoxicated with the draught, run counter to the current of liberalism, which will certainly overwhelm him; for, in spite of all we have said, in spite of the unfavorable view we have given of the country, we believe, and we rejoice in believing, that light and liberalism, which is fast spreading over Europe, has reached even benighted Spain, and that there, the rights of the people are beginning to be perceived and desired by the people.

If space were allowed us, we would gladly detail the present state of education, or, rather, of ignorance, in each of the great divisions of Spain, and show the foundations of the hopes of the liberal; but we can merely state the existence of three great parties, which seem to us to resemble those of England, the Apostolics, (Tories;) the Conservatives, and the Republicans, (ultra-Reformers.) We do not know that this view has been taken, but we believe examination will bear it out. In looking at the actual state of things, however, we are misled by transposition of names; for instance, Zumalacarreguy, who once fought so gallantly for the Constitution, is now fighting as bravely and as effectually for the Apostolics; and Rodil,—he whose name was a terror to the republicans in South-America, who defended Callao for eighteen months, with long-suffering obstinacy; who, when his soldiers were living on rats and vermin, shot down, without trial and without warning, all who dared to murmur; the same bloody royalist, Rodil, is now the terror of the Carlist party.

And Mina, too, the glorious old chief, whose heart hath ever "leapt awake," to the voice of liberty, who hath made his bed of heath in every rocky glen of Spain, whose gray hairs have been scattered by the winds over every mountain-side, from the Pyrennees to the Alpuxaras, he, by the last accounts, has joined Rodil; and, as he knows every pass and ward, every tree, rock, and glen, in the present seat of war, where he has so often led his *guerillas* to the onset, the union must drive Zumalacarreguy from Spain, if any thing can do it.

We say that Zumalacarreguy was once a Constitutionalist, and that he distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, in 1820; and although he is accused by his enemies of treachery, we believe that his treachery was unpremeditated and forced. In the struggle of 1823, he was taken prisoner by the Royalists, and after a while, escaped to his own party; they put him on trial first for desertion, and now for being a spy, and condemned him to die; but in the night, when the scaffold was erecting within his own hearing, and the noose prepared for his ignominious punishment, he escaped, and joined the royalists. He continued high in favor with Ferdinand; but, being obnoxious to all the liberals, whom the queen was obliged to consult, his name was not included in the list of promotions, on her accession. Zumalacarreguy is not a man to remain neutral in any contest going on about him, even if the malignity of his enemies would have allowed him to do so with safety; and when Carlos set up for himself, he joined him, and is now his greatest reliance.

We have said that the parties in Spain might be divided into Apostolicals, Conservatives, and Liberals; this is the order in which they stand, numerically; for, although the second have now the power, the first are most numerous; and although the liberals are not apparently powerful, and are numerically few, they exercise great influence. Long before Ferdinand died, the Queen addressed herself to the Apostolical party, and tried every means to secure their support; but they had gone for Carlos, at least the ultras of the party. She then turned to the liberals; she coaxed the king to summon the Cortez, she cajoled him into the revocation of the salique law, and frightened him into the banishment of his brother Carlos. When his end was approaching, she used his remaining strength and senses to dictate his testament, bequeathing the crown to her daughter. But neither Ferdinand nor the Queen had any idea of really granting liberal institutions to Spain; they only meant to amuse the people, and give them a female instead of a male despot; and her manifesto, published after his death, proved it. But the Queen found she must either advance or retire; the priests were rapidly going for Carlos; the liberals were shouting for facts, not promises; and she dismissed Zea and D'Ofalia from the Council. Since then, several concessions have been made to the liberal party; and we now witness the pleasing exhibition of a scion of a rank aristocratic stock, forced to adopt a liberal policy, and daily issuing decrees which must shock her aristocratic and despotic relatives.

The position of the present ministry is, indeed, a most critical one; it is by no means certain that the Carlist party is vanquished, and if they concede too much to the liberals, they may give to it the victory; on the other hand, if, in the hope of conciliating the Apostolicals, they broach despotic doctrines, they will lose the support of the liberals. But if their post is critical, it is, too, most important for Spain, and for the world; by prudently playing off one party against the other, they can recover the establishment of a constitutional monarchy; they can secure to the people the glorious privilege of electing their own representatives; they can reduce to a tithe of its present enormous sum the expenses of the government; they can increase the revenue, at the same time they lighten the burden of the people, by introducing a

proper system of levying and collecting the taxes; and, last and greatest blessing, they can educate and elevate the Spanish nation. And in what a glorious field, and with what splendid materials have they to work; Spain is, indeed, the wild garden of Europe, the land of the olive and vine; well might the noble bard exclaim, when looking from her hill-sides over her valleys,—

— “ it is a goodly sight, to see
 What Heaven has done for this delicious land;
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand.
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange-tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from hill to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow branch below,
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.”

And then, the noble Spanish character! ay, noble; for, degraded, bigoted, and slothful as he is, still there are many fine points in the character of the Spaniard: he is brave—brave as of olden time; do you doubt it? look to Saragossa, Ulloa, and Callao: he is temperate; travel up and down through his land, where the wine-press gushes over, wasting its rich juice, and no where will you meet an intoxicated man: he is abstemious; never, in Spain, will you meet the bloated face, the unwieldy carcass, or the flabby, unhealthy look, that tell of excess and gluttony: he is resolute and persevering, and this makes him adhere with such tenacity to his religion, but would make him cling still more strongly to a reformed faith: he can endure hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, for a bigoted and tyrannical king, so he be a Spanish king; but would not these loyal qualities be immensely strengthened, if directed to the support of a monarch whom he could love and respect? In fine, much may be said in extenuation of the besetting sins of the nation—pride, indolence, and bigotry; and much may be said in praise of qualities which are now made the organs of evil, by the vast influence and the unholy policy of the priesthood, and the illiberal and contemptible system hitherto pursued by the government.

We have said nothing in this article of the nobility, a most important class in Spain, amounting to more than four hundred thousand, (though some, indeed, are so poor as to make shoes, or even to black them;) nor of the array of one hundred thousand office-holders; nor of the host of professional beggars, equal in numbers and in moral worth to the office-holders; nor of the thirty thousand men employed to collect the custom-house revenue, or of the three times thirty thousand smugglers and robbers, whose business it is to prevent them from collecting it; we have said nothing about all these unhealthy excrescences of the body politic, which a wise government might soon cure, because it was not our intention to write a treatise upon the causes of the degradation of Spain. But were we so doing, we might dilate upon the pernicious effects of all of them; we might, too, show the moral impossibility of a nation's being any thing but poor and miserable, where three-fourths of the surface of the earth is entailed upon the churches, the nobility, or great corporations; and where, by law, every lease ends with the tenant's life; where there are few high roads, and none of them secure; and where the modicum of education

is meted out by priests and monks, only just in such quantities as suits their interests.

But, thank God, all these evils are now seen—they are felt—they are known to be remediable—they will be remedied; king-craft is shaken in Spain, and priest-craft will be shaken; for liberalism has been poured into the unhealthy mass, and it will work until the whole lump shall be leavened—until old Spain shall be regenerated; until constitutional Spain shall give the hand of union to constitutional France, and England, and Belgium, and Germany, and Italy, to resist the encroachments of the despotic East.

PERE LA CHAISE.

Spes illorum immortalitate plena est. Inscribed on the gates.

FATHER LA CHAISE has an enviable immortality. He gives his name to the most attractive spot in France, where reposes the dust of the good and the great, and where the pilgrim of honor throws chaplets upon the graves, and the hand of affection plants roses over the departed. Naturally and morally, it is the loveliest spot in France: it is the field of the virtues. Read the epitaphs, and learn that all who repose here are good soldiers, citizens, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters, and many are expressly declared to be "models of all the virtues." There is no scoundrel in the whole cemetery,—his very monument would blush for him. In fact, I never found any where the monument of a rogue,—Death is sure to transmute him into an honest man. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is the stone-cutter's motto.

The Rev. Timothy Alden has made the circumnavigation of our burying-grounds, and collected volumes of epitaphs. He has displayed in his grave pursuits the zeal of Old Mortality, and to better purpose; instead of renewing, he has multiplied the epitaphs. Up to 1816, or in about twelve years, the epitaphs in Père La Chaise filled two octavo volumes: since then they have not been printed, though death has been as diligent as ever. Many a seat has he made vacant in the family circle, many circles has he swept away, many ties broken, so entwined with the fibres of the heart, that the heart has been broken with them.

This *Champ du repos* rises on the slope of a hill just without the walls of Paris, and overlooks much of that restless city. At Waterloo the dead never lay so close as they lie at Mont Louis. The book of epitaphs begins with that well attested fact, that Death is no respecter of persons. He, however, loses many of his terrors when confronted in this cemetery. Every thing breathes of repose; the feelings are soothed, not shocked. The monuments are in better taste than the epitaphs; the French have a nice discrimination in elegant forms, while they lack the simplicity of style and sentiment that becomes an epitaph.

The extent of the Cemetery is nearly a hundred acres, and the lots are leased for a term of years, or sold in perpetuity. The leases are of six years, but may be renewed. A tanner, however, according to

high authority in such matters, would require for decomposition a term longer than six years,—“some eight or nine years.”

The visiter is made aware of the vicinity of the tombs from passing through a street of shops containing sculptured monuments; and nearer to the gates he sees stalls where he may buy garlands and wreaths of flowers, to scatter over the graves,—that affecting observance, which is deeply founded on human sympathies, and practiced by rude as well as refined nations. Regrets are unavailing; but our sense of sorrow and ingratitude to the departed, is softened by these vain offerings.

Manibus date lilia plenis:

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulè donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

In this maze of monuments, of every form, conspicuous in interest is the tomb of Abelard and Heloisa: it is a small gothic chapel, formed of the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete. There are many sculptures about it, besides the cold marble forms of the immortal lovers, lying side by side. The interest excited by this memorable pair, is not recent—it is not one of national or political sentiment, but no tomb in the ground has half so many, or a tithe so many fresh chaplets as that of Abelard and Heloisa. An astronomer would pass by the humble monument of Ney, *brave des braves*, to hang his chaplet on the narrow marble house of La Place; and the soldier might leave unhonored the sepulchre of David or St. Pierre, to suspend his offering over the Prince of the Moskwa. But all men and women have been lovers; and there is still, at whatever their age, “one corner in their heart that is sorry” for the poor pair of the Paraclete. If ever these tender sympathies should be extinct in other countries, they would always glow in the hearts of the French, to whom the memory and the monument of Heloisa may be safely committed. Many a tender vow has been made here; and at some of the perjuries Jove has laughed, for martyrdoms have ceased in love and faith.

“If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds,—
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
'O may we never love as these have loved.'”

From the mass of offerings, I abstracted a couple of chaplets as an acceptable present to a pair of tender friends at home.

Another interesting monument, is that of Madame Lavallette, the victim of a better sentiment than ever swelled in the soul or veins of Heloisa. If I remember aright, she never recovered from the tumultuous shock of her husband's danger and escape. On the monument is a lively representation of the act that has rendered her as honorable among wives, as Heloisa is memorable among other ladies.

Many a body rests in these precincts, once inspired by a superior spirit. The man-slayers I do not mention, or care for,—there are so many better people to be remembered first, as Grètry, St. Pierre, Delille, Talma, whose monument has no inscription, Sicard, Cottin, Beaumarchais, La Place, Moliere, and La Fontaine, with a sculpture

of the "wolf and the lamb." Poor old Fontenelle, I could not find, who, on the verge of one hundred, asked an old acquaintance to whisper when he spoke of Death,—as the grim prowler had forgotten them. David has a splendid monument, with his bust carved in relief upon it, showing the contortion of his mouth,—a faint emblem of the twist of his heart. His head only is buried here, and a wolfish one it was.

In the inscriptions, there are few "holy texts," and many record only the names and ages of the departed,—all, perhaps, that there was to be registered. The names are very sweet, for a Parisian lady likes to be consistent. Common names, are Adèle, Victoire, Etienne, Geneviève, Thérèse, Marie, Louise, Félicité, Hélène, Eléonore, Euphrasine, Aposie, Christine, Aurora, Céleste, Angélique. Few people, however, are without a combination of names, as Angélique-Félicité-Marie-Virginie, &c.

There is a monument to Baron Munchausen,—perhaps to the traveler of that title. I remember but one of an honest man. "Here lie the mortal remains of an honest man. He called himself Joseph-Armand-Blondel." Many epitaphs are brief and abrupt, as "my Father lies here. June 15, 1815." "Rest Esther rest, too dear child." Another inscription is, "Ah, 'ma Jenny."

In the cemetery are a number of English epitaphs,—in the book, having passed through the double gauntlet of the sculptor and the printer, the rights of the King have been somewhat infringed. The book closes with Gray's Elegy in a "Country Church-yard."

The following is, comparatively, pretty good English:—

D. O. M.

Her lie in hops of a glorious resurrection the mortal remains of lady ELISABETH DEMAUCLER abess. of the royal l'ably de l'Affère the was born in France of an irish family but her heart and affection Wher all forher native country she was faith ful to her law ful savaerigne as her ansestors had baen to theirs Whose fortune they followed, to France sincere epouse of christ her soul burned with the lave of her god an humble member of her order, she wass an exemple to all her pious Sister-hand; astheir abess She mad them happy driven by the revolution from her convent she dedicated her talens and her days to the éducation of Yound ladies who who Wept biterly ov her grave her loss Will bellong lamented her, memori longcherized, with affectionnat respect ley all Who Vnew her particularly bithos Wosse tende minds the directed tho the unerring principles of virtue.

And religion the recht revd father ingard doctar muray archbishap of hierapolis and coadjutor to the sec offe Dublin attended her to the grave providence in its goodness seems to have directed this Worthy prelate to Paris the day before her deces, to honour the memory of a Lady Who in France honouared so much thir parent country.

She was born at lille march the 9 Th^o 1736, and died in Paris, november the 21 septembre 1814.

Her disconsalate niece in expectation, of her as hes being mixed With hers his erected to her memory his monument of her tenderness and lastingrief.

Passenger praix for her.

Of Heav'n's best gifts assemblage rare and sweet,
She offer'd them to heav'n from whence the came;
The world she quitted preceded to cher hectreat,
To wiew to lov to wonder and acclaim.

AN HOUR AT MOUNT VERNON.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind. HALLACK.

A VISIT to Mount Vernon is among the first attractions, which present themselves to the *enrwayé* in Washington. Formerly the steam-boats, which ply up and down the river, could transport you to this spot; but now, passengers, who adopt this mode of conveyance, are prohibited from landing; and, if you would see the last resting-place of the Father of his Country, you must consent to be jolted ten or twenty miles over the most execrable road that necks were ever broken upon. The long wooden bridge across the Potomac is clumsily constructed, and in a very dilapidated condition. Not long since, it gave way, as a vehicle was traversing it, but, fortunately, no person was injured.

One delicious morning, last May, in company with a friend, I took the steam-boat for Alexandria, with the view of finding some conveyance thence to Mount Vernon. The brimmed Potomac was flashing and streaming, like molten silver, in the sunshine. We skimmed along its smooth surface at a tolerable speed, although our boat was small, in-commodious, and very loose in its joints. Every motion of the machinery seemed as if it would shake it in pieces. There was a miscellaneous assemblage of passengers on board. Among them, were some fine looking Cherokees, delegated by their tribe to lay their ineffectual complaints before Congress. I was surprised to hear some of these pure-blooded aborigines speaking English, with the fluency and correctness of a native. They had adopted the European style of dress, and two or three of them would have cut no inconspicuous figure among the dangles of Broadway.

Alexandria is little more than eight miles from the capitol, and, as we approached the city, it appeared to great advantage. We here succeeded in obtaining a horse and gig, and, thus provided, we set out upon our pilgrimage. I will not indulge myself in any anathemas upon the roads. As the last new novel happily observes, "they may be more easily conceived than described." In many places we found logs and branches embedded in the loamy soil, or filling up the numerous excavations, caused by the rains. Occasionally half a dozen protruding stumps would bristle before us, so ingeniously arranged, as to render it a seeming impossibility to prevent our wheels from striking against every one of them. Now and then an abrupt slope would invite our poor beast to upset us; but fortunately he was too conscientious an animal to attempt it. He carried us patiently along, at an even pace, and, at last, after passing through a considerable extent of woodland, we arrived at the porter's lodge, which is about a mile from the Washington mansion. Handing some silver to the old black woman, who here opened the gate for us, we proceeded, under the shade of venerable oaks, along the path, which Washington had often traveled before us. The air, as it undulated through the dim aisles of the forest, was cool and refreshing. Spring was fast weaving for the trees a thick mantle of green. I was surprised at the many beautiful birds,

which were on the wing. The blue-jay, the red-headed woodpecker, and the king-fisher were among the most conspicuous. We soon began to catch glimpses of the Potomac, as, heaving and falling, it glittered through the intervening foliage. After passing a range of low buildings, the habitations of the slaves, we approached the main edifice, and, consigning our horse to the care of a little black fellow, entered the gate.

Mount Vernon is situated sixteen miles from the capitol, on the right bank of the Potomac. The dwelling-house, built of wood, stands upon an elevated piece of ground, which rises precipitously from the river, and commands a fine prospect of the noble sheet of water at its foot, and of the opposite bank. A thick grove of oak and cedar-trees inclines down to the shore, and almost conceals the building, with its piazza, from the view of the spectator on the river. In the principal apartment of the house are some few memorials of interest—a likeness of Louis XVI. presented by that monarch himself to Washington—an elegant chimney-piece of Italian marble, with bas-reliefs—a painting of the demolition of the Bastille, and a key of that fortress, sent from Paris. The estate of Mount Vernon is still extensive; but the soil is unproductive, and there is an aspect of decay about the enclosures. Since the death of Bushrod Washington it has been on the decline.

We went in search of the grave. Some willows on the side of the bank attracted our attention. They once waved over the remains of Washington; but the tomb has been lately removed to a spot selected by himself. A square front of freestone, enclosing an iron gate, marks the entrance of the spot where he reposes. A few cedar-trees are scattered around, and the top of the sepulchre is covered with earth and with decaying brambles. Standing over the dust of Washington, an American must ever feel deeply the impressiveness of the occasion, whatever may be the associations and the scenes around him. The Father of his Country needs no haughty mausoleum, towering above his ashes, to perpetuate his memory,

“Nor that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid.”

But I would have every thing about the spot of his long home in harmony with the emotions, which must be awakened in the bosom of the pilgrim who visits it. I would remove every unsightly object, deracinate the weeds and briars, which now offend the eye, clear away the rubbish, which has collected around the place, and let the crisp turf cover it, so that,

“When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.”

It is said, that, at the time Lafayette visited the grave of Washington, in 1825, an eagle, one which might have been a fit model for our country's emblem, kept hovering over the spot, as long as our country's guest remained there. On his departure, the noble bird rose proudly into the air, then swept downward and disappeared in the thick covert of woods, which skirt the shore.

We silently quitted the burial-place, and, in a few minutes, entered the summer-house on the brow of the Mount. The structure is of wood, and is rapidly falling to decay. It is covered with the names and the initials of numerous visitors, who seem to have hoped to achieve immortality by the aid of their penknives. As we sat, following with our glance the wake of a steam-boat, which had rushed vapoing by a moment before, an old white-headed negro approached us and withdrew our attention. His name, he told us, was Oliver Smith, and he had once been in the service of Washington. He seemed to entertain a lively and grateful recollection of his old master. He was present when Washington dismounted from his horse for the last time. The weather had been raw and stormy, and the cold sleet had fallen down his neck. An inflammation of the throat ensued, and the next evening the hero of Mount Vernon breathed his last. Our informant told us that Washington used to be uniformly kind in his language and manner towards him, and that he never heard him utter an oath, even when he had cause for irritation. He was accustomed to retire regularly to bed at ten o'clock, and to rise before the sun, and on horseback, make the circuit of his estate. He took a great deal of exercise, and his constitution demanded it. On Sundays, he would attend church at Alexandria. He was rarely seen to smile by his domestics. He was methodical in his habits, and remarkable for his love of neatness and of order. These statements only confirm what has been said of him before. Before quitting Mount Vernon, we visited the garden, and found that it did not bear those appearances of neglect, which I regretted to perceive in other parts of the estate. The hot-house contained some flourishing orange-trees; and a variety of rare flowers lined the well-graveled walks.

A train of dark clouds, rolling up from the horizon, now warned us to depart; and, leaving some memorials of our visit with old Oliver Smith, who, by the way, is a sound Whig, and sticks to the principles of his world-revered master, we bade adieu to the spot, with which so many stirring associations are connected. We did not reach Alexandria till late in the afternoon, but were fortunate enough to arrive in season for the boat. As we entered it, the clouds overhead discharged a torrent of rain, and we made a rapid retreat to the cabin. Here we found men, women, and children, huddled together in charming confusion. My friend preferred a shower-bath on deck to a vapor-bath below, and left me to play the agreeable to a couple of fair Virginians, while he stood, wrapped in his contemplations and the captain's plaid cloak, in the face of the storm.

By the time we reached Washington the squall was over, and we made our way up to the capitol, to see the sun set. And such a sunset! Barry Cornwall, come to my aid!

"O! how weak
My verse to tell what flashed across my sight.
Green, blue, and burning red, was every streak:
Like rainbow beams, but trebly, trebly bright;
The earth, the air, the heavens, were living light;
My vision was absorbed. I trembled. Then
Softening his glance, and sinking in his might,
The Sun slow faded from the eyes of men,
And died away. Ne'er have I seen the like again!"

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER XXIV.

AT the crisis of the affairs of the country depicted in my last, there was a small society formed in Philadelphia, entitled the "Philadelphia Society for the promotion of National Industry." There were only ten members—James Ronaldson, William Young, Thomas Hulme, Samuel Jackson, Thomas Gilpin, John Melish, James Cutbush, Joseph Nancrede, Joseph Siddall, and Mathew Carey. The object of the society was to advocate the protection of national industry generally, but more particularly of manufactures, as perishing for want of protection. Commerce was abundantly protected by a system, which combined all the advantages of the codes of all the maritime powers in Europe—a system, which, in five years, increased the American tonnage above fourfold, and reduced the foreign tonnage employed in the American trade, from 251,058 tons in 1790, to 84,521 in 1794, and to 49,960 in 1796. Agriculture, from the bulk of its productions and the comparatively limited extent of its surpluses abroad, required very little protection; but, from the commencement of the government, almost all its productions, liable to be interfered with by importation, were adequately protected.

It is due to myself to state, that, in the modification of the Tariff, I had no personal interest whatever, to the amount of a dollar. By the importation of books I had never experienced the least inconvenience. I was wont to import as many books as probably any other bookseller in the United States, and the amount never formed a sixth of my sales, which were chiefly confined to books of American manufacture. The duty on those imported, sixteen and a half per cent. was ample protection.

I nevertheless entered on the defence of the protecting system, with as much zeal and ardor as if my life and fortune were at stake. Many causes have been defended with incomparably more ability; but none with more persevering industry than I carried into operation. The pains I took, the time I employed, and the expenses I incurred, are incredible. I neglected my business while I was in trade, to a very oppressive extent. Within the first twelve months, I expended, in subscriptions, and on journeys, paper, printing, books, &c. above six hundred dollars.

I had read but little on the subject, and have no recollection of having ever previously written a line on it. I had once taken up Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, with an intention of studying it; but found it so dry, so abstruse, and so completely filled with what I regarded as extraneous matter, that I laid it down without an intention of resuming it. And when the society was formed, I had no idea of writing essays on a subject, which I had so little studied. I undertook to collect a few maxims on political economy to form a manual for the guidance of our statesmen in the labyrinth in which that science is involved. And, as Adam Smith was the most popular writer on the subject, I began with him. To my great surprise, I found a gross contradiction on a most vital point, which nullified the great staple of his system.

The doctor states, and with the most perfect truth, that

"Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land; and thereby still further to discourage agriculture."

[Wealth of Nations, vol. II. 149.]

This is a clear, intelligible proposition, which carries conviction home to every mind, of even a very moderate calibre. It is incontrovertible, and ought to constitute the *vade mecum* of every wise legislator. A due attention to it has been the grand means by which England has risen to a degree of power and wealth, so far beyond what her original extent of territory and her population entitled her to. Whereas, an almost total neglect of it, has blasted and withered the power and resources of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, and unfortunate Ireland.

It required no common degree of hallucination, to advance, in the teeth of this luminous proposition, doctrines as diametrically opposite to it, as light to darkness. Those doctrines were decidedly opposed to the restriction of importation, and to the imposition of duties for any other purpose than for raising revenue. Smith admits that, on removing protecting duties, "cheaper foreign goods of the same kind might be poured so fast into the domestic market, as to *deprive, all at once, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE of their ordinary employment and means of subsistence;*" [that is, diminish the number of artificers and manufacturers, and diminish, in the same proportion, the home market for the rude produce of the soil, and thus discourage agriculture;] but he proposes, for these serious evils, a panacea, which I give in his own words:—

I. "Though a number of people should, by restoring the freedom of trade, be thrown all at once out of their ordinary employment, and common method of subsistence, it would by no means follow, that they would thereby be deprived either of employment or subsistence.

II. "To the greater part of manufactures, there are other collateral manufactures, of so familiar a nature, that a workman can easily transfer his industry from one to the other.

III. "The greater part of such workmen, too, are occasionally employed in country labor!

IV. "The stock, which employed them in a particular manufacture before, will still remain in the country, to employ an equal number of people in some other way!

V. "The capital of the country remaining the same, the demand for labor will still be the same, though it may be exerted in different places, and for different occupations!" [Wealth of Nations, vol. I. 329.]

These positions, absurd, futile, and untenable as they are, form the basis of the Wealth of Nations. To a person wholly unbiased by prejudice, it must be a matter of astonishment, how a work, resting on such a sandy and miserable foundation, could have obtained, and still more, have so long preserved, its celebrity. The monstrous absurdity of these doctrines, and the facility with which they might be refuted, induced me to enter the lists against this Goliath, with the sling and stones of truth. I wrote two essays, in which I undertook to prove that there were no such collateral branches—that if there were, they would be in the same state of depression from excessive importations, and would themselves require collateral branches—that if the operatives were driven to country labor, they would greatly injure agriculture, by

increasing its productions and diminishing the markets for them. Moreover, except for a few weeks, in harvest time, farmers are generally supplied with regular hands, and, of course, have no room for the employment of those, who would be thrown out of "their ordinary employment and common method of subsistence;" who, at other seasons, would have to depend on the overseers of the poor. And further, that in the event of the decay of any branch of business, the capital invested in buildings, machinery, tools, &c. for that branch, being ill calculated for any other, would sink in value one-third, one-half, or two-thirds.

I annex a few paragraphs of my essays in reply:—

"The main point is the facility of 'transferring industry' from one branch to a 'collateral manufacture.' All the rest are but subsidiary to, or explanatory of, this fallacious assumption.

"Are there such 'collateral manufactures,' as are assumed, to which men, bereft of their employment in those departments of manufacture, which are to be destroyed by the doctor's grand and captivating idea of 'restoring the freedom of commerce,' may 'transfer their industry?'"

"It may be conceded, that there is a species of affinity between the weaving of cottons and woollens, and a few other manufactures. But this cannot, by any means, answer the doctor's purpose. Where will he, or any of his disciples, find 'collateral manufactures,' to employ printers, coachmakers, watchmakers, shoemakers, hatters, paper-makers, bookbinders, engravers, letter-founders, chandlers, saddlers, silver-platers, jewellers, smiths, cabinet-makers, stone-cutters, glass-makers, brewers, tobacconists, potters, wire-drawers, tanners, curriers, dyers, rope-makers, brick-makers, plumbers, chair-makers, glovers, umbrella-makers, embroiderers, calico-printers, paper-stainers, engine-makers, turners, wheelwrights, and the great variety of other artists and manufacturers? There are no such collateral manufactures as he has presumed. And, it may be asserted, without scruple, that if, by what the doctor speciously styles 'restoring the freedom of trade,' five hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand hatters, shoemakers, printers, or chandlers, are 'thrown out of their ordinary employment,' there is no 'collateral manufacture of so familiar a nature,' that they 'can easily transfer their industry from one to the other.' For the truth of this assertion we freely appeal to the common sense of an enlightened public.

"We will suppose the case of a tanner, worth thirty thousand dollars, of which his various vats, buildings, and tools, amount to ten thousand; his hides and leather ten thousand; and his outstanding debts an equal sum. By the inundation of foreign leather, sold, we will suppose, far below the price which affords him a reasonable profit, or even a reimbursement of his expenses, he is unable to carry on his business, which sinks the value of his vats and buildings three-fourths, and his stock one-half. At once, his fortune is reduced above twelve thousand dollars: and thus, with a diminished capital and broken heart, perhaps in his old age, he has to go in quest of, but will not find, a 'collateral' manufacture, to employ that diminished capital. Analogous cases without number would occur, by the doctor's system of 'restoring the freedom of trade;' and, let us add, as we can with perfect truth, and we hope it will sink deep into the minds of the citizens of the United States, that throughout this country there are at present numberless cases equally strong, which no man of sound mind and heart can regard without the deepest sympathy for the ill-fated sufferers, and regret at the mistaken policy, which has produced such a state of things.

"It therefore irresistibly follows, that Dr. Smith's idea, that 'the capital of the country will be the same,' after the destruction of any branch of manufacture, is to the last degree unsound; and, of course, that the superstructure built on it partakes of its fallacy."

Philadelphia, October 6, 1834.

M. CAREY.

* I was highly gratified to find the doctrines here stated, (in March, 1819), dilated on and admirably enforced in the London Quarterly Review, for January, 1821. I annex a small portion of that invaluable article:—

"The transition from one description of labor to another would not be easy. A man accustomed for a number of years to a particular kind of work, cannot readily pass over to another altogether different.

LETTER XXV.

WHEN I commenced writing on this all-important topic, I did not intend to go beyond the two first essays, in refutation of the wild doctrine of depressing manufactures, and throwing "thousands of the manufacturers out of employment," by unrestricted importation—and then trying to apply a *quack medicine*, a sort of panacea, by finding out "*collateral branches of industry*," or "*agricultural labor*," for bodies of men, reduced to idleness and penury by the adoption of the theory of free trade!! But these two were received with such approbation, and were so generally copied into the newspapers north of the Potomac, that I was encouraged to proceed, and wrote nine more, which were as favorably received and had as general a circulation, as the first two.

They were originally published by the Society in pamphlet form, of four, five, six, and sometimes eight pages, in editions of one thousand, twelve hundred and fifty, and fifteen hundred copies. They produced a very powerful effect as far as their circulation extended; which, I repeat, was very extensive. Entire sections of the country, where there had scarcely been a person in favor of protecting manufactures, were converted, and the inhabitants from enemies became zealous partisans of the system.

The Society, in addition to the edition in numbers, re-published the whole series in an edition of one thousand copies of two hundred and eighty pages, octavo, and two editions, each also of one thousand copies, were published in duodecimo. The whole were distributed gratuitously.

Of the essays, two, numbers twelve and thirteen, were written by Dr. Samuel Jackson. I wrote subsequently two long and elaborate essays, in which I condensed the most important portions of the preceding eleven.

I was wou't to have the essays put into type, and corrected, before their presentation to the Society, to which they were read, and corrections suggested, which often were far from improvements.

The business of the Society was conducted for about a year on a liberal scale, commensurate with the magnitude of the object at stake. No expense was spared.

In New-York, the cause was liberally supported for about a year; but it was afterwards entirely neglected for a long time. In Boston, all that was done in the way of defending the cause, at this crisis, was to print a very small edition of the addresses of the Philadelphia Society, on old types, and very mean paper. In Baltimore, the only

Persons, especially of the class of life of artisans and laborers, are slow to form and slow to change their habits; the skill which they tardily acquire, they tenaciously adhere to, and come with difficulty to learn any other. A farmer's laborer will not readily become a mechanic; a silk-weaver be made a cutler; a lace-maker or glover be converted into a maker of woollens.

"Not only would a change of occupation be requisite, but also of the seat of industry. The Norfolk farming laborer might have to make hose in Liecester or Nottingham; the East Lothian cottager to weave muslins at Glasgow or checks at Carlisle; and the Spitalfields weaver to become a jannet at Birmingham or a cotton-spinner at Manchester.

"It is a strong reason to doubt the practicability of these schemes, that statesmen have nowhere ventured upon them; not from ignorance, as has been petulantly pretended, but from extended knowledge. Neither in old nor new states, do legislatures find the Utopian ideas of these philosophers to be feasible: yet, Adam Smith, the great advocate for the most unrestricted trade, is read in all countries and languages, and his doctrines have been moulded into all shapes, WHETHER TO INFORM YOUTH OR TO PUZZLE THE LEARNED!!! Reflection and practice seem to show, that this valuable writer, in the zeal of his argument, carried too far his views of freedom of trade, as he assuredly did those of unlimited production and unrestrained parsimony."

thing done at this time, was to re-publish the two first essays, which made about twelve pages.

At length the Philadelphia Society was dissolved by a very trifling affair. The Agricultural Society of Fredericksburg published a memorial to Congress, signed by J. M. Garnet, against the application of the manufacturers for relief, in which they were very severe in their strictures on what they styled the attempt of this body to secure a monopoly. They stated :

"We ask no tax upon manufactures for our benefit. Neither do we desire any thing of government to enable us to cultivate the soil, as profitably as we could wish; but to leave us free, so far as it depends on them, to carry our products to the best market we can find, and to purchase what we want in return, on the best terms we can, either at home or abroad."

To this I wrote a reply in a pamphlet of one hundred and fourteen pages, which I published early in 1820, in my own name, as I used stronger language than the Society would probably choose to adopt. As the members were all engaged in the common cause of the country in which all but myself, and one or two others, were *personally interested*—independent of public motives, which were common to all, I calculated that the expense of this pamphlet, which was only about eighty dollars, would be borne by the Society. I was mistaken. They refused to contribute to the expense, on the ground that "it was not issued in their names!" A few copies were purchased by individuals of the Society, and all the rest of the edition was left on my hands; for the work fell still-born from the press; as I never sold, as far as I recollect, two dozen copies except those above stated. I distributed the bulk of the edition gratuitously, at my own expense.

At this procedure, I was, as may be supposed, chagrined; not on account of the amount, but of the contracted views of the parties. I naturally thought, that if I had to write, and print, and publish, and distribute, at my own expense, I had no occasion for a Society, in which, some of the members, to display their skill and talents, indulged occasionally in hypercriticisms on the essays, which were not very gratifying. I therefore, shortly after the publication of the letters to Mr. Garnet, withdrew from the Society, which never published any thing afterwards—and soon died a natural death. Thus was allowed to perish, for a shabby trifle, a Society which had done much good, and was capable of still producing more.

The letters to Mr. Garnet involved me in an acrimonious controversy with that gentleman, who, instead of attempting to answer or refute my arguments, indulged in a strain of balderdash—unworthy of the subject, and of the writer, as a gentleman—which he regarded, I presume, as extremely witty and humorous.

Although I withdrew from the Society, I continued, nevertheless, to write, and print, and publish, as steadily as I had done before; and proceeded till the year 1832, when, by the triumph of nullification, the duties were reduced to meet the views of the Southern people, and the principle of protection appeared to be, in a great degree, abandoned.

The first pamphlet I wrote after I quitted the Society was "the New Olive Branch," of two hundred and twenty-four pages, (the second edition was in smaller type, and of course in fewer pages.) In this work I took a succinct view of the progress of the government of

the United States, from the peace of 1783—of the distress that led to the adoption of the Federal Constitution—of the very partial legislation that took place under that instrument; when, to secure to the tobacco-planters a monopoly of the consumption of their staple in the country, the duties on snuff and manufactured tobacco were specific, and amounted to from eighty to ninety per cent. while nine-tenths of all the manufactures imported paid but five per cent.!! and when, to encourage the culture of cotton, the duty on that bulky raw material was about one hundred and fifty per cent. more than on the light articles, calicoes and chintzes! I showed the contrast between the tedious legislation on any thing connected with the protection of manufactures, and the indecent rapidity with which the Congress of 1815 hurried through the bill rendering the members salary officers, at the rate of fifteen hundred dollars per annum; which bill was brought into the House of Representatives on the sixth of March, and signed by the President on the eighteenth of the same month! I further stated how paltry a revenue had been derived from that most odious of taxes, the excise, which had led to an insurrection that might have produced the prostration of the government. It averaged, for the first three years, only about two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, not half the sum which might have been easily raised by a small addition to the duty on the importation of manufactures.

Through a large portion of the time, I had no co-operation whatever. Men, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, were not ashamed to have their cause defended, and at a heavy expense, by a man who, as I have stated, never had any interest in it. Numbers of them actually refused any contribution whatever—and some of those who contributed, appeared to regard it as an alms. I can safely say, that with three or four exceptions, from June, 1820, till the meeting of the New-York Convention, in November, 1831, any co-operation that I procured, was the result of degrading importunity, which wounded me to the soul. Thus, while I was neglecting my business—up early and late, writing and corresponding—and lavishing my money—in the cause, to an extent that I could ill afford, I had the appearance of a mercenary scribbler, depending on the hire of a prostituted pen for a support! Nothing but the immense magnitude of the object at stake could have induced me to continue under appearances so abhorrent to my feelings. I shudder at the degradation to this hour.

I believed, and still believe, that I was not only laboring for the present and future generations of the United States—but for the operatives of Europe—as, if our manufactures were adequately protected, thousands of those people would remove to this country, and be in a far better situation than at home; and, in addition, their emigration, by diminishing the number of those that remained behind, would improve the prospect. Such were the considerations that led me to persevere in spite of the great variety of uncomfortable circumstances wherewith the warfare was uniformly attended—resulting incomparably more from my treatment by its friends, than from the hostility of its enemies.

M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1834.

COMMENTS ON THE TIMES.

I. THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

It is gratifying to all friends of the Union that a more easy communication between the northern and southern states has naturally led to a more frequent intercourse. Prejudice, interest, political dissension, have done much to create alienation and distrust. A better acquaintance cannot fail to dissipate these evils. Different as the character of the two sections may be, the common sympathies are more numerous than the unreflecting consider them. There is no reason under heaven why the union of feeling and reflection should not be as complete, as are our political connections. Bound together by a common constitution, we should be also bound together by alliances of mutual regard and friendship.

We have said that the northern and southern characters materially differ. There is more quickness, more ardor, a greater disregard of consequences, more active impulse, with the citizens of Virginia and the Carolinas than with us. In New-England we are more prudent, more reflective, not in the main less generous, or less disinterested than they. There is a cautious population here, more industrious, perhaps, certainly more absorbed in the cares and avocations of life. All these peculiarities arise from our social condition, and the character of our soil and climate. A southerner is more easy and familiar with strangers; he is at an early age brought into their society; and, from the habits of hospitality current in his country, is taught to treat them with kindness and leave them as friends. The traveler sleeps and breakfasts with the planter; and the planter is at leisure to ride with him about his grounds, or to join him in the sports of the chase. Our merchants and farmers must look to their affairs in person; they have little time to spend in entertaining even their friends; and think they do all that is required of them in building fine hotels for the accommodation of visitors. The spirit of hospitality is not by nature more ardent in the South, but by habit and circumstances; which, if they do not absolutely change, greatly modify and control nature.

We have been led to these reflections by noticing, in a southern journal, a few judicious comments on the same subject. "Our people," says a correspondent of the Fredericksburg Arena, "ought to travel Northward oftener. They would learn much that is valuable, in a mere pecuniary point of view; and they would profit much more in *unlearning* the prejudices which ignorance alone and misrepresentation, have fostered against their Northern brethren. The latter, too, have some, though fewer, reciprocal prejudices, which a closer scrutiny would cure. It is of unspeakable importance that these mutual dislikes should be weeded away. The perpetuity of our Union, and the peace, the liberty, the happiness of its members, may, in a great degree, depend upon the accomplishment of that expurgation."

At a time like the present, it is of the highest importance that the most friendly relations should be cultivated with our southern brethren. All minor differences, all perverse prejudices, all unholy excitements must cease. Geographical lines must not continue political and moral demarkations. A peaceful revolution in our political masters must be made, or the last hopes of civil liberty perish. In this revolution the high-minded, intelligent, and patriotic, of all portions must unite—cordially and with their whole hearts—with the fixed resolution, that principle, integrity, and true zeal for the public good shall govern in the contest, and that all sectional jealousies and local predilections shall be sacrificed on the altar of the common weal. With such an union every thing will be gained, without it nothing.

II. MATTHIAS THE PROPHET.

THE success of this imposter is one of the most singular affairs of the day. It is a proof that human nature will ever continue what it always has been, in spite of the march of mind, and the spirit of improvement. True enough it is, that every Darby will find her Joan, and every imposter his dupe. Fanaticism and infidelity will flourish in defiance of the birch of the schoolmaster; they are spirits which his rod cannot lay.

It is now between two and three years since plain Robert Mathies converted himself into the Prophet of the God of the Jews. Of his previous history we know nothing. His career commenced in Albany, and was soon after continued in New-York. Proselytes were, at first, few; his profession did not prosper. Tools, however, soon presented themselves, and three of the most wealthy merchants of Pearl-street fell into his snare; their names were Pierson, Mills, and Folger. Their credulity and confidence knew no bounds. They embraced the doctrines of the new prophet with implicit belief. His wardrobe needed a supply; and could the prophet appear in garments less costly than the robes of earthly princes? Funds were raised by his followers. The vestures of Matthias shone with gold and silver; his jewels were rich and rare, his sword was of costly workmanship. This weapon, according to the imposter, is the Sword of Gideon, and was miraculously put into his possession. As a proof of its celestial temper, the blade bears evident marks of native manufacture, with the national motto of *E Pluribus Unum*.

The bondage of his three victims became complete. Mr. Pierson was finally liberated by death, under circumstances which throw the strongest suspicion on the prophet. He unquestionably died by poison. His death alarmed Mr. Folger and his family, and they determined to abandon the prophet. He threatened them with sickness and death. Mr. Folger was resolute, and the wretch attempted to administer poison. The family fortunately escaped. Matthias was immediately arrested, and the circumstances above detailed soon became public.

Matthias was arrested in Albany, where his wife and daughter have been residing, in very indigent circumstances; supporting themselves by menial occupations. Among the articles found in his possession, appertaining to his trade as prophet, was a six foot rule, marked like a carpenter's scale, and intended to be used for the purpose of dividing

New-Jerusalem into lots for the faithful. A key, resembling gold, was designed to unlock the gates of heaven. In his trunk were found linen and wearing apparel of the most rich and costly description. "Linen shirts," says the New-York Times, "of the most exquisite fineness, the wristbands fringed with delicate lace; silk stockings and handkerchiefs, kid and other gloves, and a great variety of other similar articles fitted out the trunk; the other contained his gold-mounted cocked hat, an olive cloak of the finest texture, lined throughout with velvet and silk; a new green and a brown frock-coat of similar quality; the former heavily embroidered with gold, and the latter with silver, in the form of stars, with a large sun on one breast and seven stars on the other; two merino morning dresses, and other rich et ceteras, 'too tedious to mention.' But the 'cap sheaf' of all were two night-caps, made of linen-cambric, folded in the form of a mitre, richly embroidered—one with the names of the twelve apostles written around it, and 'Jesus Matthias' adorning the front in more conspicuous characters; the other surrounded with the names of the twelve tribes, the front embellished the same as the other. The whole betokened the utmost extravagance and lavish expenditures of money and labor; and *months* must have been spent by female hands, probably those of some one or more of his deluded dupes, in ornamenting and making up the apparel of this dainty *carpenter* and *prophet*."

Matthias awaits in prison the investigation and due punishment of his impiety and crime. Full details of the whole affair will, undoubtedly, be made. In its present development it forms one of the strangest chapters in the history of the human mind. It laughs to scorn the philosophy of an intellectual era. Human nature is essentially what it always has been, and all the schoolmasters in the universe cannot change it. Delusions, hardly less absurd than those of the times of witchcraft, are current every where at the present moment.

III. MARCH OF ANARCHY.

THE recent melancholy indications of a state of confusion and anarchy, of a growing disregard of law and order, an increasing and irrepressible spirit of turbulence and tumult, must excite in the most unreflecting mind the most serious considerations. Where had this spirit birth? In the nature of our own citizens, or in the example of a licentious foreign population? In the nature of our government, or in the character of those who have administered it?—a character which uniformly gives a tone to its subjects.

The spirit of violence and disorder was first displayed on the part of our government. It was exhibited in the forcible seizure of the public monies, and the inflammatory and violent measures by which it was sustained. We will carry through the President's will, exclaimed the government, perish what may! We will carry through our will, echoed the sovereign people, perish what may! The insolence, with which popular deputations were received at Washington, was another exhibition of the spirit of violence. It first openly broke out in the mobs, at the charter elections in New-York. It next appeared at the riots which followed some movements of the anti-slavery societies; next at the burning of the Ursuline Convent at

Charlestown. It has since been traced in blood and fire at the elections in Philadelphia, and Heaven only knows where it is to end.

The display of any inclination on the part of the government to substitute force for law, to compass its ends by coercion and violence rather than by the law and constitution, will invariably lead to popular insurrection and turbulence. "If the time shall arrive," says the report of the committee of Boston citizens on the burning of the Convent, "when popular will shall take the place of law, whether this be by riots and tumults or under the form of judicial proceedings, the grave of our nation's happiness and glory will have been prepared. Life, liberty, and property will be held at the will of malignity, prejudice, and passion; violence will become the common means of self-defence; and our only refuge from the horrors of anarchy will be under the comparatively peaceable shelter of military despotism."

IV. JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE reputation of Mr. Knowles as a popular dramatist is well established, both in this country and in Great-Britain. His success is an earnest of the return of a purer taste, and leads us to hope that the reign of the harlequins and the men-monkeys will not rise upon the ruins of the legitimate drama. Like most authors of native genius, Mr. Knowles has fashioned his productions after no borrowed model. His style is his own—his sentiments are his own, lofty and unaffected. None of his plays are purely tragic: they are chequered, as all fair representations of human life ever must be, with light and shade, but so relieved as not to present any incongruity in the management of the plot.

Mr. Knowles, we believe, never thought of impersonating before the public the fine conceptions of his fancy until just before the appearance of his well-known play, the *Hunchback*. The affairs of the Covent Garden Theatre, in London, were, at that time, in a desperate condition. The proprietors had reduced the salaries of the actors one half, and were in arrears to them to a considerable amount. Charles Kemble, the manager, was pacing the green-room with clenched fists, looking ten times more tragical than he ever did upon the stage. Utter bankruptcy seemed inevitable. At this moment, Knowles, with his characteristic generosity, stepped forward and offered to perform in his play himself; "he did not profess to know much about acting, but the novelty of the thing might prove attractive." The proposal was eagerly accepted. The *Hunchback* was produced, the author taking the part of Master Walter. Its success was decided and overwhelming. Pit and boxes were crowded every night of its presentation, with applauding spectators. The credit of the theatre was retrieved; its coffers were replenished; the actors were paid full salaries, and their long-pending demands at last liquidated. Thus, by the genius of one man, an infinite degree of private distress was averted, and prosperity restored to an establishment, on which some hundred individuals depended for bread. But was Knowles, the actor-bard,—the individual who saved the whole concern from impending ruin,—was he adequately rewarded for his sacrifices and his exertions? A weekly stipend, which one of our hack players would refuse to rant for, was allotted him, and the manager finally

had the impudence to give him this grudgingly. We forbear commenting upon the transaction. Mr. Knowles showed that he did not possess the talent of making a shrewd bargain; Mr. Kemble, that gratitude was not one of his managerial virtues.

Mr. Knowles arrived in this country last September. After performing several nights with eminent success in New-York, he made his appearance on the boards of the Tremont. His reception in this city was enthusiastic, but his audiences were rather select than crowded. His style of acting is chaste, spirited, and effective. His utterance is clear and emphatic, his action expressive and natural. There is much of the hurried energy and the startling colloquial manner of Kean in his performances. We never witnessed acting which was marked by more of the impressiveness of reality, than some parts of his personation of William Tell, particularly the scene with Melcthal, when he learns that Gesler had wantonly put out the old man's eyes. His manner was here that of a man struck speechless with deep horror, appalled with a sense of incredible cruelty and wrong, burning with fierce indignation, fixed in a purpose of terrible vengeance. It was a study for a great painter.

It is gratifying that the merits of Mr. Knowles are recognized and rewarded in this country, whatever may have been the illiberality with which they were recompensed in England. His qualities, as a man of high moral worth, of candor, and magnanimity, are no less remarkable than his talents as an author and actor. We have been told that Mr. Knowles is at present employed upon a new drama, the scene of which is laid in America, and one of the characters of which is an aboriginal inhabitant of our soil. The experiment is a hazardous one, but we cannot doubt of his success.

V. ENGLISH STRICTURES UPON THIS COUNTRY.

WE are, there is no denying it, a thin-skinned race of people; sensitive to abuse and resentful of obloquy and detraction, though the source whence they proceed be ever so obscure and contemptible. An old woman across the pond, who, with arms a-kimbo, appears and rails at us in the elegant phraseology of Billingsgate, may set the whole nation in an uproar. A profligate libeler, who sneers at our institutions and misrepresents our condition in mere wantonness of spirit, is visited with a very general and unnecessary degree of popular indignation. A solemn twaddler, like the reverend Isaac Fiddler, who exposes his own tenuity of intellect in attempting to narrate how he browsed and how he brayed in this country, and how his "father had a cow what used to milk herself," is straightway made a subject of consideration, and thrust before the public in the shape of a neatly-pressed octavo. A foreign journalist, who aims at us a paragraph barbed with malice and loaded with stupidity, is instantly pointed out and denounced as a formidable sharp-shooter. His abuse is placed before our eyes in a multitude of shapes, and he is plainly proved to be no friend to the republic.

We were lately amused at seeing extensively copied into our papers from the London New Monthly Magazine, a vulgar article, purporting to be an attack upon—the city of New-York. This truly alarming and momentous circumstance was speedily made known to the public

through the vigilance of the press, and we are happy to state that no ill consequences have yet resulted. The writer in the *New Monthly*, which, by the way, seems to have passed from the hands of Bulwer into those of an incompetent scribbler, has been, it appears, to see a panorama of New-York, which has been opened for exhibition in London. Of the picture he speaks with true Cockney glee; but the city he is inclined to think is "no great shakes." He does not believe that there is a house on either side of Broadway, that a London tradesman would live in. And he must say, "that the figures and carriages, which no doubt are perfectly characteristic, are quite in keeping with the scenery; dirty omnibuses, shabby hackney-coaches, tumble-down horses, and scampering fire-engines, with one landau, form the group of carriages, while a motley crowd of slaves (!) and swaggerers, Yahoos and Yankees, exhibit the pedestrian part of the population to no greater advantage." He says nothing of the English paupers, who may be seen in such numbers soliciting and obtaining charity of the aforesaid Yahoos and Yankees. The writer is kind enough to admit that the Hudson is a very fair river for a new country, and that the surrounding scenery, which has not yet been spoiled by American taste and genius, looks beautiful.

Seriously: we are utterly indifferent to the flippant sarcasms and the defamatory tirades of the English press. We do not consider it a matter of very great importance whether their travelers speak well or ill of us. For opinions founded in ignorance and maintained through prejudice we have very little respect. But we do regret that the growing good feeling between the two countries should be rudely checked by assaults, like those in the *New Monthly*. A great fault with our people, is, an undue deference to English opinions and precedents. Our literature, our associations, are so interwoven with those of England, that it is hard to assume towards her that unbending rigidity and indifference of demeanor, which we may preserve before other nations. But this subserviency to British opinion must be thrown off. A new independence, an independence of sentiment and of feeling, must be achieved, since our proffered alliance is rejected with insult and with contumely. And why should we not have sufficient self-respect to effect this emancipation? Why should we be so absurdly sensitive to what they may say of us in England? Why should we either be disquieted by her censure or elated by her praise? She has ever proved but a capricious and unnatural mother. Why do we, like an overgrown booby, persist in remaining tied to her apron-strings?

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Popular Reader or Complete Scholar, intended as a Reading-Book for the Higher Classes in Academies and other Schools in the United States. By the Author of the Franklin Primer, the Improved Reader, and the General Class-Book.

O, the days and months and even years that have been wasted by millions in trying to get fairly hold of, and in learning to wield the key of knowledge, technically called the Art of Reading! We must be permitted a groan or two for the past before we give way to the gladness with which the above mentioned book has inspired the present. O the millions of books that have been fingered and thumbed into rags again in the ten thousand school-prisons of our own blessed land! O the sighs of the mild fathers and the curses of the rough ones, over the dollars that have been wrung from the reluctant pocket to renew the generation of departing Spelling-books and Readers! And once more, O, how little good, comparatively, has been gotten in return for all the expenditures of money, time, and patience, by parents, pedagogues, and pupils! We trust that the era which has occasioned us to use the round vowel so many times, as an expression of unfeigned regret, is passing—indeed has passed away. We are confident that the very millenium of the reading art will have come, if all concerned will but look upon the above-named school-books with the favor they really deserve. We will not say that they are the “Only Sure Guide to the English Tongue,” like the infallible Perry’s spelling-book, but we do aver that they are the best guide we have ever seen.

We will now give a brief account of the plan we have ventured thus to laud. And pray, do not desert us now we must subside into a graver strain, ye school-sending and ye school-keeping readers. As those of the one class love dollars a little and children much more, and as those of the other desire ease at the same time that they aspire to be useful in their vocation, let them see what more we have to say. We will make our lead as light and as bright as it can well be in the nature of things.

Please to take note, in the first place, that the Popular Reader and Complete Scholar is the fourth of a series of reading books already published by the same gentleman. The first of the series is the Franklin Primer, so called because it was compiled at the instance of a school-convention, held in Franklin county, Massachusetts, a few years ago. And it well deserves to be so entitled, for another reason; it is constructed after the fashion the great American Philosopher used to advocate, and eminently exemplify in his own doings. It is built on an accurate observation of nature, and according to the dictates, not of old and blind usage, but of fresh and clear-sighted common sense.

The second is the Improved Reader, the third is the General Class-book, and the fourth and last the Popular Reader. This is the series—a better ladder

of learning than we have seen any where before, leading from childhood's chit-chat up to the lofty and luminous regions of manly literature.

The leading principle of these books is this—the scholar is made acquainted with the meaning of words before he reads them in composition. This we consider a very important characteristic. Why is it that there is so much miserable reading in our common schools in respect to tone and emphasis? The chief reason is, that much that is read is not understood. We will illustrate the actual case of juvenile readers by a supposed case of ourselves. Suppose that we are learning some foreign language, for instance the Spanish, but are as yet unacquainted with one half or two thirds of the words. Now we might, perhaps, pronounce the individual parts of the language well enough, but the inflections and force of voice could not possibly correspond with the sense of the composition. We should not know when to rise, or fall, or impress emphasis; for this depends on the meaning of much of which we are entirely ignorant. Now this has been precisely the case with learners in our common schools. In the majority of them not a few are set to con over and then put voice to reading lessons, much of which is as unintelligible to them as the tongue of the Dons was supposed to be to us. We will, this very moment, intermit our own dear English, and whip into our village primary school, and see if our assertions shall not be verified within an hour.—There—we have been, and returned, and have resumed our vernacular to put the hammer of immediate fact to the nail we were driving. We have seen a class, of eight or nine years old, sustaining, in their feeble hands, that mighty museum of literature, the American First Class Book. O what wallowing and boggling in the profundity of language! Did you ever see a short-limbed lad crawling, climbing, and staggering over a newly-heaped haymow? If you have, and your refinement will admit of so rustic an illustration, you can form some idea of the vocal toil we have witnessed. But the speech of some, however, stalked along as on a low and dead level, with most manlike ease and uprightness. The most towering altitudes to which syllables were ever piled, were not the least obstacle. Phrenologists would probably have discovered that these were blessed with very prominent eyes, indicating a phrenologist knows what. Now, we would ask, what good have these youngsters gained, even those who are the most puissant over words. Their voices were as monotonous and meaningless as the hum-drum of the wasps and flies at this moment droning out the last sounds of their mortal lives about our windows. And how could it possibly be otherwise, when such is the process of education? We believe that the miserable elocution generally prevalent, and this with very many who read with the understanding, too, is owing, in no small degree, to the manner of reading at school. Habits of utterance will cleave to the voice and control it, as an early-formed gait will take body and limb, as it were, out of our power when we walk. We observed a very striking instance of this not long ago. A friend, of good education, and a glowing temperament, was describing to us the scene of the destruction of the Convent. He was truly eloquent; he uttered not a tone which was not true to nature, and thrilling to the hearer's heart. He had not closed his description when the newspaper arrived, detailing the particulars of the outrage with graphic skill and indignant eloquence. Our friend was requested to read the account. This he did, but in a manner how different from his former spontaneous and significant tones. It seemed as if a dunce's tongue had stolen into his mouth, and usurped the place of his own proper organ of speech. This falling off from nature's truth and propriety was owing, we doubt not, to the mode of

learning to read in childhood, when the voice was necessarily clothed with unmeaningness and monotony as with a garment.

Now we apprehend that the art of reading would be very easily and perfectly acquired, were the method adopted which is set forth in our author's several prefaces, whether his books be used or not; and we believe that there have been no books yet published, which, as a course, are so well calculated to carry into successful effect the true method. Preceding the reading exercises there are tables of Lexicography, in which the words subsequently used are defined. The pupil is required to become familiar with these before he has to do with them in composition—so that, when he comes to them there, his tones cannot but be as natural as in conversation. Let it be observed that the topics, language, and style of each book are so chosen, that the pupil is prepared by what precedes, to understand and be instructed by what comes after.

There are two or three characteristics deserving of particular notice. In the second book of the series there are several chapters containing explanations of important words and phrases, in supposed conversations between a parent and child. In these, the scholar not only acquires much information necessary to reading understandingly and well, but he has also an exercise in the art in that familiar style, which is admirably calculated to give him a naturalness of tone and manner. The author has, moreover, taken particular pains to explain many terms generally used in the places of instruction and devotion. This we think of no small importance, inasmuch as for the lack of such explanations thousands of the young are liable to slumber, or to be obliged to compel themselves to wakefulness, on the Sabbath, against the drowsy hum of an unknown tongue. It is the last of the series that we had intended should be the particular subject of review. But in noting its predecessors we have done honor to this; for it is compiled on the same important principle. This principle is, it will be recollected, that the scholar shall not read in composition till he understands, at least, most of the terms he finds in his lesson; and, certainly, that he shall not pass from any one lesson to another till he shall thoroughly understand the meaning of all the words he has been over.

We now ask attention to some brief extracts from the preface of the Popular Reader, in which the author's plan is presented by himself:—

“On a review of these three books, it is believed that the principle design would be more fully accomplished by subjoining another volume in which the learner may be made acquainted with about fifteen hundred additional words, of frequent occurrence in some of our best authors.

“It is the peculiar object of these several books, to make the pupil at an early age so thoroughly acquainted with the meaning as well as orthography and pronunciation of popular language, that he may feel an interest in the moral and religious discourses on which he may be called to attend, and be able, without the help of a dictionary, to read with intelligence and a natural grace any common book which is composed in a good style. Another object in perfect accordance with this has been to furnish him with a greater variety of moral sentiments and a greater amount of valuable information than is to be found in most other books intended to occupy the same place in our schools. The present volume will be read with the greatest facility and advantage by those who are familiar with the preceding parts of the series. Still it is so far disconnected that, as the author flatters himself, it may be separately used with advantages equal if not superior to those of any other book of the kind.

“One of the peculiarities of this book will be found in the number of dialogues, amounting to twenty, which have been collected with great pains, and which, it is believed, will increase the value of the work, affording as they will the best discipline of the voice in reading, while they will give to the same thoughts a livelier interest than if they were delivered in a didactic manner.”

There is one very important characteristic which the preface does not particularly set forth. Our author's books do not contain a single sentiment which inculcates or breathes the baneful spirit of war. We rejoice at this. In most of the Readers and Class-books, quite too many of the pieces, historical, parliamentary, and poetical, are about war, conquest, and military glory. It may be argued that they tend to instill a necessary patriotism into the youthful mind. This may possibly be, but it seems to us quite too bloody a patriotism for an age in which a thousand Peace Societies are at their heavenly work, and a Congress of Nations is impatiently waited for to lift up and sustain the balance of international justice and the banner of universal peace. The fiery radiance of Wars should not be reflected from pages, whence the mind receives its earliest and deepest impressions. The paths of education should all lie beneath the gentle, but full and clear light of the Sun of Righteousness.

We commenced our remarks somewhat jocosely, but we would close them with impressive seriousness. We commend the whole series, but the Popular Reader most especially, to the attention of parents and teachers, and the public guardians of education. We assure them that this last is no hasty and careless compilation. It is the fruit of long and laborious research, guided by exceeding delicacy of taste, and the nicest moral sensibility. Nothing can be better calculated to breathe a taste for pure and elevated literature into the minds of our common youth; we desire and hope, therefore, that it will be the Popular Reader and Complete Scholar not only in name, but in fact and in truth, by coming into general use.

W. B.

Mr. Gardiner's Address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, on American Education in Classical Learning and Eloquence.

For just thought, high eloquence, and the graces of an elegant style, this discourse stands among the foremost productions of the day. It will not, perhaps, be received with popular applause. It is too high, too learned, too true for that. But it will find its way into thinking minds, and leave there a deep impression of its reasonings and its striking power. It will awaken many a thoughtless dreamer of the perfections of the present age, to some just notions of what that age really is, and what it really wants. It will join in with the daily increasing number of voices, now calling for a higher education, and a fuller unfolding of the powers, tastes, and sentiments of the soul. It will help vigorously forward that delicate refinement of social life, that accuracy of taste in letters and art, that depth of beautiful learning, which charm the spirit of the scholar, when he reads the finished works of the masters in European literature.

The discourse opens with some remarks on the tendency of the profession to which the writer belongs. These are followed by a series of striking views of the practical spirit which our age has shown and is still showing in manifold forms. The orator enumerates the extraordinary improvement in mechanical science, which our day has given birth to, and shows how the same influences have wrought upon the literary character, in bringing it down to what is popularly called utility. Then he considers the revolutionary turn which poetry and art have taken, dealing out, by the way, a just severity of criticism on the exaggerated, flashy style which has grown into a fashion and a passion with Bulwer, and Blackwood, and a whole herd of weakly imitators. He points out, clearly and forcibly, the dangers to which our country is peculiarly exposed, of neglecting

the elegancies of learning and art, and of failing to appreciate the value of these pursuits, on which a high intellectual character mainly depends. The antidote to this peril is education,—not popular, merely,—but the loftiest education of which the human soul is capable. The speaker warns his countrymen, in the most impressive manner, against the downward progress of all leveling schemes, and strongly advocates an “accomplished education—liberal, enlightened, thorough, classical education.”

The low state of classical learning among us, he describes in strong colors. Some of his statements we do not fully agree to; but the theme is one which we have no space, within the limits of a brief notice, to enlarge upon. He then goes into a practical argument in favor of the accurate study of the learned languages, the several topics of which he handles in a masterly manner. The argument is clear, intelligible, and conclusive. The remarks on the influence of classical learning upon American eloquence—on the kind and occasions of that eloquence, and its wide-spread power over the public mind—are exceedingly pointed and seasonable. This statement of the general neglect of the art of speaking, in a correct and elegant style, is startling, and his suggestions in regard to improving the condition of eloquence, are weighty. He shows clearly enough that powers, opportunity, and calls for the loftiest oratory, exist in our country, to an extent never surpassed,—that our institutions require it, and our Anglo-Saxon blood may be warmed by it, as well as the blood of Greeks and Romans. This is followed up by a beautiful analysis of Cicero's celebrated address to Cæsar, and a discussion of the enlarged circle of themes, motives, and arguments, which Christianity brings within the reach of the modern orator. He shows, by an ingenious comparison of facts, that, in essential points, the present age opens occasions for the same kinds of eloquence as that of Cicero or Demosthenes, and brings the discussion irresistibly to this brilliant point:—“But, after all, the distinction seems to be rather in the greater difficulty of satisfying the reason, than the greater difficulty of moving the affections, of a modern auditory. The reason must first be satisfied. This was the precept and practice of antiquity; but with us the reason is a faculty more cultivated, more critical, more captious, than it was in Athens or in Rome. Greater refinement of argument is required, therefore, to reach this point; but that being done, the heart is as liable to be moved now, as it was two thousand years ago, by those powers and sympathies which God has created purposely to move it. Greater art, greater skill, not more native power, is requisite to produce the same effect. A modern audience demands better eloquence. Is that a reason why that which they have should be really inferior? or why eloquence as an art should be less cultivated than it was?” The orator then proceeds to show that the forensic eloquence of Cicero bore a much stronger likeness in substance and sources to modern forensic eloquence, than has usually been thought. His observations on the defence of Milo, are marked by a tone of elegant criticism, and just discrimination; and the general conclusion is, that modern oratory may be greatly improved by the study of the masters of ancient eloquence. This is accompanied by a description of ancient education, and the training through which the orator was required to pass, before he was held to be qualified for entering the Senate or the courts. In the contrasting of this picture with the general neglect of preparatory discipline, in modern schemes of literary education, the orator finds a sufficient cause for the alleged inferiority of modern eloquence. He then urges the study of classical learning, and sustains his arguments by the examples of those great men, who have approached nearest the mighty minds of antiquity, and who have uniformly been

distinguished by the depth of their classical lore. The discourse closes with an animated and eloquent appeal to those who are entrusted with the education of New-England youth, to lead the minds of the rising generation up to the fountains of wisdom, truth, taste, and beauty, which were laid open in the best ages of Greece and Rome.

This oration is full of learning, taste, and deep thought. The argument is close; but the orator opens many side views, which show that he has ranged far and wide beyond the walks of professional life, into the world of art and letters.

The Atlantic Club Book, by various authors. In two volumes.

These little volumes are made up of pieces taken from the New-York Mirror. We find the names of most of our best writers, both in prose and poetry, adorning the pages of the collection. There is a great variety in the characters, and an equal variety in the merit of these gathered leaves. Several poems of Bryant's are in his highest and best vein. "The Robber" has more spirit, more power, more imagination, than any other of his poems, we have ever read. "August" is marked with his unrivaled richness of description and melody of language. Mr. Paulding—inimitable Paulding—has here told some of his capital stories. We were delighted to find "Jonathan's visit to the Celestial Empire" treasured up in this work. It is a gem, in its way, and deserves a more abiding fame than belongs to the columns of a weekly paper. The humor of it is irresistible. It is free from the exaggeration and study for effect, that displease us in some of his writings. It is true, racy, pointed, and original. Another piece of his—Knickerbocker Hall—is in a little different vein. Here the author gets among his favorite old Dutchmen, and draws his usual admirable picture of that singular race. Irving himself scarcely goes beyond Paulding in graphic delineation of these amusing personages, whom the busy, bustling, hustling generations of this extraordinary age, are fast driving out of New-York into the regions of tradition. "Halleck" has afforded matter for some dozen pages. He is the drollest mixture of splendid poetry and mad-cap buffoonery we have ever had the honor to encounter in the walks of literature. He has written one or two of the best things to be found in American poetry, and might, perhaps, soar above the flight of any singer among us. His serious style is full of vigor, and towers into sublimity. His language is choice, nervous, bold, and wrought into verse of majestic harmony; but in the very midst of some of his finest passages, he does not hesitate to sacrifice a glorious effect for a treacherous joke. His wit is good in its place; his pathos is excellent by itself; but the two, mingled together, form a most incongruous compound. The reader must laugh, to be sure; but is Halleck satisfied with that? When he can move the heart with solemn music—raise the mind to high contemplation by magnificent imagery in noble diction—in short, when he can sway the whole soul with the full power of a "heaven-directed" bard, is he content with the fleeting fame of a jester?

Mr. T. S. Fay is a great writer in a small way. We fancy he writes in a little study, on little paper, with a little pen,—for his style is little, his stories are little, his thoughts are little, his images are little, and his sentences and subjects are little. Yet he writes agreeably. His productions are excellent things to while away an idle hour with, if one wishes to occupy his mind in soothing meditations of pleasing nothingness. Mr. Willis—but he is so notorious that it would be absurd to say much on so stale a celebrity—has thrown in a few pretty affairs, to be

scattered, "like orient pearl," over these pages. The little girl he "knew at Rome" gives him an opportunity of stringing together a page or two of sparkling fancies, with a sprinkling of classical allusions and famous names. But a gentleman who aspires to use this kind of lore ought to know enough about it not to make the second syllable of *Egina* short, as in the line,

"Of *Salamis* and *Egina* long hung ;"

nor the second syllable of *Pactolus* short, as in the line,

"Of golden *Pactolus* where bathes his waters."

There are too many writers and scribblers jumbled together, in these volumes, to be particularly mentioned. Some of the things they have perpetrated are execrable trash enough, but do not merit any special damnation ; but there are excellencies more than sufficiently numerous to save the book from sinking into the "receptacle of things lost upon earth," that Mr. Adams speaks of, or from being shoved out of sight, behind the rubbish, on the booksellers' upper shelves.

It is strange that New-York should have such a bad name for lack of literature, and yet should have been the nursing mother of some—of many of the best geniuses among us. In fiction, in poetry, in every department of elegant letters, where has she—Babel as she is, Mammon-loving as she is said to be—where, we ask, has she been surpassed ?

Eulogy on Lafayette, delivered in Faneuil Hall, at the request of the Young Men of Boston, September 6, 1834. By Edward Everett.

The occasion on which this eulogy was spoken, is not likely soon to be forgotten by the young men of Boston. The death of a great and good man had spread a gloom over the lovers of freedom throughout the world, and his name was to receive the honors due to it, in her consecrated Hall. The anniversary of his birth was the chosen time ; he who had welcomed the thrice illustrious hero in tones of thrilling eloquence ten years before, within the walls of Harvard, was the chosen man. The day was beautiful, as if the heavens looked down benignantly on the heartfelt offering paid to the shade of the great departed. Throughout the city the hum of business was stilled ; and throngs of men, gathered from country and city, decked with appropriate badges, joined, in solemn procession, to go down to Faneuil Hall, under martial escort, and listen to the praises of the lamented dead.

What a scene struck the eye, on entering that vast Hall ! Its arches were hung with the simplest drapery of mourning. Its galleries were filled with the selected beauty of the metropolis, waiting, with high-wrought expectation, the well-known eloquence of a favorite orator. Below, a crowded multitude of men, all expressing in their countenances the serious reflections naturally belonging to the occasion, fixed their eyes upon a raised platform, occupied by the speaker, the clergyman, and many of our most distinguished gentlemen, with strangers from various parts of the country. On the front of the stage, stood a bust of Lafayette ; on the side of the Hall, behind and towards the left of the orator, was hung the well-known portrait of Washington, by Stuart. Solemn music, a requiem, followed by prayer, was the opening of the simple ceremonies.

Mr. Everett has most extraordinary powers to move an audience on such an occasion. His personal appearance wins the attention and respect of his hearers,

the moment he rises. His figure is well proportioned, and his head is marked with traits of high intellectual dignity. The lines of his countenance express gravity and deep thought mingled with gentleness, and the beautifully expanded forehead towers above them, a fit abode for the lofty intellect dwelling therein. His eye is large and beaming, and, in moments of inspiration, dilates with wonderful lustre. His eloquence is peculiar. It is the action of the whole man. His words are selected with the unerring accuracy and exquisite taste of a first-rate artist. His sentences are constructed with the harmony of music itself. His voice has a magical power, which belongs to no other voice we have ever heard. It is full, rich, and varied, equally capable of uttering the softest tones of pity, or the loftiest accents of severe rebuke; equally beautiful in describing the loveliest objects in nature or human life, and the sublimest works of man or his Maker. Its lowest whisper may be heard at the remotest corner of Faneuil Hall; and, when its full volume rolls over an audience, it fills the ear, sways the mind, and overpowers the heart, like the swell of an organ. Every word he utters, is perfectly uttered. It is distinct, and clear, as a coin just from the mint, and it falls upon the ear with its whole weight and force. His gestures are singularly graceful, expressive, and appropriate. In the choice of imagery, his taste is pure and his genius eminently happy. With a mind, in which are hived the treasures of vast and varied learning—a taste that knows how to use those treasures just enough, and just at the right time—an inventive genius, that finds new combinations and new relations to a surprising degree—a poetical imagination, that lends a rich and glowing color to all the objects of thought—a chaste, yet copious and splendid diction—Mr. Everett was just the person to give a living picture of the great and good man, whose loss the citizens of Boston, in common with the whole civilized world, deplore. We have said that Mr. Everett's eloquence is the action of the whole man at once. It is not choice language, or severe logic, or beautiful figures, or impassioned appeals, or silvery tones, or rich thought, or fine gestures, or wide-reaching learning—it is a curious blending of them all—as curious and delicate as the blending of the prismatic colors in a ray of light. His hearers are not merely convinced, or moved, or touched—they are not alone filled with the music of his voice, or swayed by the affecting truth of his pictures—but they are subdued by an appeal to their senses, reason, and heart, together.

The Eulogy on Lafayette was one of Mr. Everett's most successful performances. It is a beautiful narrative of the principal events in that great man's life, varied with passages of the grandest eloquence. The attention of the vast assembly was unwavering throughout; and their feelings were often expressed by bursts of the most rapturous applause. There are, in this eulogy, examples of almost all kinds of excellence. The picture of the wife of Lafayette entreating the emperor of Austria for permission to join her husband in prison is drawn in affecting colors. In the delivery of that passage, the speaker's voice assumed its most touching tones, and reached the heart of every one within the Hall. On the other hand, the contrast between Lafayette and Napoleon, particularly the closing part of it, was uttered with an inspired energy, which absolutely commanded the instant assent of the audience. But perhaps the most thrilling strain of eloquence was the concluding apostrophe to Washington's picture and the bust of Lafayette. The attempt, for any other man, would have been bold and dangerous; with Mr. Everett it was completely successful, and carried out in the highest strain of sublimity.

Those who were so fortunate as to hear this eulogy will never forget the delightful impression it left on their minds. It was one of those intellectual treats

that leave nothing to be desired. It was a perfect work, combining every possible excellence of manner and matter. As a piece of written composition, it must be admired, like all the other writings from the same eloquent pen. It has that in it, which will carry it down to after ages, and secure it in the memory of his countrymen forever. To read it is high enjoyment; but to hear it, uttered with all the accompaniments of manner, gesture, tone, and look, was a rare felicity which will be looked back upon with delight so long as any earthly recollection can awaken the mind to a sense of intellectual pleasure, in the contemplation of the beautiful.

Sketches of Society in Great-Britain and Ireland: by C. S. Stewart, Author of "a Visit to the South Seas," &c.

We have read these volumes with considerable pleasure. They contain the observations of an intelligent traveler, on the state of society in the greatest nation of the earth. Mr. Stewart, in company with Captain Bolton, of the American Navy, passed through England, Scotland, and a part of Ireland, in the summer of 1833. During this tour he wrote a series of letters, addressed to a friend at home, in which he recorded whatever occurred, that interested him. These letters are not given to the public, apparently in the shape in which they were first written.

It is unfortunate for tourists in Great-Britain, that Prince Pückler Muskau's book has so lately been read, by all the readers of the English and German languages. The richness of knowledge, and the beautifully descriptive style, which that accomplished writer commands, have made his book a standard classic in German, while Mrs. Austen's admirable translation places it in the same rank in English literature. Compared with that book, Mr. Stewart's is meagre and dull. But the comparison is not just. The Prince stands alone, as a writer of travels. No one approaches him in all the requisites for a delightful tourist.

Mr. Stewart seems to have had access to fashionable and elegant society, not commonly granted to American travelers. The number of titles and honorable names that bespangle his pages, is amazing to plain republicans like ourselves. The dinners, the parties, the rides, with Lord This, and Lady That, with the Marquis Fiddle, and the Dowager Duchess Faddle, the visits at Halls, Places, Palaces, and a hundred other emblazonings of aristocratic entertainments, fill us with a sort of wonder at the augustness of the reverend traveler, on whom the nobles of so proud an empire lavished their attentions and caresses. There is a little bad taste in all this. One would think, from reading this book, that the aristocracy of Great-Britain constituted the entire respectability of British society. His remark is unquestionably true, that the characters of this class of men are not widely different from the characters of men in other classes, as it respects either intellect or morals. But the great mass of British talent,—that power which is now moving and heaving the old institutions of that feudal kingdom,—which is putting forth its influence to the uttermost parts of the earth,—which is accomplishing, under the stimulating impulses of an excited age, nearly all the great feats of literature, arts, or public enterprises,—this mass of talents lies in the middling classes, not among those who are resting upon their patrimonial estates. It is a beautiful spectacle, no doubt, to gaze upon the elegant repose of the heir to an ancient name and a princely domain; to see the taste and splendor with which he spends his revenue; to behold his magnificent halls, decorated

with the most sumptuous shows of art and wealth. But where are the men of science and letters? where the great statesmen? where the wise institutions for training up young men to sustain their country's noble destiny? Alas! the reverend gentleman finds, amidst the brilliant scene he has entered, but a few moments to give to themes like these. He glides over the surface of British life, pausing only at its shiny points, but leaves the vast depths below unfathomed and unattempted. He fills his book with *names*, for whom the American people cannot care a straw; he leaves out altogether, *things*, in which the American people feel an absorbing interest. He describes the scenery of Great-Britain with some power; but there is a stiffness in his style, a *consciousness*, so to speak, of its finery, that makes a reader, looking for clear, transparent, expression, very impatient; and he carries, throughout the book, a self-conceit, a perpetually abiding recollection, that he is the man who was presented to his Gracious Majesty, William IV. all in his canonicals. His style is, besides, careless and lumbering. He uses three times the necessary quantity of words, sometimes to express thoughts scarcely worth the most simple expression. He says a thing *is being done*, a house *is being built*. To test this phrase, let us use the old English form of the indicative present, and see how it will read; the thing *bees being done*; the house *bees being built*. It is plain, at once, that *is being*, is an idle repetition. Nothing but the different sound of the present tense of the verb, owing to the irregularity of its form, could have cheated the public ear into tolerating such a pleonastic absurdity.

Mr. Stewart's pictures are covered over with such a haze of words, that their outlines are uncertain and indistinct. This is a great fault in a descriptive writer. But yet, such a lively interest do we take in every thing concerning England, we are led through his multitudinous descriptions by some unseen enchantment, that excites our wonder when we have gone through the whole and had time to call our reflections about us.

The work, however, is well worth reading. It is animated by a kindly feeling and sustained by religious faith. The best passage, in every respect, is the account of Newstead Abbey and Col. Wildman, its present occupant.

Guy Rivers; by the author of Martin Faber.

These volumes have lain on our table a long time. While we have been occupied in plodding through a mass of what is technically called light reading, some of which is heavy enough, this book has wound its way into a pretty wide-extended popularity, and has even been brought in a dramatic form, as we have been told, upon the New-York boards. After this sort of immortality has been conferred upon it by the gentlemen of taste who guide the literary opinions of the metropolis of the "Empire State," any addition that we can make will be but little worth. But we proceed to the discharge of our duty, believing in the truth of the old adage, "better late than never."

The scene is laid, partly in South-Carolina, and partly in Georgia. The origin of the tale lies in the history of two brothers, Carolina gentlemen, who bear the name of Colleton. Their characters and fortunes are widely different. One of them lives in a style of profuse expenditure, and, consequently, is obliged to leave his native state to try his fortunes in the West. The other, is a close-handed gentleman, who goes on thriving in worldly goods, and gradually enlarging his influence over the county where he resides. The former dies poor,

and leaves an only son, who is received and educated by the latter. Now it so happens that the surviving brother hath a daughter, comely to look upon, and of nearly the age of the orphan boy. In the multiplicity of his occupations, it never occurs to the political old gentleman, that the tender passion may play the dickens with the young things under his special care. Ralph Colleton (for that is our hero's name) grows up to manhood, and Edith to womanhood. When the young gentleman's education is completed, he returns to his uncle's mansion, and finds, in the society of his amiable cousin, every thing he can desire. They are satisfied with each other, and feel the want of no other earthly thing whatsoever. Without having the slightest suspicion of it, they fall desperately deep into the conditions which is proper for heroes and heroines. How could it be otherwise? He was a high-spirited Southron, chivalrous, talented, handsome, and enthusiastic; and she—bless us!—she was—she was—but the subject is too affecting.

They talk, walk, read, and gaze on beautiful nature together. Things would have gone on, nobody can tell how long, in this dreamy state, had not master Ralph chanced upon a romantic tale, which struck the right key, and showed him all at once what tune his heart was beating to. As soon as he had found out this, he rushed into the parlor, and a scene was gotten up which we should hardly dare describe; suffice it to say, that just at the moment when the enraptured young gentleman had imprinted a kiss, on the forehead or lips, we forget which, of the no-less enraptured young lady, the old gentleman, who ought to have been in better business, came in, and had the impertinence to be much astonished at the sight. The lovers were, as in duty bound, quite thunderstruck at this unwelcome apparition. The unreasonable old fellow said some pretty crabbed things to young Colleton, to which he replied with sufficient tartness. Young and proud, he could not submit to be the guest of a man who had insulted him. Fortunately, he was the owner of a fine steed, and his pocket was tolerably well filled with the "sinews of war." Having written a letter, couched in terms of suitable manliness, to the uncle, and a tender adieu to the niece, he mounted his noble charger, and rode off, in a phrenzy of lofty indignation. The course of his journey brought him into the gold region of Georgia. Just at the proper time he fell into a profound reverie, as young gentlemen are apt to do, and wandered from his way. Before long he stumbled upon an outlaw, a member of the Pony Club, who was all ready to receive him. A dialogue ensued between the romantic young gentleman and the outlaw, which has nothing in it, but tedious length, and utter absurdity. A scuffle followed, in which the young gentleman's coolness, courage, and quickness of eye, brought him and his horse away victorious, leaving the robber sprawling on the ground, with the print of the horse's heel upon his cheek. The escaping hero was shot at and hit in the leg, but did not at first feel the wound; at length, however, he fainted and fell from his horse. A good-hearted, bragging, bullying fellow, named Forrester, picked him up, and carried him to the village-tavern, where he was laid up and well taken care of. As soon as his wound allowed, he left his chamber, and joined the circles below. At table he found a charming young lady, whom he knew, at first sight, to have received an education much above her present sphere. As soon as he could, he politely addressed his conversation to Miss Munro (that was her name) and found her as amiable, and intelligent, and beautiful as heart could desire. At another part of the table he espies a ferocious looking personage with whose look he seems to have a mysterious familiarity; and his curiosity is painfully roused by observing this personage eyeing him more

attentively than he thought good-breeding permitted. The strange man turns out to be Guy Rivers, and (we may as well mention it here) the gentleman robber whom he had so unceremoniously cheated out of his prey. A series of events now take place, most of which deeply concern the intrepid hero, and spring from the plotting brain of the mysterious outlaw, who shows an unaccountable thirst for his blood. Munro, the tavern-keeper, Lucy's uncle, is leagued with the desperate fortunes of Rivers, and has already become the ready instrument of his superior genius. Bad enough this, for a young gentleman of nineteen!

About this time a Connecticut pedlar came into the village, with a go-cart full of notions. This worthy, Jared Bruce by name, had before palmed off upon the sharp-witted Georgians, a goodly quantity of wooden clocks, and tin pots that fell to pieces at sight of fire; a catastrophe he accounts for by showing that said pots were not "calculated" for a southern climate. The angry Southrons were proceeding to take vengeance on the unhappy pedlar, and actually did demolish the world of notions in his cart; but a certain lawyer, Pippin by name, hoping to have an opportunity of bringing forward sundry actions of trespass and the like, slyly advised the pedlar to slip off, to his own retreat, while the work of destruction was in progress. The pedlar took the hint, mounted the lawyer's horse, and vanished; but the other part of his advice was forgotten. Great was the anger of 'Squire Pippin when he learned the true state of the case.

Leaving the dealer in notions to take care of himself, which he is pretty well qualified to do, let us return to our hero, who needs a little looking after. In a short time he had an opportunity of escorting the amiable Lucy to a camp-meeting. On his way there, he entertained her with long speeches about the heart, and the comparative strength of woman's affections, and other topics in that branch of divinity, as a sort of preparation for the services of the camp. All we can say is, we hope she did not find them so tedious as we did. We doubt not the young gentleman meant well; but for a youth of nineteen to be such an unconscionable proser, promised sad things for manhood and old age. The sermon was interrupted by intelligence that a party of marauders had taken possession of a gold-region, worked by the villagers; and the villagers were, of course, under arms at once to expel the intruders. When they arrive at the spot, a long dialogue takes place between the leaders; then both parties are surprised by the coming on of a body of Georgia Guards, who threaten to expel them all. This leads to a union of forces, and a battle follows, in which the guards come off second best. Our hero must needs go to see the sport, and when there found it extremely hard to keep his head out of mischief, simpleton that he was. At length, however, he recognized in Guy Rivers, the robber who did not rob him. He charged him with it—was challenged to a duel—but, with a careful eye to his own honor, refused to fight such a blackguard. This was sensible. Guy now burned with a fierce desire of vengeance. Our hero is not only the object of a wild personal hatred, but has in his possession secrets dangerous to the neck of Rivers, Munro & Co. He returns to the village, receives mysterious warnings from Lucy, but is too proud to be influenced by them. At length she overhears the above-named worthies talking together, and gathers clearly that they are going to assassinate the young gentleman that very night. We may as well hint that the high-bearing, and long speeches of Mr. Colleton, had touched the susceptible heart of Lucy a little more deeply than she was herself aware. So she determined to save him at all hazards. Our hero had thrown himself on his couch wrapped in his cloak, and was just fallen into pleasant dreams of home, and Edith, when Lucy, armed with preternatural strength, entered his chamber. She

awoke him. He started up, astonished as well he might be. She revealed his danger, and entreated him to flee; at first he was incredulous, and got up a fit of pride and magnanimity; she still urged: he fell into his old trick of speech-making, and we gave him up for lost; but the lady (as ladies always do) gained her point, and he consented to depart. She guided him from the house, and having taken an affectionate leave, and thrown around her neck a gorgeous chain on which was hung a miniature of the incomparable Edith, he mounted his horse and was out of sight in an instant. The murderers were mad enough, to be so cheated by a silly girl, as they chose to call her, and laid a plan to cut him off. Rivers picked up a dagger which Colleton had dropped in his haste to depart, and in a short time they had set off in pursuit. Luckily he took the wrong road. In a short time they came up with a horseman whom they slew, by mistake; it was Forrester, who had been obliged to decamp on account of his part in the affray with the guard. Rivers left, near the body, the dagger of Colleton, besmeared with blood; and then set on foot the officers of justice, in pursuit of the supposed murderer. Colleton was arrested, tried, and the circumstances appearing to the jury conclusive, was sentenced to be executed. This to be sure was an awkward predicament. Lucy had made an attempt to save him, by testimony which she was suddenly prevented from giving, by the just remembered certainty of involving her uncle in the same peril. But she afterwards so wrought upon her uncle that he made an effort, and a successful one, by means which we cannot stop to relate, to get the unfortunate young gentleman out of prison. A hot pursuit was the immediate consequence. The fugitives came to a river which they were attempting to ford, just as the pursuers came to the bank. Young Colleton looked back, and saw them preparing to shoot—he heard the fatal click; but, with his usual presence of mind, plumped, like a duck, down into the river, and the balls entered his horse's head. Munro, having reached the opposite bank, was shot at, and fatally wounded. Luckily, he had life and sense enough to disclose the whole truth; luckily, a soldier had paper enough to write down the dying man's confession; luckily the moon shone brightly enough for him to do it; and, most luckily, it was actually done. Colleton was released and restored to the arms of his friends, who had come to the village on hearing his unhappy plight. Guy Rivers was arrested, and turned out to be a scoundrel lawyer, who had committed murder, and joined a gang of outlaws, after having been disappointed in politics and love. The secret of his enmity to Colleton, was that young gentleman's successful attachment to Edith, the object of his own fierce and ungovernable aspiration. These are some of the main incidents in the tale.

This novel shows very respectable powers both in thought and style. The author's conception of character is strong and vivid; but he does not finish according to nature. All his personages run, one way or another, into extravagances. They are all terribly addicted to prosing. Colleton proses, Lucy proses, the robbers prose, the pedlar proses, and the author himself proses. The hero is an improbable character. He is too wise for his years, and yet does some very silly things. The robber, Rivers, is improbable. He has great talents, and some distinction at the bar—and yet he is silly enough to become an outlaw for the purpose of avenging on society the fancied wrongs he had suffered in having his suit rejected, and his election to the legislature defeated.

The style is too verbose. The descriptions of persons and places are too frequent and too minute. They want clipping, condensing, clarifying, and strengthening. His expressions are sometimes incorrect. He talks of a man's head fall-

ing *supinely* on his breast—he might as well have fallen forward on his back. In another passage he has stolen one of Cooper's "furtive glances;" and in another he speaks of *features* of dress, &c. The number might be increased indefinitely; but it is high time to stop, or we shall catch the author's trick of prosing.

A Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University. Delivered September 3, 1834. By Asher Robbins.

The month has been singularly prolific of orations. We have a score of them on our table. The address now before us is one of the annual offerings of our collegiate societies. It is familiarly written, and contains some good passages. The Latin quotations are rather of the most ancient, and one or two of the notions inculcated, in spite of authority, are, to our mind, absurd. When we are told that the real art of eloquence, in its perfection, is unknown to modern times, we are reminded of schoolboy days, when Demosthenes to our young vision was a demi-god. Time, the corrector, cures such puerilities. Great in his day and sphere as was the master of Grecian eloquence, he possessed no more of the true spirit than some of the greatest of modern times. Did not Chatham carry the art to perfection? Was our own Henry—"forest-born" though he may have been—less stirring, less effective, less true to his subject and occasion? Does the eloquence of Fox, or Burke, or Ames, fall so much below the highest order of the art, that we can say with the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa—that eloquence is *evryth*? If the effect is the criterion of the cause, where do we read of more impassioned and heart-stirring oratory than has been heard on the floor of our own Senate within the last five years? Reverencing as we do the great models of ancient art, we still cannot make idols of them; the mists of time magnify them, and invest them with borrowed grandeur. But the element which made Demosthenes what he was, still lives; still burns on the lips, and in the souls of living men.

MONTHLY RECORD.

OUR AFFAIRS WITH FRANCE. The session of the French Chambers has closed. Notwithstanding the allusion to the Treaty with the United States by the King, at the opening of the session, no project of a law providing for the execution of its provisions, was presented by the French Ministers. It is true, that the session was preparatory merely, intended by the charter for the organization of the legislative body after the election of new Deputies. The treaties which require legislation, and the portions of the charter which cannot be executed without legislation, have been alike passed over by the Ministry. But for the extraordinary delay to act heretofore definitely on this subject, and the decision of the former Chamber of Deputies against the Ministerial project of the necessary law, no surprise could be felt, or apprehension produced, by the late omission by the Executive of France to ask for the appropriation required to redeem the faith of the government. Practically speaking, as it regards the interests of those for whom France is pledged to the United States, the delay is unimportant. Had the appropriation been made, and the money been paid according to the provisions of the treaty, the rightful owners could not have received, and could not now receive, the amount of their respective claims—the Commissioners who are sitting in judgement upon them having not yet decided on the distribution that is to be made. The principal and the interest must be paid by France, and if paid prior to the decision of the Commissioners, the individual claimants will not suffer injury. There is, however, another aspect of this interesting question. The delay that has occurred—the adverse decision that has been made—the protracted postponement of the decision by the new Chambers—are all these consistent with the obligations of France to the United States? Have they been, can they be, justifiably explained, or satisfactorily excused? It is not for us to penetrate the recesses of our diplomacy. Confiding in the known

character of the administration, we have no doubt the amplest assurances have been given to the United States of the intention of the government of France to do justice, and to keep its faith, to preserve its character among nations by the performance of its engagements, made according to the forms, and in obedience to the spirit, of the charter. What these assurances are, and how they have been, or will be fulfilled, will be known in the progress of a few weeks. Until this period arrives, it may be useful to condense known facts, that the people may see at a glance the position in which we stand.

The Convention was signed at Paris on the 4th of July, 1831; the ratifications were exchanged on the 2d of February, 1833, at Washington.

The French Chambers were in session to the 21st of April. The exchange of ratifications must have been known in Paris prior to the close of the session! The subject of the treaty was not presented.

The Chambers met again on the 19th of November, 1833. The session closed on the 25th of April, 1833. On the 6th of April, the Minister of Finance laid before the Chamber of Deputies the treaty with the United States, and a bill making the appropriations to execute it. The bill was read and referred to a committee. No action upon the subject during that session, which closed on the 25th April, 1833.

The next session opened the following day, 26th April, 1833. On the 11th June, the Minister of Finance presented a new bill. It was read and referred. Some incidental discussion took place on the 13th June, but nothing important was done. The session closed on the 26th of the same month, no farther notice being taken of the bill.

The next session began on the 23d December, 1833. On the 13th of January, 1834, the Minister of Finance again presented the bill. It was received, ordered to be printed, and referred to a committee. On the 10th of March, Mr. Jay presented, from the

committee, a detailed report, recommending the adoption of the bill. The discussion commenced on the 23th of March. The bill was opposed—by a few of the speakers, because France should not have agreed to pay any thing to the United States; by others, because the administration had contracted to pay too much. The debate continued three days, and on the 1st of April, the Chamber voted—344 members being present. The votes in favor of the bill, were 168; against it, 176; majority against it, 8.

The competent authority having refused the appropriations requisite, the United States would have taken it for granted the decision was final, and the President would necessarily have called upon Congress to decide upon the measures to be pursued. To avert this consequence, the King of France sent a national vessel to his representative in this country. The vessel arrived before Congress adjourned, and the President made no communication to Congress. The people will understand that the assurances given to him by the Executive of France, must have been full and satisfactory as to the intentions of the King, and his expectations of seeing soon redeemed by the new Deputies the faith of the Government which had been disregarded by those whose term of service had just expired. The French Chambers ordinarily meet in December. The King has the constitutional power to convoke them, and they do not assemble until called. If he does not assemble them unusually early, the question will stand as it now stands, at the meeting of Congress, and the final decision of the French Chambers will not be known here, until near the close of the session of Congress; that is, a few days before the 4th of March next.

It is greatly to be desired that the Chambers should assemble before the meeting of Congress, and that the decision of France should be communicated some time before the 4th of March; otherwise, provisional legislation, at all times resorted to with regret, may be found necessary to the character of the United States and the just claims of their citizens.

For the above account we have been indebted to the official journal of the Government.

PENSION FRAUDS. Several shocking cases of frauds on the Pension Office have been discovered within the present year. An attorney in Kentucky, who

has held a respectable station in society, is now in confinement upon such and other charges. A number of persons in Virginia have been detected, among whom are individuals of high standing, and one member of the legislature.

But the most shocking case is in Vermont. The guilty person is Robert Temple Esq. formerly Pension Agent, President of the Bank of Rutland, and a man of great wealth, and the first character in that part of the country. Alarmed at the prospect of a publication of the pensioners' names, he came to Washington and attempted to bribe a clerk in the office to alter the books and make out false lists for the printer, so as to conceal his frauds. The clerk succeeded in drawing from him a list of about sixty cases, in which he desired alterations to be made, or the names omitted. He promised to write under a fictitious name, and left Washington. The affair was then disclosed by the clerk to his superiors, and an investigation took place in the War and Treasury Departments, in which many circumstances were developed tending to strengthen the disclosures made by the clerk. Mr. Temple had been Pension Agent in Vermont, until he was removed by Major Eaton, when Secretary of War, and it was apparent that he had been playing the same game while in the service of the government.

The clerk who had made the disclosure was now despatched, with a companion, to Vermont, to secure the arrest of Temple and investigate the cases there. After his departure, a letter directed to him from New-York was taken out of the Post-Office, inclosing a fifty dollar note, and promising a liberal reward if he would accomplish the object. It was from Temple, under a fictitious name. This was forwarded to the District Attorney of Vermont, under the frank of the Commissioner of Pensions.

The messengers from Washington arrived in the vicinity of Rutland, where the United States court was sitting, on Friday. Some delay occurred in consequence of the District Attorney being occupied in a criminal case, and they did not enter the village until night-fall on Monday, and then found that Temple had committed suicide.

It appeared that he had observed in the Post-office the letter to the District Attorney inclosing his own anonymous letter with the \$50 note, and induced the Postmaster to give it to him, under pretence that he would deliver it. He undoubtedly opened it, and as soon as

he saw its contents, went to his house, took his gun, retired to his stable, and shot himself through the heart.

The extent of his frauds is still unknown. It is ascertained that many of those for whom he has been drawing pensions are dead, and some of them died twenty years ago. Others are supposed never to have existed. It is conjectured the amount thus abstracted from the Treasury cannot be less than \$40,000, and is probably more.

POST-OFFICE. It will be remembered, says the New-York Commercial, that the Post-Office Committee of the Senate, not having time to complete their investigation into the affairs of the Post-Office at the last session, adjourned over to pursue the examination during the recess. The almost numberless malversations of office—the monstrous corruptions—discovered by the Committee, on a partial inquiry into the condition of the Department, demanded a farther and more thorough probing of its concerns. Accordingly the Committee have again been in session at Washington; and we supposed were yet in session, until yesterday, when we heard with astonishment that the Postmaster General—unwilling, doubtless, to have further corruptions disclosed, had shut the doors of the Department against the Committee of Investigation! They have therefore adjourned, and the Globe has published a long electioneering letter, addressed by Major Barry to the Committee, but intended as an appeal to the People, and for effect upon pending elections. The publication of this letter, in anticipation of the report of the Committee, is in itself a gross official impropriety, which ought to be marked with the strongest reprehension. But the denial to a Committee of the Senate, of access to the papers of the Department, is an unheard of contempt of the legislative authority of the nation. It has doubtless been done, with the consent and approbation of the President, and at the command of the Kitchen Cabinet.

NEW CONSTITUTION OF TENNESSEE.—The first election under this instrument is to take effect on the first Thursday in August, 1835, and on the same day every second year. An enumeration of qualified voters is to be made once in ten years, commencing in 1841, and an apportionment of representation made thereon—the House of Representatives not to exceed seventy-five members, until the population of the State shall exceed a million and a half; after

that, not to exceed ninety-nine, but any county having two-thirds of the requisite ratio of population shall be entitled to one representative. The Senate not to exceed one-third the number of Representatives, and to be chosen by apportionment according to the number of qualified voters. Counties, forming Senatorial districts, to adjoin, and no county to be divided. The elections to take place once in two years, and the General Assembly to meet on the first Monday in October after the election. Members of Assembly, for the present, to receive for their services four dollars a day, and four dollars for every twenty-five miles traveling. All property (including bank stock) to be taxed on an uniform valuation. The General Assembly to have no power to emancipate slaves but by consent of their owners. The Governor is chosen by the People, to hold his office two years, and be eligible to office six years out of eight. The Secretary of State to be chosen by joint ballot for four years. Every free white citizen of the United States of twenty-one years of age, who has been a resident of his county six months, is a qualified voter; and free men of color now in the State, who are admitted as competent witnesses in a Court of Justice, are entitled to the right of suffrage. Free men of color to be exempt from poll-tax and military duty in time of peace. The Supreme Court to consist of three Judges, to be elected for the term of twelve years—the Judges of the inferior Courts to be elected for eight years. Attorneys of the State to be elected for six years. Both Judges and Attorneys may be removed from office by impeachment, or by a concurrent vote of the General Assembly. All Judges to receive a stated compensation, unalterable during their term of office. All Militia officers, except the Staff officers of the Governor and commanding officers of Brigades and Regiments, are to be elected by persons subject to military duty—the officers excepted are to be chosen by the heads of the respective Staffs. No citizen to be compelled to bear arms, if he shall pay an equivalent, to be ascertained by law; and the Legislature may exempt certain religious denominations from bearing arms at private and public musters. Imprisonment for debt is not to be allowed, if property be given up, without strong presumption of fraud. Ministers of the Gospel are exempted from a seat in the Legislature. Any man who shall fight a duel, bear, ac-

cept, or send a challenge, is to be deprived of the right of holding any office of honor or profit. Members are to take an oath of office, and to swear that they have offered no inducements to their constituents to vote for them, either by gifts of money, meat, or drink, directly or indirectly.

A provision in this Constitution pro-

vides for its amendment, once in six years, without calling a Convention, through the joint action of the General Assembly, and the qualified voters of the State.

The Constitution is to be submitted to the people, for their approval or rejection, by vote, on the first Thursday and Friday of March next.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

COMFORT SANDS, Esq. says the New-York Commercial Advertiser, who died lately at Hoboken, N. Y. aged 87, was one of the earliest, most active and persevering of the patriots of the American Revolution. When the storm of civil war began to gather in the eastern horizon, he was one of the first to mark and prepare for its approach. Of the committee of one hundred merchants, organized as a committee of safety, he has for many years been the only surviving member. When the citizens organized as volunteers, for preparatory drills, he commanded a company; and, being one day on duty in the college yard, Alexander Hamilton, then a youthful student, came out and asked permission to attach himself to the corps, and fell into the ranks. Subsequently Mr. Sands assisted him in procuring his first commission in the army. The first seizure of the stamped paper in this city was made by him. He took the parcels into a boat near the Battery, rowed round into the East river and burnt them among the hills towards Corlaer's Hook. When the British arsenal was seized by the citizens, Mr. Sands first compelled the surrender of the keys and led the assault. When the news of the battle of Lexington arrived in New-York, he flew to arms, and marched to join his brave New-England countrymen. He was in the army with Washington, at Watertown, near Boston. Subsequently he was called to the discharge of civil trusts; and, since the decease of John Jay, Mr. Sands has been the only survivor of the State Convention, which formed the glorious old Constitution of 1777. He was repeatedly a member of the legislature, and, after the close of the revolution, was, for a long series of years, one of the most extensive and enterprising merchants of this city. In the midst of a successful career, however, he was overtaken by adversity, and the clouds were never dispelled. For a great number of years, he alone has survived of the members of Saint George's Church, with whom he first united.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, eminent in our political history, died about the middle of September, at the house of a friend, a few miles from Elberton, to which place he was on his way to preside as Judge at the September term of the Superior Court for Elbert county. For the following sketch of his life and services, we have been indebted to the National Intelligencer.

His first appearance in the theatre of the general government was as the successor of Mr. Baldwin, in the Senate of the United States, on the 9th of December, 1807. Coming there young and comparatively unknown, and taking a seat in a body even then illustrious for talent and high character, he soon made himself known and respected by the force of natural ability, energy, and loftiness of mind. His speeches were remarkable for their strength, and his votes for their honesty and independence, and what procured for him, probably, more respect and general regard than any other quality, was his unconcealed disdain of every thing like pretence, subterfuge, or the ordinary arts and tricks of mere party men. Bold and fearless in his course, he was always to be found in the front of battle. He shunned no responsibility; he compromised no principle. If, indeed, he had a fault as a politician, it was rather in contemning too haughtily the customs and seemings which form a part of the usages of those who mingle much in public affairs, preferring downright truth, in all its simplicity, and all its nakedness, too, to the circumlocution and periphrase of older and more practised statesmen. His influence in the Senate soon became proportionate to the respect with which he impressed that body for his abilities, but, more than all, for his perfect integrity and unflinching firmness. He became the acting President of that body at an earlier period after entering it than any other individual ever did within our knowledge; and, in that station, which he held with great dignity and propriety, discovered an aptitude for public business, which strengthened the hold he already had upon the general regard and confidence.

The post of Minister of the United States to the Government of France becoming vacant, in the year 1812, by the decease of Mr. Barlow, and, that being then a station of very high trust and confidence, Mr. Madison, with a discernment which did him honor, selected Mr. Crawford to fill it, and all Congress approved the selection. Mr. Crawford remained in France during the trying period of our war with Great-Britain; and, on his return, received the appointment of Secretary of War, which station brought him again to the view of his fellow-citizens. In a year or two afterwards he became Secretary of the Treasury, and discharged the duties of that office as he had those of the preceding, with a fidelity and a manliness, that augmented his already great popularity.

Whilst occupying that station, public opinion pointed him out as one of the prominent candidates for the office of President of the United States, on the retirement of Mr. Monroe. In the midst of the canvass for that office, with the fairest prospects of success to the efforts of his friends, he was struck down by disease, which paralyzed his system, and left him so enfeebled as to create a doubt whether he would be in a condition, if elected, to discharge the duties of the office. Whatever ground there might have been for this doubt, it had weight enough to decide the election against him, when it became necessary (there being no choice by the People) for the House to choose between the three candidates who received the highest number of votes for the Presidency; for it was the ground upon which several members of that body, who had preferred Mr. Crawford, voted first for him who was their second choice, and whose upright and prosperous administration of the public affairs subsequently justified the confidence thus reposed in him.

After this event, Mr. Crawford, though invited to remain at the head of the Treasury, retired from the General Government to private life, from which he was appointed to a seat on the bench of his own State; in the discharge of the duties of which judicial office, he was, it appears, occupied at the time of his decease.

In his domestic relations, and in all the private relations of life, Mr. Crawford enjoyed no less the love of his family and the affection of his friends, than in his public life he possessed their unbounded respect and confidence. From the world, in which he acted so conspicuous a part, he has for years been cut off, but not from the attachments of those who knew him best, and whose hearts have never left him, though so far withdrawn from the sphere of their vision. The news of his decease, though, after so severe a prostration of his physical powers, fairly within the course of nature, cannot be received with indifference by any one who ever had, like us, the opportunity of a familiar knowledge of his many public and private virtues.

The Delaware Journal gives the following sketch of the life of Major PETER JAQUETT.

The deceased was a soldier of the revolution, and one of the bravest of those brave men, who have immortalized the most glorious page in their country's history. In January, 1775, at the age of twenty, he received the appointment of lieutenant in the gallant regiment of Delaware; and in January following was promoted to a captaincy. In both ranks, his gallant friend and comrade, Kirkwood, was his senior by one day. From the very commencement of the war to its close, Major Jaquett was in constant and active service, with the single intermission of a furlough of about three months. During that period, he was engaged in thirty battles in the field, besides sieges and storms. In every general engagement that was fought between New-York and Charleston, Kirkwood commanding the first, and Jaquett the second company of Delaware, fought shoulder to shoulder, and in the front of the battle,—for the Delaware regiment was always there. We dwell with melancholy, but justifiable and patriotic pride, on the merits and services of that gallant corps, which, during the War of Independence, enlisted more than four thousand men, and, at its close, was reduced, by battle and death, to two companies—Kirkwood's and Jaquett's—collected from the fragments of repeated and desperate conflicts. Major Caleb P. Bennett, the present governor of our state, remains the only survivor of the commissioned officers of the regiment.

Delaware makes but a poor figure on the pen-

sion list; few, very few, of her revolutionary soldiers survived to partake of the bounty or swell the burdens of their country: their bones lie whitening in the fields of Princeton, Long-Island, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Camden, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Ninety Six, and Eutaw, days in which the Delaware regiment was relied on as the *élite* of the army, always prompt with the bayonet, and never turning its back upon the foe. In all these battles Major Jaquett was an ardent participator; at Camden, where the Delaware regiment was cut down from eight companies to two, and he and Kirkwood were the only captains that survived—where the brave de Kalb, expiring under multiplied wounds, with his dying breath expressed his admiration and invoked the blessings of heaven upon the brave Delawares and Marylanders, who had fought by his side. At Cowpens, where the Delawares and Marylanders, under Colonel Howard, turned the tide of battle, routed Tarleton's legion, and secured a splendid victory. At Eutaw, where they advanced, with trilled arms, upon the Chivalry of England, and drove them from the field at the bayonet's point. In these, and in all the general engagements fought in the Southern and Middle States, Major Jaquett and his comrades were to be seen fighting, where the battle was hottest, and never retreating, but from the sternest necessity, and then with their faces to the foe. Many instances of the gallant bearing of Major Jaquett have been related to us, one of which we cannot forbear to put on record. In the disastrous battle of Camden, and in the heat of that bloody conflict, the Baron de Kalb, while standing a little in advance of the Delaware regiment, had his horse shot under him, and, as he lay endeavoring to extricate himself, a British horseman rushed upon him, and was upon the point of putting the gallant veteran to the sword, when Jaquett sprung from the line, drove his spontoon through the Englishman in sight of both armies, secured his horse and placed the baron upon it. At this moment, de Kalb received a fatal wound and fell into the arms of Jaquett, to whom his last words were expressive of gratitude and admiration of his daring conduct.

When the war had ceased and his country's independence was secured, Major Jaquett retired to his paternal farm, Long Hook, on the banks of the Christians, where he resided to the day of his death. Here, retired from the busy scenes of the world, he led the life of an independent gentleman, seeking nothing for himself, but taking a warm interest in the growing prosperity of the country, which he had so well served.

His remains were interred in the burying-ground of the old Swedes Church, with all the honors due to a distinguished soldier and patriot.

THOMAS S. GRIMKE. It is with no common emotions of sorrow, says the New-York Commercial Advertiser, that we are compelled to announce the death of the Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, of South-Carolina. He died of cholera, at Gwynne's farm, about twenty-two miles from Columbus, in Ohio, on Saturday, the 11th inst. He was on his way from Cincinnati to Columbus, when he was attacked by that disease in the stage; and, before physicians could arrive, was in a state of collapse, from which all efforts to raise him were ineffectual. His object in visiting Ohio, was, in part, to meet his brother, the Hon. Frederick Grimke, a judge in that state, and in part to contribute to the success of its literary and benevolent institutions. He had delivered an address to the Erodelpian Society of the Miami University, and attended the annual Convention of Teachers, on the sixth

instant. On Wednesday previous to his death, he attended a Temperance meeting at Cincinnati, and spoke for the last time in a public assembly.

His remains were conveyed to Columbus, where he was buried on the evening of his death, by moonlight. The last sad offices were performed by the Rev. Dr. Preston of the Episcopal church, and a large concourse of citizens testified their respect for his memory by attending his funeral obsequies. The death of Mr. Grimke will be deeply felt, and widely deplored by the literary and religious communities of our country. He was a fine scholar, of accomplished manners and address, and of sincere and unaffected piety. The influence of his name was great at the south, and was becoming so throughout the Union—and it was an influence of the most healthy and of the soundest character—identified, as his exertions were, with the great moral, religious, and literary institutions of the country.

At St. Johns, Porto Rico, on the 1st October, EDWARD BLISS EMERSON, 29 years.

Mr. Emerson graduated at Harvard University at the Commencement of 1834. Those who remember that anniversary, rendered more than usually brilliant by the presence of Lafayette, and recall the eloquence of the youthful orator of that day, giving flattering promise of future distinction, must be impressed by another instance of the vanity of human expectations. Thus leaving the University, as he did, crowned with its highest honors, of an ardent and philanthropic temper, open and conciliating in his manners, with talents commanding respect, and a disposition engaging the affection of all who knew him, his countenance expressive of the goodness of his heart, and of the intelligence and power of his mind, to whom could life open with more brilliant prospects, or under happier auspices? But that which seemed to be but the opening scene of his prosperity, proved to be among the last days of his good fortune.

He chose the profession of the Law, and pursued its study in the office of the Hon. Daniel Webster. Devoted to this profession, and mindful to cultivate and exercise the scholarship which his previous life had been spent in acquiring, he imposed upon himself labors which his constitution, naturally feeble, was unable to sustain. To restore his failing health,

it was thought necessary that he should make the tour of Europe, which he accordingly did. Returning in 1837 with health improved, though not vigorous, he resumed and completed his preparation for admission to the Bar.

He was now about to enter upon the practice of his profession, when a new and deeper calamity befel him. Continued application and ill health at last produced a derangement of his mind. His family and friends, deeply distressed at the event, had the most desponding fears of its issue. They were, however, soon relieved by his entire recovery.

He then established himself in the practice of his profession in the city of New-York, and had remained there but just long enough to see confidently new prospects of success, and to enjoy that truce of all pleasures, the consciousness of successful labor, when a severe affection of his lungs convinced himself and his friends that he could not remain in our climate and live.

He was obliged, in 1830, to go immediately to the West-Indies, and from that time till shortly before his death, he derived all the benefit to his health in that more genial climate that could have been hoped. He sailed for St. Thomas, but soon passed for Porto Rico. He came there a stranger in a strange land, among a people using a strange tongue—compelled to abandon the profession of his choice, which promised him distinction, and exiled from his home, and with ill health so confirmed that he might never return to his family again. Yet with all these circumstances to depress and dishearten, he was not cast down, but endured steadfast to the end, and the energetic principle of his former life was here farther developed. With the same application of genius which had won him the highest honors of the University, he made himself a perfect master of the Spanish language in an incredibly short time. He then entered the family and the extensive commercial establishment of Sidney Mason, Esq. our American Consul at St. Johns, Porto Rico, where he remained till his death. Of his rapid progress in this new profession, the only evidence we need is the fact that during Mr. Mason's absence on a visit to this country in 1833, the entire control and superintendence of his commercial and domestic concerns was left in the charge of Mr. Emerson. He remained in his confidence till a brief illness of three days relieved him from the cares and disappointments of a life that had been to him especially one of severe trial.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1834.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

PHRENOLOGY VINDICATED.

FIRST PART.

IN the June number of this Magazine appeared an article headed "Phrenology," which calls, in our opinion, for a plain reply,—if not to all, at least to some of the remarks it contains, and the positions it assumes. It is characterized by much professed candor, and exhibits, in its own way, no common share of tact and ability. It is well calculated to propitiate the feelings and gain the assent of a certain class of readers, especially such as are uninformed in the science of which it treats, and at the same time unsuspecting of any thing but entire fairness in the writer. Nor are we inclined to charge him positively with intentional unfairness, however strong appearances may be against him. From prejudice, strengthened by association, habit, long-cherished opinions, and other causes, men's feelings are often so completely hidden from themselves, that they are not conscious of their own designs. They believe themselves ingenuous, when under the sway of sinister motives: so difficult and precarious is the business of self-examination; a process on which the writer referred to lays great stress, and draws for no small amount of his matter of argument. Be the cause, however, what it may, the paper is strongly marked with partiality, nearly its whole weight being thrown into one scale. To say the least, there is, on one side, but little else than profession, and on the other, all the logic, fair and foul, the writer can command. And where facts fail, he resorts to insinuation. Our design, therefore, is to place in the opposite scale such matter as we can hastily bring together, not merely to restore the balance, but to make truth preponderate.

The writer, whom, for brevity's sake, we shall call, from his signature, B, professes to have attended Dr. Spurzheim's lectures on Phrenology; to have carefully perused his works on the subject, and to entertain for him as a philosopher, a teacher, and a man, an exalted regard. He justly ranks him with the first men of the age. It is singular, therefore, that he should have either mistaken or perverted his mean-

ing. Yet, that he has done so, in the article before us, we have the evidence of his own statements, and shall endeavor to convince our readers of the fact.

We are aware that the opponents of Phrenology,—and B is virtually one of them,—prefer, as a complaint against the advocates of the science, that they always charge them with either ignorance or misrepresentation of it; and sometimes with both. That a charge of the kind is usually made, is true. Nor is it less so, that it rests on solid ground. If any one has ever opposed Phrenology fairly, in its genuine character, without misunderstanding or misrepresenting it, we know not who he is, or where his discussion of the matter is to be found. Our acquaintance with the history of the science embraces neither, and it would gratify us to be informed of them. We owe it indeed to B to say of him, that he gives, perhaps, a less distorted exposition of the tenets and claims of Phrenology, than most other cavilers at it, whose writings we have read. He is, also, less rancorous and embittered in spirit. Still, however, his representations are incorrect, as we shall now make appear, by extracts from his article.

“The Phrenologist says, My science cannot, from the nature of the case, be disputed. It has its direct and impregnable support in undeniable facts. It would surely be a mark of insanity to deny the plain, bold, and honest evidence of the senses, which evidence claims for my philosophy priority to all other philosophies, because no other is built on observation of, and induction from, facts.” p. 468.

This vaunt is the “very coinage of” B’s own “brain;” and his having thus broadly and tauntingly stated it, is satisfactory evidence of his unfriendliness to Phrenology. It is an attempt to cover the science with derision, which, if successful, would be fatal to it. The soundest opposing fact and argument could scarcely be more so. A boast so turgid and vainglorious has never issued from the lips or the pen of the modest and unoffending Spurzheim, to whose views the writer has almost entirely confined his remarks; nor has any other Phrenologist of intelligence and standing been guilty of it, or of any thing resembling it. An effort of the kind, to gain influence, by imposing on credulity, would be charlatany; and Phrenologists willingly invite an enlightened and impartial public to decide, which party, they or their adversaries, are most obnoxious to the charge of an attempt to delude, by unfair practices. We ask B to cite his authority in support of an imputation so disrespectful and exceptionable. And if he declines to comply with our request, we shall hold him guilty of having preferred against Phrenologists a charge, which he cannot sustain, with a view to weaken their influence and cripple their science, by bringing both into disrepute. And should he choose to lie quiet, under such an accusation, the public will understand his motives, and know how to appreciate them. To which of the two, a politician practised in all the wiles of his calling, but a stranger to conscience, struggling to overthrow an opponent, or a fair-minded philosopher searching for truth, would such a stratagem be most suitable? We put the question; let others answer it. Again:—

“The Phrenologist notices a certain configuration of skull,—he infers by physiological reasoning, that beneath it, the brain conforms to that configuration.” *Ibid.*

Can B be serious in this statement ; or does he mean to play on the supposed ignorance and credulity of his readers, and, in their view, affix a blot on the science he so groundlessly attacks? Be his intention what it may, a grosser misrepresentation than he has here made, can scarcely be imagined. "Infers by physiological reasoning!" There is neither reasoning nor inference in the case, but positive fact, the direct result of ocular examination. The writer either misunderstands his own words, is an entire stranger to the process he alludes to, or willfully misstates it. When a Phrenologist notices the figure and dimensions of a skull, he does not "infer" the conformity of the brain to it, by any kind of "reasoning." He assures himself of it, by an actual examination of the things compared, whose relations to each other he wishes to learn. He opens a cranium, and finds the brain it contains accurately corresponding to it in size and shape. He then fills it with plaster or wax, and finds the same correspondence between the cast and the mould. He treats others in the same way, until he is satisfied. Having examined a sufficient number of skulls, and ascertained that this is true of each of them, he then "infers" the uniform result, as a general law respecting other skulls, by legitimate logical, not "physiological reasoning." And the process is as fair, and its issue as conclusive, as that by which we arrive at the truth, that the whole is greater than a part; or that things equal to one and the same thing are equal to one another. True: physiological principles concur in the conclusion, and give the reason of it. But they had no agency in leading to the discovery. That was as purely the result of observation, as the facts, that light bodies float on water, and heavy ones sink in it. It is singular that a writer so intelligent as B should thus commit himself, in a matter so palpable. Nor do we consider the following remarks less extraordinary:—

"One of the elements of our reasoning, before we can come to a single phrenological conclusion, is our opinion of the strength of a certain mental quality,—an opinion furnished by means entirely exclusive of any which Phrenology presents." *Ibid.*

By what "means" do we discover the "strength" of a "mental quality?" The question, if we understand the writer's object, admits of but one answer; and that is equally brief and plain. The discovery is effected by observation alone, made either on others or ourselves,—most satisfactorily on the former. But Phrenology being built on observation, cannot be considered as divorced from it. Indeed, Phrenology "presents" all the "means" for the discovery of truth common to other sciences,—experiment, observation, and induction. In the present case, therefore, either B does not understand his subject, or we do not understand him.

Might we speak in general terms, respecting page 468, we would pronounce it singular throughout. Nearly the whole matter contained in it presents little else than a tissue of mystification and mistake. It neither expounds nor illustrates, proves nor refutes any thing. It is too subtle for the purposes of science. To us, no small portion of it is unintelligible; another part is irrelevant to the subject treated of; and almost the whole of the remainder is erroneous. Hence it leaves matters much as it found them, except that, as far as its influence may extend, they are more entangled and obscured. Whether the writer

of a pupil. We ask of B whence is derived the unerring accuracy of Deville, of London, in pronouncing on character?—an accuracy which never fails to astonish, and proselyte to the science every beholder. He is neither a man of extensive attainments, profound research, nor close and uninterrupted study; but a plain and unpretending artist. Yet is he more resorted to, to interpret character, than ever Spurzheim was, and his judgements are equally sound. Were B to approach him, with his tedious and mystified exposition of means, he would be met with a look of surprise, if not with a smile of derision. Deville judges as a plain Phrenologist, looking to temperament and development alone. So do the Combes and Scotts of Edinburgh, Elliottson of London, Levison of Hull, and Otto of Copenhagen. So do all other practical Phrenologists. Their means are observation; temperament and development the objects on which they exercise it; and their success surprises and convinces all whom they examine. It is amazing that any man of intelligence should hazard his reputation by so exaggerating and distorting Dr. Spurzheim's mode of interpreting character.

As if to leave no portion of the science untouched, B has made a grave attack on Phrenology, through the "Freedom of the Will;" a point which has been the battle-ground of metaphysicians and divines, for hundreds of years, and does not promise to become shortly the residence of peace.

The problem to be solved is,—Is the Will governed by motives, bearing to its action the common relation of cause to effect? or does it decide and act, by a self-governing power, independently of motives, and can it do so even in opposition to them? To the former of these questions we would give an affirmative, and, of course, to the latter a negative reply. The Will is not independent of motives, and above the influence of causes. If it were, it would be out of harmony with all creation besides, beyond the reach of human comprehension, and, so far as that point is concerned, on an equality with the CREATOR HIMSELF. He alone is independent of all exterior influences, self-governed, and self-dependent; and nothing else can be so, otherwise he is not in all respects SUPREME. Even to the actions of the Deity himself, his own perfections furnish motives. His Will, therefore, is not independent of Himself, although it is so of every thing else. Universal Supremacy in one source, necessarily implies universal subserviency in all others. The very idea of a human Will above motives, and proof against influences, is an anomaly, which sets not only comprehension, but conception at defiance. All things created are governed by definite and unchangeable laws,—the Will of man no more excepted than his intellect or passions. A condition of things the reverse of this would render nugatory and unavailing, and convert into a mere name, all argument, remonstrance, persuasion, and every thing else employed to convince the mind, and control and alter the purposes of man. As relates to human action, and government, of what avail would be reason, affection, a sense of duty, or the dread of punishment, were the Will a despot, deaf, impassible, and superior to them all? Such a state of things would set equally at defiance, law, justice, terror, love, and even the obligations of religion itself. In vain would these influences and all others be urged, under the highest

and weightiest sanctions, were the Will insensible to the impression of motives. Yet insensible to them it is, or might as well be, if it can resist them, and resolve and act in opposition to them. In that case it would be as lawless and unmanageable, as a mass of matter superior and disobedient to the principle of gravity. Such would be the character of an independent, self-governing Will.

But no such thing exists. The Will, or rather the mind of which it is an attribute, is as essentially subject to the control of motives or agents, as physical bodies are to the control of physical laws, or organic bodies to that of organic laws. Were the case otherwise, the moral world, notwithstanding its superiority to the physical, would be a chaos or a despotism, subject only to chance or arbitrary rule. But a belief that any portion of creation is in such a condition, would be virtually a denial of the perfection of the Deity. It would be an impeachment of his goodness, or wisdom, or power, or of all of them united. In determining human actions, the stronger motive predominates, precisely as, in moving machinery, the heavier weight exceeds the lighter in power. In fact the laws of causation prevail every where, and are every where analogous to each other, the Will and the moral world generally constituting no exception to the rule.

Nor is moral responsibility subverted by this. The Will of the inferior animals is as free as our own. The deer is as free to stand and perish, or to fly and escape, as the hunter is to shoot it, or to leave it in safety; and the tiger can, at pleasure, lacerate the kid, or allow it to go unhurt. The Will of the infant, the idiot, and lunatic is also free. Yet neither those human beings, nor the inferior animals are morally responsible for aught they may do. The reason is plain. They have no moral nature, and cannot therefore be held culpable for a violation of laws which do not attach to them. Moral nature consists in sound and effective moral faculties. But idiots and inferior animals are destitute of such faculties; the moral faculties of infants are immature and feeble; and those of the insane are diseased. Neither of these classes of beings, therefore, are moral agents. To none but moral agents does moral responsibility belong; and to them it adheres, by a law of their constitution, from which nothing but a change of their nature can absolve them.

To be rendered perfectly clear, this subject calls for further exposition. The term responsibility imports a liability to the penalty of a violated law. But to be binding and to imply a penalty, a law must correspond to the constitution of the being responsible to it. None, therefore, but a being possessing a sound moral constitution can be held responsible to a moral law. Under the want of such a constitution, there is no fitness between the being and the law. The being can neither understand nor feel the law. Unable to comprehend even its existence, he cannot be made sensible that it is his duty to obey it. To subject him to its penalty, therefore, would be unjust and cruel; because a sense of duty and a liability to punishment should be inseparable. If enforced on idiots or mad-men, infants or inferior animals, the whole moral code would turn to a system of hateful tyranny. Why? Because it would be made to bear on beings, who, for want of a sound moral constitution, are unable to comprehend it, or to feel the obligations it imposes.

To moral law, however, man, in an adult and healthy condition, is justly responsible, because he possesses a constitution in correspondence with it; and yet his Will is governed by motives. Those motives, moreover, operate as certainly, as do the causes that govern the physical world. To illustrate our views by familiar examples,—

An assassin, posted in a dark and lonely place, is in the act of committing murder. His motive is deep vindictiveness, or an excited state of the faculty of Destructiveness, and his Will conforms to it. But suddenly a light appears, and an armed party advances to the rescue of the victim. The excitement of the assassin is immediately removed into the faculty of Cautiousness, and produces fear. This is a new motive, to which the Will again conforms, and, instead of striking the meditated blow, he seeks his safety in flight. Here the Will is as certainly controlled by motive,—the stronger motive for the time still prevailing,—as the ball is by mechanical propulsion, when it issues from the cannon, or the needle by attraction, when it points to the pole. We have said that the “stronger motive prevails.” This is explained by the fact, that, when excitement is removed from Destructiveness, that faculty ceases to furnish a motive, while excited Cautiousness operates as a very powerful one.

Again. A brave man is assaulted by a party of savages, and excited Cautiousness supplying the motive induces him to retreat. But the savages, discovering his wife or mistress, turn from him, and rush toward the female. Instantly the excitement being transferred to the faculties of Amativeness, Adhesiveness, Combativeness, and Destructiveness, supplies a new and stronger motive, and he flies to the rescue, to conquer or die. Here the Will does not act the part of an arbitrary and inflexible despot, but, like an obedient subject, submits to command.

Once more. A beloved daughter marries below her rank, and in opposition to the wishes and remonstrance of her father, who sternly resolves to disinherit her, and never again to speak to her, or admit her to his presence. Offended Combativeness and Self-esteem supply the motive, and the Will accords to it. But, on a sudden, the disobedient fair one appears, in all her beauty and loveliness, falls at her father's feet, clasps his knees, and, unable to speak, implores forgiveness with pleading looks and a flood of tears. From the offended faculties the excitement is translated to Philoprogenitiveness, Adhesiveness, and Benevolence, which, furnishing a counter motive, the paternal Will again conforms, and the daughter is forgiven, and received into favor.

And the Will is always thus subordinate, the faculties of feeling and sentiment, singly or in combination, furnishing the motive, and the intellectual faculties directing the course. Spurzheim was right, therefore, in regarding the Will, not as an element of mind, but as a mere decision, under the influence and control of motives.

It has been already shown, that mere freedom of Will is not the source of moral responsibility, because it cannot produce it where there are no moral faculties. Nor is it less true, that wherever those faculties exist, there is moral responsibility, even though the Will is governed by motives. The reason is plain. The guilt of an immoral act consists neither in the act itself, nor in the effect it produces; but in

the criminal intention of the perpetrator. That intention is the offspring of the depraved and vicious condition of his mind, which arises again from neglect so to cultivate and strengthen his moral and reflecting faculties, which are of the higher and better order, as to give them a preponderance over his animal faculties, which are of an inferior order, and, when not restrained and regulated, lead to vice. The real criminality of the deliberate murderer, then, is anterior to the felonious act. It consists exclusively in the fell design. But that design would never be cherished, nor for a moment tolerated, were the mind suitably disciplined, and the moral and reflecting faculties made to control the animal—the latter, when allowed to predominate, being the source of assassination, and every other form of crime. If the mind be suitably trained, the higher and virtuous faculties will always give the stronger motives, to which the Will will promptly conform, and vice will be avoided. And such training is perfectly practicable. The source, if not the essence of crime, therefore, consists in willfully neglecting it, and not purifying the mind from vicious propensities. Hence our being drawn into evil practices, by the influence of motives, neither removes nor lessens our guilt, in as much as it was in our power so to cultivate and fortify our minds, as to subdue in them criminal propensities, and render them secure from seductive impressions.

In plain terms, it is, as already stated, perfectly in our power so to discipline our minds, as to establish in them such a condition, that the superior faculties will always give the motives to action, to the exclusion of the inferior ones, and lead us in the paths of practical virtue. Thus may the Will be literally free in its obedience to motives, because no opposing influence is felt, while these motives tend only to what is right. And this result is the product of sound education, begun early, and continued until the requisite habits are confirmed. But, by throwing new and important light on the process of education, Phrenology furnishes us with improved modes of training the mind, strengthening its higher faculties, and preparing them always to furnish the predominant motives. Hence it is favorable to the most valuable and desirable form of free Will; that which decides in favor of virtue. We venture to say that the more enlightened the intellect is, and the stronger the moral powers, the freer is the Will, because it is unfettered by animal passion. On the contrary, the Will of the depraved and ignorant is in comparative bondage to their gross, unsubdued, and vicious propensities. Still, strictly speaking, its decision is free, because it conforms to the leading propensity, its ready compliance with which is tantamount to choice. We shall close our remarks on this topic, by making B a frank proposition. If he is not satisfied with the cases we adduced, where change of motives produced corresponding changes in the Will, let him state other cases, specifying accurately all the material circumstances connected with them, and we will show phrenologically that, in respect to them, the same is true; or we will yield the question, and acknowledge our error. In every instance, where a skillful examination is had, the motive leading to it, is plain. So true is this, that we hesitate not to say, that an act of the Will without a motive, would be as direct a departure from the laws of nature, as for a ponderous body to move in opposition to the principle of gravitation, or for the communication of

caloric to water, instead of its abstraction from it, to form ice. Notwithstanding all this, our feelings tell us, that, in every action we perform, however powerful may be the motive urging us to it, our Will is free, we choose our course, and are as sensible of our responsibility, as we are of the motive under which we act.

B seems to consider Phrenology a thing of single points and insulated propositions. He is evidently a stranger to the beauty and interest of its numerous combinations. In illustration and proof of these remarks, we offer the following brief quotations :—

“ The great rule of judgement which Phrenology proposes at the outset, is, that the strength of any disposition is proportionate to the size of its organ and the activity of the bodily temperament. But it afterwards deviates seriously from this rule, coming into a sort of inconsistency with, or desertion of, itself.” p. 473.

This is a mistake, whose source is obvious. It arises from a defect in B himself, not in Phrenology. He does not comprehend the full signification of the term temperament. He does not seem to be aware that it includes, in its meaning, the tone, intensity, or fitness of a portion of living matter, whatever may be its cause, for high action. Nor does he appear to know that this condition is subject to sundry modifications. It may belong to one part of the system in fuller measure than to another, or to the whole; and it may be higher at one time, than at another. In a particular manner, the temperament or tone of the brain experiences frequent changes, which produce necessarily corresponding changes in that viscus, as the organ of the mind, making it better at one time, and worse at another. We will explain our selves more fully on this point, which is peculiarly important to the science of Phrenology.

When any part of the body is unusually excited, it receives, in conformity with a law of organized matter, an unusual amount of arterial blood, as well, we believe, as of cerebral influence. Its reception of the blood is certain; that of the cerebral influence highly probable. This augmented conflux of vital matter increases, for the time, the vitality of the part, improving its tone and fitness for action. Hence its functional performance, whatever it may be, is correspondingly heightened. The phenomena of topical inflammation are in proof of this. Is the finger inflamed? Its warmth and sensibility, which are vital properties, are increased, a proof that some forms of its action are invigorated. Is the visual apparatus inflamed? Its sensibility becomes so keen, that the impression of light is often intolerable. The auditory apparatus? Sound grows painful. And it is well known, that, on the same principles, idiots become intelligent, under cerebral inflammation. The high-toned condition, which is but another phrase for an improved temperament of the brain, renders it more vigorous and efficient, as the organ of the mind. A degree of excitement inferior to inflammation produces a similar effect. The economy of the erectile tissues proves this. When in a state of erection, which consists in a superabundance of arterial blood,—accompanied, no doubt, by a corresponding supply of cerebral influence,—their sensibility and power of action are augmented. The application of these truths to Phrenology places the science, in that respect, beyond controversy. Like other portions of the body, the brain, when excited, becoming a centre of confluxion, receives an inordinate

quantity of blood. This increasing its tone or temperament, for the time, increases equally its power of action, as the organ of the mind. When its excitement ceases, and the blood accumulated in it recedes, its tone declines, and it returns to its ordinary power of action. The truth of this statement is sustained by phenomena familiar to every observer. Passion, which is but the product of high cerebral excitement and action, is marked by an inordinate conflux of blood to the brain. And who does not know that it increases not a little the energy of the mind? It is the source of true eloquence, by adding to the fertility and force of conception, and giving greater fluency and vigor to expression. By imparting more intensity to the motive nerves and those portions of the brain immediately connected with them, it also augments the strength of the body. By becoming deeply impassioned, a man often doubles the force of his muscular action. Of ferocious madness the same is true. That form of insanity is accompanied with deep cerebral congestion,—we mean arterial congestion. And it is known that the strength of a person in mania ferox is at times quadrupled. From the same cause, madness also frequently produces an improved condition of the intellectual faculties. At times, the amount of this improvement astonishes. Hence, during paroxysms of insanity, persons of common capacities in health, converse, at times, with great eloquence, reason acutely, sing, or perform on a musical instrument, and write poetry with peculiar facility, taste, and elegance. Nor is this all. Mental exertion is an excitant of the brain, injects it with arterial blood, and improves its condition, as the apparatus of the mind. Hence, when an orator commences a public discourse, he is often comparatively barren and feeble, both in thought and expression. Why? Because, as yet, his brain wants excitement and arterial blood. And these it receives by its own exercise. In a short time, therefore, through the influence of higher cerebral excitement, the carotids of the speaker begin to throb, his countenance flushes, his eyes take fire, and his eloquence, improved in compass, depth, and power, assumes a bolder and loftier tone. His thick-coming thoughts and conceptions are restrained by no other limit than his power to utter them. Even his voice becomes louder and more melodious, and his action improves in fitness, grace, and impressiveness. Nor is the cause of all this concealed. It is the amended temperament of his brain, diffusing its influence through the whole man. Weaken this temperament, and the high mental manifestations, with all their charms and glory, disappear; and the resplendent orator, shorn of his radiance, becomes a man again, and excites the wonder of his audience no longer.

Under these circumstances, the intensity, or heightened tone of the cerebral organs makes amends for any want of extensivity or size that may attach to them, precisely as a firmly knit muscle, though small, is often possessed of greater vigor than a much larger one, which is loosely organized and soft. Phrenologists speak truth, then, when they say, that the power of a cerebral organ is as its size and temperament. And the same is true of every other kind of organ in the body. Other things being alike, its size is the measure of its power. B is frankly challenged to cite an exception.

B alleges that Phrenologists assign the greater "compactness" of some brains as the cause of their superior fitness for intellectual action. We do not assert that such a cause has never been assigned; but we know not when, where, or by whom. We were entirely ignorant of the existence of the fact, until B's paper informed us of it. Nor do we believe now that a notion of the kind has ever been seriously maintained by a Phrenologist of standing. If it has been, let the writer name him, and remove from himself the suspicion of inaccuracy. That some brains possess a greater delicacy of fibre than others, appears to be true; a circumstance which no doubt modifies their action, rendering it perhaps more brisk and sprightly. In this respect the female brain surpasses the male. Its texture, like that of the female system generally, is more delicate and refined, and of a higher finish. That this may be influential in bestowing on the mind of woman a greater degree of activity, sprightliness, and grace, is not improbable. For a similar reason the female muscles exceed the male in quickness, delicacy, and minuteness of motion, giving a superior fitness for certain kinds of employment. C.

Cincinnati.

FISHER BILLY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE world has erred in its estimate of various pursuits, and while its homage and praise are poured forth with surprising prodigality on those individuals who have trodden the customary paths to grandeur, others, equally deserving of notice, have escaped it altogether. The poet, the historian, and the painter; the great sculptor and the great general; the hewer of stone and the hewer of men, may hide their baldness with their clustering laurels, and, in the decline of life, sit down comfortably to its manifold enjoyments, rich in the meed of fame. There is a class of beings whose names repose in unmerited obscurity, and whose busts are never seen in these niches, which are graced by the marble effigies of less peaceful and less deserving characters. The curious may wish to know something of the habits of these neglected worthies, and of their favorite places of resort. They are found lingering in haunted nooks and shaded dells,—in the green valleys that nestle in the bosom of the highlands, or the emerald meadows that repose in the sunbeams and are broken only by the silver stream as it glides noiselessly through its serpentine channels, hastening away among the hedges, and changing its hue, only when it passes into the shadowy depths of the green woodlands. By the brink of the small rivers, generally in the shadow of the trees, the ANGLER may be found at any time of the day, bending with earnest calmness over the wave, and watching the cork that rests lightly on its bosom for an indication of his luck. A few trouts or a pike occasionally reward his perseverance; but the meditative calm which he so eminently enjoys, is rarely destroyed by the tumult of success. It will be perceived that my sympathy is enlisted in favor of men who encounter sneers oftener

than smiles, and rarely pass through this censorious world without numberless rebukes and annoyances.

The angler takes no thought of the morrow, he is careless with regard to dress, and as for travel, it is confined to periodical wanderings from one trout-stream to another. His favorite haunts are nooks of quiet beauty, shut out by hills and branching forests from the gaze of men, where, sitting on the green turf, with his eye bent idly on the brook, his ear is filled with its musical murmur, and his mind with those dreams and reveries, which are wont to visit the fanciful in such sequestered spots. What to him are the carking cares of the world? He has left them far behind him. His reward is exceeding great; for it consists in that tranquility of mind, that entire freedom from tumult, that forgetfulness of self and selfish aspirations, which is far removed from all paltry considerations of the gain of his employment. When an angler, at the conclusion of a day of his peaceful life, lifts his empty basket, preparing to return home, he does not sorrow over what others term his ill luck, but thanks fortune that he has so light a burthen; or, if the fish engage his thought, dwells with sufficient complacency on the last glorious nibble.

In a little village, on the mainland, not far from the metropolis of New-York, lived a man after my own heart, one to whose memory perhaps I cling the closer, because the finger of scorn pointed at him while he lived, and poverty followed in his footsteps. Poor Fisher Billy! Thou wast born too late, and on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Isaac Walton would have cherished thee, and, perhaps, immortalized thy name, while the wary burghers of thy native place looked upon thee with an evil eye. But Fisher Billy cared not for the opinions of his neighbors. His invincible love of angling drove every other consideration from his mind; and he never condescended to make the least reply to the remonstrances and invectives, which were directed to him on the subject of his habits. It is true that his children went about ragged and slipshod, and that his wife found much ado to supply their table even scantily; but then Fisher Billy thought that no more could be expected of him, as a husband and a father, than an occasional present of a salmon-trout or river-bass. Yet he was not destitute of affectionate feelings; for, in the evening, he was wont to take his boy upon his knee, and recount to him the exploits of the day, promising that, when his years warranted the promotion, he should be the companion of his father in his rural wanderings and sports. How did the father's eyes light up when he heard, from indisputable authority, that the hopeful scion, in whom his fondest affections centered, had actually succeeded in taking a vigorous but unwary minnow with a pin-hook.

Fisher Billy was good-natured, and he has often assured me that, in his whole life, he was guilty of but one piece of cruelty, when in answer to the abuse of his wife, heaped upon his idle calling, he held up in full view a brace of fine salmon-trouts—"And this, you know," added the excellent man, "was heaping coals of fire on her head."

The world went ill with Fisher Billy. When did it ever go otherwise with a man of genius? His little landed property passed from his possession, acre by acre, until, at length, the roof that sheltered him was no longer his own. The fences on his premises went to decay, and the dilapidated cow-shed was no longer an adequate defence to

the poor old animal that howled out her misery in unison with the moaning of the winter-storm. Repairs were wanting, but our meditative fisherman could not attend to such sublunary matters—"want of time" was his excuse. He had his artificial baits to make, his lines to arrange, his poles to put in order; in short, he was always very busy about nothing. At length the poor man was arrested for debt and conveyed to the county jail, which was at some distance from his humble dwelling. With difficulty he obtained bail, and was allowed to fish, within a narrow space, on the banks of a little stream that ran through the town. A stout stake, driven into the turf, marked the boundary of the poor debtor's range. The place was quiet enough, and my friend was rarely disturbed. For several days he complained to the sheriff of his ill-luck, and that worthy functionary already knew that the portion of the stream to which Fisher Billy was confined, appeared to be eschewed by all fish of taste and size. After a few days, however, Billy nightly returned with his basket full of fish. His success was the theme of general wonder, and the sheriff himself, dignified as he was, could not help expressing his admiration at the skill of a man who could extract such treasures from so unpromising a place. Yet suspicion poisoned the honest fame of our fisherman, and whispered in the ear of the sheriff. That august officer thought it possible that Billy might have violated the sanctity of his engagements, and passed beyond the limits. He charged Billy with the heinous offence, but the latter indignantly repelled the accusation. "Think ye," replied he, with dignity, "that a fisherman has no honor? Nay, master sheriff, I scorn to break my word. Ye bade me not to go beyond the stake, and I have fulfilled my promise even to the very letter." The sheriff was only silenced: accordingly, on the morrow, he posted himself among the trees, just before Fisher Billy came to the shore with his rod and basket. The fisher threw his fly, and bent over the stream, gradually changing his position, and approaching the stake. When arrived at the boundary, he drew in his line, looked cautiously around, and then pulled up the stake, carried it down the river, and planting it beyond him, resumed his sport. He took care *not to pass the stake*. Fisher Billy has often recounted this stratagem with peculiar self-complacency, and, although his conduct, in this instance, was productive of unpleasant consequences, I cannot but consider it a proof of the wide reach of his intellect, and have therefore preserved it in my memory with other acts of that immortal angler, whom I have survived only to lament and eulogize.

D.

VOYAGING.

There are incidents to enliven even the dull imprisonment of a ship at sea, though the traveler has not the constant charm of successive scenery, as when he traces down a dozen degrees of latitude in the rivers of the West, gliding from the mountains of the Alleghany to the low shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and beholding, on the blooming banks, the productions of every clime.

Men, when out of sight of land, are more observant of the skies. A sailor is a great meteorologist, and knows his weather as well as his longitude. He studies the clouds, whistles for a wind in a calm, and when it begins to breathe speaks it fair lest it should go away—"blow, good breeze, blow." Nevertheless there are many hours, not to say days, that hang tediously over a mariner. If time be an enemy he has not many weapons to kill it. If the master have no mental resources, no love for reading, or no books, he is in danger of seeking forbidden substitutes in the bottle, unless he wisely leaves that perilous thing on shore.

In a late voyage, I was passenger with a man "young in years, but of experience old," who had tried the bottle and found it a bad friend and a worse enemy. He, therefore, discharged it entirely from his ship. Though but thirty years of age, he had passed seventeen on the seas. He seemed to have a double consciousness, or sensation,—one belonging to his own body, the other to the ship. When asleep, a wave could not break over the prow, or a block fall on deck, without awakening him, any more than an apple could drop on me without breaking my slumber under a tree. His soul and sensation seemed to be embodied in the ship.

We had rough weather—many ships foundered in it—for it was a continued gale; but we lost nothing but a hencoop. We had, however, many buffets that would have shattered a common ship.

In crossing the ocean, once, it seemed to me strange that, in this wide expanse, where ships are seldom visible to each other, chance should so order it, that we were three times exactly in the track of others, and, had not we turned a little from our course, we should three times have struck another ship. Had this been at night, under a careless watch, two ships might have been looked for in vain, with all their wealth, sailors, and passengers.

A ship must necessarily be under a despotic government—the authority of the master must be absolute and immediate: a sailor must not refuse to execute what he knows to be a needless or a vexatious order. Discipline and subordination only can preserve the ship. The mate was brother to the captain, a youth of perhaps twenty-one, rough, stolid-looking, and of slow movement. I had little respect for his capacity or skill. I was mistaken.

The cook came down one morning and told the captain that Tom had refused to go aloft, and was striking the mate. The captain went forward, where the men had formed a circle around the combatants, and, taking up a yard or two of small chain cable, he swung it about like a rope's end, though it required vast strength. They retired and I saw our mate parrying the furious blows of Tom, who was twice his

size, till his antagonist had exhausted himself, when he in turn became the assailant, and brought Tom to the deck, four or five times, covered with blood, till he begged lustily for remission. In three minutes the mate had adjusted his cravat and was eating his breakfast as coolly as if nothing unusual had happened; while Tom was laid up all day in an old sail.

One cold morning, when the wind was almost a gale and the sea most rough and dangerous, a cry arose "a man overboard." We were going eight knots, and we saw the poor fellow rising and falling on the waves astern, fifty rods, before any thing could be thrown to him. At last a settee was disengaged, and he made for it, though with little chance of reaching it. It was a matter of a quarter of an hour to put the sails aback, and this many masters would not have done, so utterly hopeless did it appear to recover the man. He was now more than a mile from the ship; but high as the waves ran, the mate had the small boat in the water and called for four hands. But the sailors and second mate hung back,—they were excusable,—it was a perilous duty. Four, however, were mustered, and the boat departed across the waves, which it seemed to climb almost perpendicularly. We often lost sight of it for several minutes—it was like an egg-shell afloat in a mill-pond, with five pismires. In three quarters of an hour it returned, but it was a service of difficulty and danger to approach the ship. In the bottom we discovered the lost man, who had reached the settee just as he became exhausted. He was the first to get on board, the mate the last, and the boat was staved in at the side. I looked upon our quiet mate with admiration. He had been the sole mover of an act that few men would have dared to attempt. He had rescued a poor fellow from the waves, and was as unconscious as the ship itself of having performed a great and noble action. His coolness was imperturbable.

JAMAICA LAKE.

SOFT-WAVING sheet of water! when a boy,
 My heart responded to thy look of joy;
 'T was my delight to sit upon thy shore,
 And hear thy billows breaking at my feet;
 Not, like the ocean's, with incessant roar,
 But, like a sea-shell, low-voiced, hushed and sweet.
 'T was my delight from the uprising hill—
 The great sun sinking in the crimson west—
 To gaze across thy scarcely-ruffled breast,
 On those dark pines that rise in grandeur still,
 As high, as graceful, and as richly green,
 As when in youth I loved the lovely scene.
 Ah! now I fear, when oft thy smiles I see,
 My heart is changed, in all, save loving thee!

P. B.

THE STORY TELLER.

NO. II.

THE VILLAGE THEATRE.

ABOUT the first of September, my fellow-traveler and myself arrived at a country town, where a small company of actors, on their return from a summer's campaign in the British Provinces, were giving a series of dramatic exhibitions. A moderately sized hall of the tavern had been converted into a theatre. The performances that evening were *The Heir at Law*, and *No Song No Supper*, with the recitation of *Alexander's Feast* between the play and farce. The house was thin and dull. But the next day, there appeared to be brighter prospects, the play-bills announcing, at every corner, on the town-pump, and, awful sacrilege! on the very door of the meeting-house, an Unprecedented Attraction!! After setting forth the ordinary entertainments of a theatre, the public were informed, in the hugest type that the printing-office could supply, that the manager had been fortunate enough to accomplish an engagement with the celebrated Story Teller. He would make his first appearance that evening, and recite his famous tale of "*Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe!*" which had been received with rapturous applause, by audiences in all the principal cities. This outrageous flourish of trumpets, be it known, was wholly unauthorized by me, who had merely made an engagement for a single evening, without assuming any more celebrity than the little I possessed. As for the tale, it could hardly have been applauded by rapturous audiences, being as yet an unfilled plot; nor, even when I stepped upon the stage, was it decided whether Mr. Higginbotham should live or die.

In two or three places, underneath the flaming bills which announced the Story Teller, was pasted a small slip of paper, giving notice, in tremulous characters, of a religious meeting, to be held at the school-house, where, with Divine permission, Eliakim Abbott would address sinners on the welfare of their immortal souls.

In the evening, after the commencement of the tragedy of Douglas, I took a ramble through the town, to quicken my ideas by active motion. My spirits were good, with a certain glow of mind, which I had already learned to depend upon as the sure prognostic of success. Passing a small and solitary school-house, where a light was burning dimly, and a few people were entering the door, I went in with them, and saw my friend Eliakim at the desk. He had collected about fifteen hearers, mostly females. Just as I entered, he was beginning to pray, in accents so low and interrupted, that he seemed to doubt the reception of his efforts, both with God and man. There was room for distrust, in regard to the latter. At the conclusion of the prayer, several of the little audience went out, leaving him to begin his discourse under such discouraging circumstances, added to his natural and agonizing diffidence. Knowing that my presence on these occasions increased his embarrassment, I had stationed myself in a dusky place near the door, and now stole softly out.

On my return to the tavern, the tragedy was already concluded, and being a feeble one in itself, and indifferently performed, it left so

much the better chance for the Story Teller. The bar was thronged with customers, the toddy-stick keeping a continual tattoo, while in the hall there was a broad, deep buzzing sound, with an occasional peal of impatient thunder, all symptoms of an overflowing house and an eager audience. I drank a glass of wine and water, and stood at the side-scene, conversing with a young person of doubtful sex. If a gentleman, how could he have performed the singing-girl, the night before, in *No Song No Supper*? Or if a lady, why did she enact *Young Norval*, and now wear a green coat and white pantaloons, in the character of *Little Pickle*? In either case, the dress was pretty, and the wearer bewitching; so that, at the proper moment, I stepped forward, with a gay heart and a bold one; while the orchestra played a tune that had resounded at many a country ball, and the curtain, as it rose, discovered something like a country bar-room. Such a scene was well enough adapted to such a tale.

The orchestra of our little theatre consisted of two fiddles and a clarinet; but if the whole harmony of the Tremont had been there, it might have swelled in vain, beneath the tumult of applause that greeted me. The good people of the town, knowing that the world contained innumerable persons of celebrity, undreamt of by them, took it for granted that I was one, and that their roar of welcome was but a feeble echo of those which had thundered around me, in lofty theatres. Such an enthusiastic uproar was never heard; each person seemed a Briareus, clapping a hundred hands, besides keeping his feet and several cudgels in play, with stamping and thumping on the floor; while the ladies flourished their white cambric handkerchiefs, intermixed with yellow, and red bandanna, like the flags of different nations. After such a salutation, the celebrated Story Teller felt almost ashamed to produce so humble an affair as

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco-pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-pannel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking-tobacco in his stock, knowing well that the country lasses of New-England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco-pedler, whose name was *Dominicus Pike*, had traveled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to any body but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip, as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar

with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and traveled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveler—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he were either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him,

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long-nines, and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity, with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats rail-roads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved, by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day, in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country-store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish-wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions,

that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the fact, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard, about night-fall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting, what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece, who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road, that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard, the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell you the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He did n't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer, (whom he so detested, that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's,) Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn, revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been any body awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot-traveler, till, just as he crossed Salmon river,

a man came trudging down to the bridge, with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered, two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:—

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and, though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace, which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus started after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all. These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I do n't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger would n't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as every body knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton-factories and a slitting-mill can make it. The machinery was not yet in motion, and but few of the shop-doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable-yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting-mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton-factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day

of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper, and a column of double pica, emphasized with capitals, and headed **HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM!** Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos, also, about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief, in the seventeenth stanza of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory-girls, mill-men, and school-boys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton-machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in the vanity of his heart, forgot his intended precautions, and, mounting on the town-pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence, which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field-preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had traveled all night, and must have shifted horses in Kimballton at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, undid the door and discovered two passengers, both of whom had started from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button,

and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lieves have heard a love-tale from it, as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, to the shop-keepers, mill-men, and factory-girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or,—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones,—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern-door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece whom they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted, all along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so, in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning, to spend the vacation of commencement-week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bed-side, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage-fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid the pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuits in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well-worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that every body thought her fit to be preceptress of the best Academy in the state. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder; so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants, on learning their mistake. The mill-men resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him

with an ablution at the town-pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob-law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the school-boys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty-pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back, and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town-pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the state; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be re-printed from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young school-mistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace of Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along designed to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveler, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look, on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumour tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear-tree, near which he always passed at night-fall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong, that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unchanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own

mouth! And, as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister, or some other responsible man, for an endorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of that name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whip-lash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen any thing of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up; and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he just nodded,—as much as to say, 'charge my toll,'—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman, now far ahead on the village-road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left was a stone-wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, further still, a mowing-field, and last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the back-ground by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again, till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot, as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock told eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear-tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk

across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupations, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt-end of his whip, and found—not, indeed, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery, by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say, that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty school-mistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bed; since which melancholy event, Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

This story was originally more dramatic, than as here presented to the reader, and afforded good scope for mimicry and buffoonry; neither of which, to my shame, did I spare. I never knew the "magic of a name," till I used that of Mr. Higginbotham; often as I repeated it, there were louder bursts of merriment, than those which responded to what, in my opinion, were more legitimate strokes of humor. The success of the piece was incalculably heightened by a stiff queue of horse-hair, which Little Pickle, in the spirit of that mischief-loving character, had fastened to my collar, where, unknown to me, it kept making the queerest gestures of its own, in correspondence with all mine. The audience, supposing that some enormous joke was appended to this long tail behind, were ineffably delighted, and gave way to such a tumult of approbation, that, just as the story closed, the benches broke beneath them, and left one whole row of my admirers on the floor. Even in that predicament, they continued their applause. In after times, when I had grown a bitter moralizer, I took this scene for an example, how much of fame is humbug; how much the meed of what our better nature blushes at; how much an accident; how much bestowed on mistaken principles; and how small and poor the remnant. From pit and boxes there was now a universal call for the Story Teller.

That celebrated personage came not, when they did call to him. As I left the stage, the landlord, being also the postmaster, had given me a letter, with the postmark of my native village, and directed to my assumed name, in the stiff old hand-writing of Parson Thumpcushion. Doubtless, he had heard of the rising renown of the Story Teller,

and conjectured at once, that such a nondescript luminary could be no other than his lost ward. His epistle, though I never read it, affected me most painfully. I seemed to see the puritanic figure of my guardian, standing among the fripperies of the theatre, and pointing to the players,—the fantastic and effeminate men, the painted women, the giddy girl in boy's clothes, merrier than modest,—pointing to these with solemn ridicule, and eyeing me with stern rebuke. His image was a type of the austere duty, and they of the vanities of life.

I hastened with the letter to my chamber, and held it unopened in my hand, while the applause of my buffoonry yet sounded through the theatre. Another train of thought came over me. The stern old man appeared again, but now with the gentleness of sorrow, softening his authority with love, as a father might, and even bending his venerable head, as if to say, that my errors had an apology in his own mistaken discipline. I strode twice across the chamber, then held the letter in the flame of the candle, and beheld it consume, unread. It is fixed in my mind, and was so at the time, that he had addressed me in a style of paternal wisdom, and love, and reconciliation, which I could not have resisted, had I but risked the trial. The thought still haunts me, that then I made my irrevocable choice between good and evil fate.

Meanwhile, as this occurrence had disturbed my mind, and indisposed me to the present exercise of my profession, I left the town, in spite of a laudatory critique in the newspaper, and untempted by the liberal offers of the manager. As we walked onward, following the same road, on two such different errands, Eliakim groaned in spirit, and labored, with tears, to convince me of the guilt and madness of my life.

A LAMENT.

I FORGIVE—it is easy—but cannot forget,
 The past is the present, in memory yet—
 Though perhaps when this grief has been softened by years,
 The remembrance may cease to be followed by tears.

I believed that one bosom was faithful and true,
 I confided—how much, can be known but to you;
 I entrusted affection, how much, you can tell,
 To a bark that was worthless—frail vessel, farewell!

I knew you inconstant, I found you unkind,
 But love is confiding, affection is blind,—
 This complaint I would hush if it were not the last,
 For the time for reproach or affection is past.

What on me you inflict you can never endure,
 Yet the wound you have given oblivion may cure,
 When death his pale seal on my brow has impressed,
 As deep as the mark of despair in my breast.

EUROPE. NO. VI.

BELGIUM.

"Look," said I eagerly to a Belgian Frenchman, not many months ago, as we sauntered along the *Boulevard des Italiens*, "look at that splendid troop of horse: it is the new *garde municipale*; how easily and yet how firmly each man settles in his saddle; how erect and yet how free they carry their heads; the ponderous helm, with its brazen clasps and its flowing crest, sits as lightly and jauntily as our narrow-brimmed beavers; their heavy glittering sabres, they poise or twirl as we do our light canes; and then the burnished breast-plates, the clear steel, the bright buff, the polished boots—how could such a troop have been formed in so short a time?"

"It has not been formed in a short time," said my friend; "it is the old blade new polished and remounted; the Parisians would not bear the name of *Suisses* or *gens d'armes*, and so the government christens its new myrmidons, 'the municipal guard.' Ah! my friend, how happy are you in America; instead of professional and mercenary gladiators, you have busy in your work-shops the men who are ready at a moment to throw off the apron, and gird on the sword."

"Yes," said I; "but if you could see our young men playing soldier—smothering in a helmet, stiffened in a coat, literally *girded* with pantaloons, and *bearing* a musket—you would laugh outright."

"No," answered he; "I should not laugh, I should sigh: I do not altogether like your military system, and I say to you, beware lest you forge arms for a despot; your present chief magistrate dazzles your people by the faint light of one triumph; what might he do with the blaze of an hundred victories? When I was as young as you, I was as zealous a republican; so were my companions, so were all the young men of France; the people, the people was what we thought of; we were gradually won by admiration and national pride to look upon one man as the type of the people; we considered him the great first citizen, and he could not have too much power; for he was one of us—and we had shouted *vive l'Empereur*, long before we dreamed we were not still republicans."

I replied not; for just then the beautiful and glittering troop of cavalry went rattling by—the horses bounding with ill-restrained impetuosity, and the riders sitting as close and unmoved as centaurs. "Are they not splendid riders?" said I, to my friend; but he was looking the other way; I followed his eye, and saw it rested upon the tall, sinewy figure of a man of fifty, who stood leaning against a lamp-post, gazing on the passing troop. "Do you recognize an acquaintance?" said I. "No," replied he, musingly; "yet there is something in the air of that man, which tells me he and I have served the same great master: see how soldier-like he stands—how square his shoulders—how rough and weather-beaten is his face—how eagerly and half contemptuously does he gaze on the new troops—and see you not that his upper lip is less browned by exposure than the rest of his face? depend upon it he has lately cut off his moustaches; he must be one of the *old guard*—one of the chosen, the beloved of Napoleon—one of my old companions in arms."

At the name of the *old guard*, all the fire of my friend's nature flashed forth; he dwelt not on the splendor of their equipments, but on the spirit which pervaded the corps—the pride of conscious superiority in every manœuvre, the confidence of long-trying valor, the love and devotion which they bore to their glorious chief. When we crossed over to Tortoni's to dine, our conversation still ran upon the *old guard*, and, on my mentioning Waterloo, and expressing some surprise at the injustice done to the generalship of Napoleon, my friend started to his feet, and paced up and down the cabinet in a fury: "We drove the Prussians from Charleroi, we beat them fairly at Ligny—we attacked the English at Quatre Bras, and forced them back to Waterloo; there, too, Napoleon out-generaled them—there he thundered upon them unexpectedly, and there he failed when in all human probability he was victorious. I tell you the world is wrong in ascribing the successes of Napoleon to fortune; it has been only by fortune that he ever was beaten; and when at Waterloo he urged us on, and on again and again, to thin out with our sabres and our bayonets, the ranks of those stubborn English, and more stubborn Scots, he was any thing but desperate; he saw their columns weakened, reeling from mere exhaustion, and he cried, 'charge—charge again, my chosen—one hour more, and the English must fly—one hour's rest, and we will be ready for the Prussians!' But, alas! fate hastened on the dogs; Blucher's cannon thundered on our flanks; a fresh host of well disciplined troops came up, and men could do no more."

My friend threw himself down exhausted, bowed his head on the table, and absolutely wept; wept, not that the battle of Waterloo was lost, but that the world would think his general had been beaten. Finding how intense was his interest in the subject, and knowing him to be at leisure, I proposed to him a pilgrimage to Waterloo; "With all my heart," said he; "but you must let me go on to the field, at first, alone,—I would not have you see how much of a child is one of the *old guard*."

* * * * *

I would have given the world to have accompanied my friend from Brussels to the plain of Waterloo; but he would go by himself. I therefore made my pilgrimage alone to that blood-fattened field; I saw but waving grain where late stood the harvest of iron men, and heard the peasant urging his lazy bullocks along,

"Where fetlock deep in blood
The fierce dragoon through battle flood
Urged his hot war-horse on."

But all the world has thought and read of Waterloo; and I will not obtrude my reflections; but the information I afterwards collected from my friend, was novel—it may be interesting.

All the *amor patriæ* seemed to be revived by his visit to the land of his birth; we visited several renowned spots together, and one day, during a walk near Brussels, he entertained me with a discourse on Belgian history—not in the precise words with which I relate it, but giving the same outline. I had remarked, that I saw little of what might be called Belgian nationality, and he replied: "You are partly

right ; but you are wrong in supposing that we can have no old national associations, and glorious recollections : no people have more ; I can look back to the time when the very spot, which we have this day visited, stood on the outskirts of the vast forest of Ardennes ; far and wide, from the Rhine to the Scheldt, where now wave rich harvests, where lay thousands of villages, where rise the turrets and spires of an hundred cities, the ancient oaks flung out their sturdy arms, and made a meet canopy for the wild and hardy Belge, who wandered for ages free among them. If they were the least civilized, they were the bravest of the Gauls ; and I can picture them to myself in all their native wildness and independence ; but suddenly I hear a war cry ring through the forest ; I see their hasty gatherings, at the news that an enemy is advancing from the south ; I hear the heavy, measured tread ; I see the regular ranks, the glittering armor, which announce the legions of Cæsar. My forefathers rush impetuously and wildly to the onset, but they are borne back at the lance's point ; and rush again and again as vainly to the attack. Desperate, but undaunted, they assemble in the deepest recesses of the forest ; but there, where the sword of Cæsar could not reach them, his arts and his clemency overcame them ; and the savage Belge, dazzled by the splendor of the Roman armor, struck by the prowess of the Roman soldier, becomes an admirer of the ancient Napoleon, follows his eagles over the world, and, transformed from a wild savage into a sturdy veteran, fights for him on a hundred fields, and conquers for him at Pharsalia.

“ Nor did those of our ancestors who remained in the north, continue to be barbarous ; driven by their enemies to the marshes and flats on the coast, they begin to dispute with ocean its advance upon the land ; ages roll away, Christianity is introduced ; Charlemagne extends his sway over Belgium. He and his successors confer enormous privileges on the clergy ; the peasantry are made the serfs of the priests, and the bishops of Tournay, Tongres, Nieulle, &c. number their thousands of families as hereditary bondmen. Hence the power and influence of the high clergy among us.

“ But in the north, the spirit of the old Belge had not disappeared, and we see Baldwin the iron handed, the first count of Flanders, wooing the daughter of the king of France ; and when her father forbade their union, bearing her off by force to his marshy realms in the north.

“ Throughout the whole of what is now Belgium there reigned, in the eleventh century, a petty nobility, who, though generally considered as mere brigand chiefs of the forest of Ardennes, were men of free and bold sentiments ; men, who though they waged war with the proud bishops, then the lords of turreted cities, were the foremost soldiers in the cause of Christianity. What names shine brighter in the scrolls of chivalry, what knights fought more gallantly for the Holy Land, than those of our country ? The brilliant valor of the count of Flanders gained him the title of St. George ; and Godfroy of Bouillon, and our favorite Baldwin, won for themselves the crowns of Jerusalem and Constantinople.

“ And in the succeeding century, how much was done for civil freedom by the middling class in Flanders and the neighboring provinces ; for there were first founded the *guilden*, or mercantile associations, so important in the annals of civil reform. The twelfth and thirteenth

centuries behold the people of this country struggling against, and overthrowing the power both of nobles and priests.

"The twelfth century saw the guilden triumphant over the nobles, and not a serf left in bondage; and, during the next, our land was teeming with an industrious and flourishing population, and the sea was covered with vessels, conveying the produce of Flemish industry to the southern nations.

"It is true that the sovereignty of what is now Belgium passed into the house of Burgundy; but it was without dishonor to the people; and when they became the subjects of Austria in the fifteenth, and of Spain in the sixteenth century, it was neither by conquest nor against their will; and so far was the national pride consulted, that even the mighty Charles V. a Belgian by birth, was installed Duke of Flanders, and reigned over the country in that right.

"The power and importance of Belgium in the sixteenth century, were shown in the aids it afforded to the Spanish expeditions, and the important privileges which Spain was obliged to grant her; and, as for wealth, who could then compare with the Flemings? The merchants were by far the richest in the world; single capitalists advanced loans to foreign princes, which they could not obtain from the richest associations in their own country. Throughout all Flanders, there was a display of opulence in the houses, the apparel, and the equipage of the inhabitants, which astonished travelers. When the sports of archery, or other games were celebrated, the deputations came from different towns mounted on spirited horses, whose rich caparisons glittered with cloth of gold, and sparkled with brilliants; in rich keeping with the velvet robes, the silken vesture, the costly plumes, the golden chains, the diamonds and the jewels of their riders. Nor were even females excluded from a participation in wealth, or balked in their passion for showing it; imagine the pique and chagrin with which the Queen of Spain, who had come to astonish the natives by the extravagance of her dress and equipage, looked round upon the brilliant assembly of dames at Bruges, whose gem-studded trains swept carelessly on the floor, and whose gorgeous apparel so far rivaled her own, that she exclaimed: "I thought I was to be the only queen here; but I find there are five hundred."

"As to the arts I need not refer you to history, for in every city you see their enduring memorials; the cathedrals, so vast in their outline, so massive in their structure, yet so light, airy, and elegant in their ornaments, stand as old gray chroniclers of the genius and taste of those whose bones now moulder in the vaults beneath them.

"And on those cathedral walls—on the walls of the houses of our rich men—in the galleries of every nation in the world, do you not find, still glowing in rich coloring, the masterpieces of genius, from the pencils of our painters? What collection would be perfect without pictures from the Flemish school? nay, what collection would exist, had not our Van Eyck given to the world the art of painting in oil, and thus averted the flight of time by fastening him to the canvas?

"Such was the condition of things in Belgium, in the middle of the sixteenth century; but alas! how soon was it to be changed. Charles V. was succeeded by that bloody bigot Phillip II.; he attempted to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and to oppose the pro-

gress of the reformation ; and his infernal policy brought on the war of the revolution, which raged for thirty years. You know the horrors of that war,—you know how it blasted our commerce, ruined our manufactures, driving all who were industrious, ingenious, and enterprising, to the northern provinces, and engendering the greatness and wealth of Holland, at the expense of the prosperity and the liberty of Belgium. That war ended by the partition of the country ; and, since then, Holland and Belgium have been as widely separated, as though they had been divided by hundreds of leagues. Phillip gave to his daughter Isabella, and to her husband, Albert of Austria, the sway over his all but lost possessions in the Netherlands ; thus Belgium passed to the Austrian line ; thus was the separation between the northern and the southern provinces effected, and thus were popery and tyranny entailed upon us. Political apathy began to pervade the land ; the people relapsed into ignorance and bigotry ; and so completely did they become the dupes and tools of the priesthood, that, towards the end of the last century, they presented the extraordinary political spectacle of a nation rising in revolt against their government, because it attempted to give them civil and religious liberty. Joseph, son and successor of Marie Terese, having imbibed the liberal principles which came to Europe from America, with a noble and disinterested zeal, attempted to redress the abuses of the people by the clergy, and to re-model the oppressive legislation of the country ; and, would you believe it, the people every where rose, the Belgian blood was up, they swore they had a right to be priest-ridden, and they would be priest-ridden ; and as for the legislative and judicial burdens, they would bear them.

“ This most strange and unnatural revolt, for a time, prevailed ; the Austrians lost possession of Belgium, and Joseph died, as much from chagrin and disappointment, as disease ; but while the bigoted leaders of the people were re-forging the chains which he had broken, his successor, Leopold, marched the armies of Austria into Belgium ; the people, divided and unprepared, were easily subdued ; and Belgium became again an Austrian appendage.

“ But the leaven of reform had been thrown into Europe, and its fierce workings could not be repressed ; already was it heaving and swelling in France, and soon the deluge poured over her frontier, and overwhelmed Belgium ; she became part of the French republic, and of the empire ; and, although the people never became thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of the revolution, they became attached to France because they were actually in a more prosperous condition than they had been before, or have been since : hence you will find that at this very moment, the majority of the people would prefer having Belgium a provincial appendage to France, to being an independent kingdom.

“ After the fall of Napoleon, the conquerors hesitated whether to restore Belgium to Austria, to make it independent, or unite it to Holland ; and, unfortunately, decided upon the latter. Now if there had not grown up between the Belgians and the Dutch an inveterate prejudice founded on difference of religion, the insulting, to Belgium humiliating, manner in which the union was effected, would have created it. Never was a more flagrant outrage offered to the common sense

of a nation, or a more barefaced political jugglery and fraud practised upon a whole people, than in the imposition of the *loi fondamentale*, by which Belgium was united, or rather appended, to Holland. A proclamation was issued for an Assembly of the Notables of Belgium to decide upon the question of Union, or no Union. These Notables, who are the Flemish nobility, or, as they may be called, the electors of the country, were sixteen hundred in number; of these, thirteen hundred and twenty-three came together, and made a very efficient representation. To this assembly the *Loi Fondamentale* for the Union with Holland, was presented in solemn mockery, after every kind of intrigue had been practised to influence their votes; and to the astonishment of the Assembly itself, and to the amazement and wrath of the king of Holland, it was found there were seven hundred and ninety-six *nays*, and only five hundred and twenty-seven *yees*. But when sheep are to be sheared it is in vain for them to bleat; it was gravely pronounced by the Dutch king, that, because of negative votes one hundred and twenty-six were professedly given from religious scruples, they should be put aside as not being *political*, and not being sound objections! Still there was a stubborn majority of one hundred and forty-three—how overcome this? O! says the modern Solomon, silence gives consent—absence is the same as silence—*argal*, the two hundred and eighty absent Notables are silent, alias consenting, alias voting for the union, AND THE UNION IS MADE. Q. E. D.

“But an union born of fraud and nurtured by force, could continue no longer than the power of the governors should remain greater than that of the governed; and such were the heartburnings of the Belgians, that even if king William had felt and acted like the sovereign of Belgium, instead of being visibly and stubbornly Dutch, the union would probably have been dissolved at the first favorable opportunity. What, indeed, could be more revolting, than for the Belgians, superior as they were in numbers to the Dutch, to be lorded over by men whom they regarded as heretics in religion, and tyrants in politics; who filled every office, and who reaped every emolument; and who went so far as to attempt to make them adopt the Dutch language? All this, however, my countrymen would have borne quietly, but the thought that half the Dutch debt was saddled upon them, and that they had to pay for the support of the dykes, which keep the Dutch from drowning, when they devoutly wished them to the devil, was insupportable; and when the revolution broke out in Paris, and the spirit of revolt reached to Brussels, a few designing men roused the whole Belgian people to a desperate struggle for their independence by appealing to their hatred of the Dutch, to their attachment to Catholicism, and to their love of money.”

Thus far, my friend had run on without my attempting to interrupt him; but here I exclaimed, “What! do you not suppose that the late revolution was in consequence of the spread of liberalism and education? was it not a glorious proof of the spirit and enlightenment of the age?” “Not a whit,” said he; “the great mass of the people know nothing of political rights, and care nothing for Belgian independence. In Brussels, and some of the principal places, there were a few young men who were animated with a noble spirit; others, who sought for distinction or change from bad to better; but the great mass of the

peasantry look only for ease and commercial prosperity, to smoke their pipes in peace, and sell their goods to those who will give most for them."

"And what situation would give them the greatest advantages?" said I. "Union with France," replied he, "to be sure; Belgium has not the requisites for an independent nation; her locality alone would indicate that; trouble with France or England would prove it in a month." "Is not then the throne of Leopold the Lucky, a permanent one, and your new kingdom of Belgium to be long an independent one?" "No," said he; "neither national feelings nor national interests call for it, and it is too ponderous a fabric to be held up by the artificial proofs of political convenience. It is true that education, and with it a spirit of liberalism is spreading slowly among the people; this tends to amalgamate the Walloons and the Flemish, but not to create a feeling of Belgian nationality; there is little prospect, and, indeed, there should be none of our present government lasting long enough to overcome the tendency to union with France. As for the boasted spirit of liberalism, it is indeed taking deep root in the soil of Europe; France is tending every day to that kind of freedom, which approaches next to republicanism, and which is worth more; her calmness shows how certainly the consummation is regarded; and whether by convulsion, or by the irresistible calls of the two people, you will see them again united. You will see France restored to her natural limits; you will see Belgium forming her northern and commercial provinces; you will see them flourishing and happy, for they will find ready exit for their manufactures. Bruges and Ghent will again resound with the hum of busy workmen; the grass-covered quays, the empty docks of Antwerp will be again loaded with merchandize, or crowded with ships; the name of Belgium perhaps will not be heard, the language of Belgium may not be spoken, but the people of Belgium will be prosperous and happy."

Subsequent observations convinced me that my friend was right; the impress of French character seemed stamped upon the people, not enough, indeed, to obliterate the original one, but enough to obscure it, and to make the Belgian act and appear more like a Frenchman, than a Dutchman or German. French manners pervade society, the French language is heard at the corners of the streets, and many are the Belgians who consider themselves partners in the glory of the French achievements. Where such is the case—where the interests and the inclinations of the people call for amalgamation, and where the partition-walls between the two countries are formed only by the parchment of treaties, they must soon be broken through, and the prophecy of my friend verified, that Belgium and France will ere long be one.

INACCURACIES OF DICTION.

GRAMMAR.

AN individual will sometimes contract an awkward habit, and carry it with him through life without perceiving it, when a friendly hint, given in season, would have enabled him to perceive and to remove it. It is the same with regard to literary inaccuracies and local words and phrases.

There are a few current among us, to which I wish to call the attention of literary men and public speakers; and there is not, perhaps, a more appropriate medium of communication for this purpose, than the *New-England Magazine*.

The first word which I shall mention is *shew*, which is frequently employed as the preterite or imperfect tense of *show*. The true preterite is *showed*. *Shew* is the present tense, the same as *show*. The true conjugation is, present, *show*; preterite, *showed*; participle, *shown*; or, *shew*, *shewed*, *shewn*. The incorrect use of *shew*, for the preterite, as "He *shew* me the way," instead of "He *showed* me the way," is very common in Boston, even with those persons who have been educated at Cambridge. Either the tutors and professors of the university must have set the example, or they have formerly been exceedingly deficient in attention to the language of the students. The fault is very prevalent, I believe, among the graduates from that institution. Even the Attorney-General, who is admitted to be a more correct and elegant writer than most of the profession, seldom appears before the public, in a written document, without affording us an example of this grammatical error.

Another word, frequently used incorrectly, I think, is *sate* or *sat* as the past participle of *sit*; as, "I have *sate*." This is not peculiar to Boston, or even to New-England. It is sanctioned by Murray, it is true, but he gives no authority for its legitimacy. His grammar is a thing of yesterday. Preceding grammarians afford no justification of his *dictum*. Examples of the use of *sate* as a participle may, perhaps, be found in some eminent writers, and so may examples of almost any grammatical error. Great authors are often very careless, not to say ignorant, with regard to the niceties of grammar and rhetoric. Even Addison has "you was" and "I have wrote." Dr. Johnson, Dr. Lowthe, Dr. Ashe, Mr. Perry, and other English grammarians of eminence, conjugate this verb, present, *sit*; preterite, *sate* or *sat*; participle *sitten*. Both Johnson and Walker, in their *dictionaries*, contrary to their usual practice, omit the participle altogether, and give only the preterite, *sat*. This verb, it must be confessed, is not, in any of its correct tenses, a truly vernacular term. Among the common people it is usually confounded with *set*, an invariable verb; and the more ignorant even corrupt the preterite and the past participle into *sof*. *Sitten* has certainly an antiquated character, but it is the only legitimate past participle of *to sit*. We sometimes, also, find, in the public journals, this verb *to sit*, or, at least, its preterite, used improperly for that of *to set*; as "He yesterday *sat* out on a journey," instead of "*set* out." The verbs *to lay* and *to lie* are also frequently confounded. The first is active, or transitive, the other is neuter, or intransitive. I

have some doubt whether *sit* and *set* were not originally the same word; and so also with regard to *lay* and *lie*; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Saxon and the old English to justify the obtrusion of a positive opinion. If so, the distinction was probably made to show their active or their neuter states.

There are some other irregular verbs, in which the preterite and the participle are confounded by the common people; as, "I have rode," for "I have ridden;" and some persons, with the intention of being more correct than their associates, erroneously say, "I have drank," for, "I have drunk." A short extract from Dr. Lowthe's Grammar will not be inappropriate in this place. Amid the deluge of new grammars, with which we have been overwhelmed, by schoolmasters and school-committee men, we need the intervention and the counteracting influence of high English authority.

"This general inclination and tendency of the language [to make the past time and the participle the same] seems," says Dr. Lowthe, "to have given occasion to the introducing of a very great corruption, by which the form of the past time is confounded with that of the participle, in those verbs, few in proportion, which have them quite different from one another. This confusion prevails greatly in common discourse, and is too much authorized by the example of some of our best writers. Thus it is said, 'he begun,' for 'he began;' 'he ran,' for 'he ran;' 'he drunk,' for 'he drank;' the participle being used instead of the past time. And much more frequently, the past time instead of the participle; as, 'I had wrote, it was wrote,' for 'I had written, it was written;' 'I have drank,' for 'I have drunk;' 'borne,' for 'borne;' 'chose,' for 'chosen;' 'bid,' for 'bidden;' 'got,' for 'gotten,' &c. This abuse has been long growing upon us, and is continually making further encroachments; as it may be observed in the irregular verbs of the third class, which change *i* short into *a* and *u*; as, *cling*, *clang*, *clung*; in which the original and analogical form of the past time in *a* is almost grown obsolete, and the *u* prevailing instead of it, the past time is now in most of them confounded with the participle. The Vulgar Translation of the Bible, which is the best standard of our language, is free from this corruption, except in a few instances; as 'hid' is used for 'hidden,' 'held' for 'holden,' frequently; 'bid' for 'bidden,' 'begot' for 'begotten,' once or twice; in which, and a few other like words, it may perhaps be allowed as a contraction. And in some of these, custom has established it beyond recovery. In the rest, it seems wholly inexcusable. The absurdity of it will be plainly perceived in the example of some of these verbs, which custom has not yet so perverted. We should be immediately shocked at 'I have knew, I have saw, I have gave,' &c. but our ears are grown familiar with 'I have wrote, I have drank, I have bore,' &c. which are altogether as ungrammatical."

There is a form of expression which appears to be getting into respectable use among the clergy, of the correctness of which I have great doubt. The phrase, "in the divine presence," is of very frequent occurrence in prayers; as, "Bless those, who are now in the divine presence." A few years ago, I remarked, in a religious assembly of the lower order of people, at which an illiterate person officiated, that the article in this phrase was constantly omitted; the ex-

pression being, "in divine presence." I attributed this peculiarity to ignorance, or cant, and thought no more of it. Some time after, the same form of expression was used in my hearing, by a well-educated Baptist minister, in one of the most respectable churches of that order. I still supposed it might be a mere imitation of some conspicuous preacher of that communion, whose literary authority was not, perhaps, of the highest grade. Within a year or two past, I have heard the expression, "now in divine presence," in Congregational churches, from clergyman of good education, and of more than ordinary talents and eminence. I have not yet remarked its use by any Unitarian minister.

If there be any good English authority for the omission of the article in this phrase, or, indeed, if there be any respectable precedent for it, except of very recent date, I am ignorant of it. The effect upon my ear is exceedingly harsh and barbarous. If it be, as I suspect, a late innovation, a mere fashion just introduced, like the last cut of a lady's gown, it is to be desired, that all well-educated, respectable clergymen will set their faces against it, as an inelegant and unjustifiable corruption of the language.

The word *agonize* is used by some clergymen in a sense different from its true English meaning, which, according to Dr. Johnson, is, "to be in excessive pain." It is now sometimes employed to express the utmost exertion, or effort; from the Greek word used in the passage, "*strive* to enter in at the strait gate," which is translated, "*Agonize* to enter in," &c. This use of the English word probably originated at Andover. Whether it be good or bad English, it savors so much of affectation, that the custom is more honored in the breach than the observance.

The practice of separating the prefix of the infinitive mode from the verb, by the intervention of an adverb, is not unfrequent among uneducated persons; as, "To fully understand it," instead of "to understand it fully," or, "fully to understand it." This fault is not often found in print, except in some newspapers, where the editors have not had the advantage of a good education. I am not conscious, that any rule has been heretofore given in relation to this point: no treatise on grammar or rhetoric, within my knowledge, alludes to it. The practice, however, of not separating the particle from its verb, is so general and uniform among good authors, and the exceptions are so rare, that the rule which I am about to propose will, I believe, prove to be as accurate as most rules, and may be found beneficial to inexperienced writers. It is this:—*The particle, to, which comes before the verb in the infinitive mode, must not be separated from it by the intervention of an adverb or any other word or phrase; but the adverb should immediately precede the particle, or immediately follow the verb.*

Exceptions to this rule undoubtedly exist in some of the most celebrated authors; partly, perhaps, from carelessness and haste, but chiefly because they were restrained by no written positive rule. Poets, for the sake of rhyme or metre, sometimes take liberties; which they would not do in prose. In Lord Byron's writings, two exceptions to the preceding rule, and two only, have attracted my attention.

There are, perhaps, others. One is in Childe Harold, and the other is in one of the Letters contained in Moore's Life of that poet.

Now that I am speaking of the errors of newspapers and printers, I will allude to a class of mistakes in orthography, which has lately come under my notice with considerable frequency, and which it may be for the advantage of compositors and proof-readers to have pointed out. In the Latin language there are two diphthongs or double letters, *æ* and *œ*. In a few English words, taken immediately from the Latin, these double letters were formerly retained; as in *enigma*, *fatid*, &c. A simple *e* is now used in almost every case of the kind, the sound of *æ* and *œ* being the same as that of *e*. In the word *manœuvre*, however, which is from the French, the double letter is always employed. This old orthography has recently led many of our newspaper printers into a mistake of a contrary nature, which I shall now proceed to point out. In the few words and names, in which *a* and *e* come together, they have erroneously supposed it to be necessary that these vowels should be joined as diphthongs. Thus, the trisyllable *Phæton* (Phá-e-ton) a carriage, or the name of a person or a heathen god, figures almost daily, in the auction advertisements, as *Phæton*, a disyllable. *Aërial*, (a-é-ri-al) a word of four syllables, appears in many of our journals in three syllables, *arial* (é-ri-al.) *Aeronaut* (á-er-o-naut) and *aerostation* (a-er-os-tá-tion) also, are often printed *aeronaunt*, *aerostation*. In *aerology*, *aeromancy*, *aerometry*, *aeroscropy*, &c. the *a* and *e* are distinct syllables, and should never be joined, by the use of the diphthong or double letter *æ*. To show that two vowels coming together are to be pronounced separately, as distinct syllables, and not as diphthongs, two dots, called a *dieresis*, are often placed over the second vowel. The safest rule for a compositor is, never to make use of *æ* or *œ*, except in a Latin quotation, or the French word *manœuvre*, or at least in some word which is evidently foreign, and which has not yet become naturalized as an English term.

P.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

WHERE are their treasures—where their honors now?

The jeweled sceptre, and the glittering crown,
Or purple glories of the mitred brow?

O wretched, when on human joys alone
We found our hopes, and yet who builds not there,
Though disappointment chill and reason frown!

O blindly bent on unavailing care!
Drawn one by one to your maternal clay,
Your very names have vanished light as air.

And of the thousand toils that mark your way,
Let him who best those cares and toils hath known,
Find one that doth not each fond hope betray.

What though each nation to your will bow down,
For you its labored stores of tribute fill
Whose eager thought their ruin urges on.

When all the tumult of the strife is still,
And land and treasure by your blood are won,
Far sweeter seems the gently flowing rill
And humble hut each peasant calls his own.

G. W. G.

MOBS.

It is with unmingled pain, that we have felt ourselves authorised to take up such a subject in a New-England magazine. But the events of the few past months are too fresh in the recollection of every one to need any explanation of the propriety of selecting this as a topic of animadversion.

It is not, however, because in one place property may have been destroyed, and in another life may have been sacrificed, that we have selected this subject at the present time. It is the spirit which prompted the springs of action, which caused these disgraceful outbreaks of unbridled passion, rather than the destruction of property or life, which calls for the united reprehension of every friend of his country. For the base and dastardly attack upon the defenceless tenants of the Charlestown Convent, we have no terms in which to express our abhorrence and disgust. It has fixed upon New-England a stain which the lustre of all her achievements and her institutions can never obliterate. But we do not refer to this, nor to the repeated and disgraceful riots which have been witnessed in Philadelphia and New-York, for any other purpose than to illustrate the wide extent of that ungovernable spirit among certain portions of the people, which, if it be not checked, will work certain destruction to our constitution and our liberties.

It is, indeed, idle to talk of liberty and the security of property, or character, or life, if they are to be made the sport of infuriated mobs. If, whenever a subject of popular excitement arises, the expression of opinions upon the one side or the other, is to be suppressed by a fear of popular violence, it is an abuse of terms to say that there is any freedom of opinion left. The government, in fact, ceases to be free, and a despotism far more cruel and absolute than that of an autocrat, enslaves the public mind,—the despotism of madmen, rioting in their combined strength, and reveling in the indulgence of our heated and malignant passions.

If ever our liberties are to be trodden down and the reins of government seized by the strong arm of one man, it will be, like France after the storm of the Revolution, to escape from the licentious misrule of anarchy, to which the spirit which excites and sustains the ravages of a mob, almost irresistibly tends.

It becomes, therefore, a question of deep moment, to know what remedy may be applied to check this alarming spirit in our land; and in order to do this we must first detect its origin and the cause of its prevalence.

It would be of little use to rebuild what a mob has destroyed, if there is no means to protect it from destruction. We may again rear the walls of the demolished church, but the voice of eloquence must be hushed within it, if a censorship of violence and outrage is to govern the opinions which may be uttered there. It is in vain that we make laws, giving a right of suffrage and securing the freedom of speech, if the one is to be exercised at the peril of life, and the other to be punished by gangs of ruffians and outlaws. While we boast of

our being freemen, we shall find that our only liberty consists in thinking with the unthinking mass, and our boasted franchise of electing our own rulers, will be but to register the selfish decrees of the leaders of the populace.

The primary causes of mobs and riots in this country, are more numerous and more deeply laid than many might, at first, suppose. Men see an African church rifled, or a meeting upon slavery broken up, and think they have discovered the cause of this in an accidental and temporary excitement upon one disquieting subject. They see a convent burnt, and its inmates escaping at midnight from its flames, and they seek no farther for the reasons of this outrage than the unpopularity of the Catholic faith. They see violence and bloodshed at the polls of our cities, and lament that the short-lived excitement of an election should lead to such disgraceful excesses.

But these are not the moving causes of such scenes as we have referred to. They are but sparks which fire the trains of combustible materials which are spread through our land, ever ready to blaze and explode when the mass is ignited.

One of the greatest causes, or rather the medium by which other causes are made effectual in producing that excited state of feeling which vents itself in riots and public outrage, is the frequency of our popular elections. The evils arising from these are, in a measure, inherent in our system of government; and, as the freedom and frequency of elections are among the last rights which a people should surrender, we have referred to them here, that, while we alluded to some of the evils which have grown out of popular elections, some means might be devised whereby they may be corrected.

By the genius of our government, elections were designed as a means of selecting the most proper agents to administer its restraints and extend its protection. But, as they are now managed, they are, too often, the strifes between leaders whose ambitious views are sought to be obtained, by appeals to personal prejudices and by arraying the jealousies and bad passions of one part of the community against the other—a contest in which the spoils of office are won by the few by adulation, and falsehood and flattery to the many.

The corruption, which has crept thus early into our elections, calls loudly upon the people to arrest it. They should know and feel, that the preservation of their liberties depends upon the preservation and exercise of their constitutional government in its purity and vigor: while the theory of every republican form of government is that the people, if left to themselves, will, in the end, do right, the very necessity of any government over them is based upon the idea, that the people will sometimes do wrong, that checks and balances to popular power are wanting to save the people from the consequences of their undue excitement or misguided zeal. It is designed thereby to interpose a barrier which, by staying the effects of popular phrenzy, may give time for reason and judgement to resume their influence upon the popular will. Whoever, therefore, appeals to the passions of the people to correct a supposed evil, or promote a supposed good by the exercise of physical power, in a manner not recognized by our constitution and our laws, is doing violence to the cause of national liberty. That

ruler is a traitor to his trust, who seeks to trample upon the constitution by substituting the heated passions of the multitude for the well-known principles of that instrument.

If these views are not wholly erroneous, no man can, for a moment, countenance a mob, however honest may be the zeal or however meritorious may be the purpose of those who may engage in it, for it strikes alike at the stability of our government and the preservation of our liberties.

The frequency and freedom of our elections are, however, as we have already said, rather the medium through which the really exciting causes of mobs operate, than exciting causes themselves; and if these could be removed, we should have little grounds to fear a recurrence of evil from that source.

Whatever cause may lie at the bottom of popular excitements, the most immediate agent in driving them to excesses, is the use of intoxicating drinks. No riot is perpetrated without them. The sale and use of ardent spirits has been the greatest curse that ever visited our land. It has produced more crime, more misery, and more misrule, than all other causes together. Wherever there are mobs, they may be traced directly or indirectly to those nuisances—drum-shops—where either the rioters are plied with ardent spirit, which is drunk at their counters, or carried away to influence the otherwise harmless crowd into a band of furious madmen. We have it from eye-witnesses, that, in the late riots of Philadelphia and New-York, ardent spirit was freely distributed among those who took part in them, and the consequences were such as we might have anticipated, such as have made freemen blush for their country.

While rum is sold at every corner under the sanction of a license by law, while elections are more or less managed and controlled by bar-room caucuses and grog-shop politicians, while decent men, to secure the influence of rum-sellers and rum-drinkers, will countenance what they know to be a national evil as well as a moral wrong, we may expect to see riots, we may expect to see the outbreakings of the passions of madmen, we may expect to see elections disgraced by scenes like those in Philadelphia and New-York, and quiet citizens driven from the polls, and sacrificing to personal safety, one of the most valuable rights, which our fathers won with their blood.

Connected with the cause just alluded to, is the influx of foreigners into our country. Our cities and towns swarm with this class of population. They come here (we speak of the mass, for there are many eminent and honorable exceptions) ignorant and poor, without a knowledge of our institutions, that should make them prize them, and without any of that self respect, which might restrain an indulgence in vicious courses. However honest in their purposes, they are proverbially creatures of passion, and, with the habits of dependence in which they have been educated, with their poverty and their propensity to drink to excess, they become a most dangerous engine in the hands of designing and bad men, to overawe and control our native citizens. Thousands of them have fled, from starvation, to this, as a land of plenty; and, give them wherewithal to enjoy the comforts of animal existence, little do they care whether the man who rules them rides into office over the necks of a prostrate people, or rises by his own

merit and the free suffrages of his fellow-citizens, to office and to honor.

It is such men as these, whom we might look for in the riots and mobs, which disturb our city elections; and we need not add, that it is such men as these that have formed an essential part of every such mob that has disgraced our country. We would have our country an asylum for the oppressed of every nation. But God, in his mercy, avert the day, when our elections are to be controlled by an Irish mob, heated to phrensy by rum and whisky!

We cannot, when seeking out the causes of popular outrages in our country, pass by the condition of the public press. This engine of good, this lever, more powerful than that by which Archimedes would have moved the world, may become in bad hands and in a bad cause, an engine of immeasurable evil. Here every party in politics and every sect in religion and irreligion, has its newspaper in which its own errors and corruption are concealed or unblushingly denied, while every thing opposed to them is denounced or held up to ridicule. The press has become the organ of party discipline and political rancor, (we speak of the partisan press,) and the libeler of private character, the foe to good order and good government, and the false-hearted demagogues find here a vehicle by which to scatter their poisons through the community, corrupting the public mind and sapping the foundations of public morals.

How can it be expected that the rights of property will be respected, or that personal security will be regarded by the ignorant and unreflecting classes, when candidates for the highest offices, and the managers of the public press, hold character and reputation of so little worth? Why should we be surprised that elections are carried by brute force, when appeals to the brute passions of men are so undisguisedly made?

But we hasten to the cause of this condition of the press—the universal spirit of party which prevails through our country. It taints and poisons every thing. No conduct however base, no doctrine however odious, no course of policy however dangerous in its character, that does not find supporters, if it can, by any means, be brought into alliance with some party movement.

Under a government like ours, it would be idle to expect to live without parties. Where people have the right to think and speak, they will exercise this right, and differences and disputes will, of necessity, thence arise. And while these disputes are confined to legitimate objects, while parties divide upon questions of policy involving the public welfare, their zeal becomes a safeguard of public rights. But when these divisions become a mere scramble for office, a mere partisan war for spoils, the many become the mercenaries of the few, and this spirit becomes one of the sorest evils which can afflict a community. It matters little in such cases, upon what point the rival factions split. In any event man becomes degraded in the struggle, and the people unwittingly are forging chains for themselves to wear.

We enter no list as partisans in the struggle which has been of late going on under the banners of party in our country; but we are not so blind as to overlook the means by which success is sought to be attained. We, every day, hear doctrines openly advocated, which strike

at the foundations of every thing which renders society valuable. We hear, from time to time, from the highest officers of our government, principles proclaimed which, if they could be carried into effect, would destroy all law, and resolve society again into its primitive elements.

Instead of giving confidence to the public mind, by promoting a union of sentiment and an attachment to our admirable institutions, it has been the study of too many to foment jealousies and excite animosities between citizens of a common country, enjoying common rights and common benefits. We are told of distinctions in society, and that these ought not to be tolerated. The cry is up against the bug-bear "Aristocracy," and an epithet which, under other governments, has its well-defined meaning, is here made a term of unfounded reproach. The flatterers of the people have been raising a war against wealth, and every idle knave, who is too proud to labor, and too poor to live honestly without industry, is ready to join in the crusade. By the creed of modern reform "there is a natural hostility of the poor towards the rich," and he, whose industry and frugality may have placed him above want, is branded with the modern epithet of political jargon, as an "accumulator," and is denounced as unworthy of public favor or confidence.

By reiterating doctrines like these in our public newspapers, in popular harangues, and in all political meetings, the public mind necessarily becomes corrupt; men are willing to engage, without reflection, in any enterprise however desperate, if directed against a class in society whom they have been taught to envy and to dread. The mobs which we have seen are but the precursors of more general outrages; if this doctrine of hostility towards every man, who is above the condition of a beggar, is to prevail. If our laws will not protect property as well as life and reputation, they cannot and ought not to be sustained. Men, who fan the flame of discord between what they choose to call the higher and lower classes, know full well how false and deceptive are the appeals which they make to the people. They know that a physical equality among men cannot be attained—the shrewd man will acquire property more rapidly than a less astute one, upon the same principle, that a strong man can do more bodily labor in a given time than a feeble one. But they know that laws cannot be more free than are our own if they are strong enough to bind society together. These men play upon the passions, the weakness, and ignorance of a portion of their fellow-citizens, not to make them happier or more independent, but to raise themselves into an unenviable distinction.

We, every day, hear of a working-man's party—a working-man's party! as if the idlers in the country were so strong as to require a combination of working-men to put them down! And who are the leaders of this party? who its candidates for office? A worn-out lawyer, who knows no more of manual labor than of Symmes's inner world. Another living upon his patrimonial estate, and one of the very few in this commonwealth who is able to do it, who neither knows nor cares for the laboring poor. We might enlarge the catalogue, but it would be only to repeat the same inconsistencies between profession and practice.

We have been led to these remarks, aside from the course we had proposed to ourselves, from the attempt which has been made to iden-

tify that reckless and outrageous project of Agrarian equality of property, with the party called the "Working-men's." If they could see the atrocity of this doctrine in its true colors, not an honest man among them would countenance it for a moment. It is a doctrine for mobs, for cut-throats, and for demagogues; but if it ever prevails, the mad scene of anarchy which would follow, would be but the first step towards a despotism as absolute as ever enslaved man.

The feeling to which we have alluded, which has been excited between one class and another in the community, has spread wider than many might at first imagine. It shows itself in various forms and guises. But whether it is preached by Fanny Wright in her unbalanced tirades, or is made the hobby for some unprincipled knave to ride upon into power, it ought to be frowned down by every one who would not become the victim of a mob.

The name of that disgrace to her sex, which we have just written, recalls another increasing cause of mobs and crimes of every sort—the spread of infidelity. We wage no war with men's honest opinions; but when we hear the laws of marriage denounced as *monopolies* not to be tolerated, and the right of property openly denied,—when we hear the Christian religion ridiculed and treated as a fable, and its sanctions disregarded, we feel as if no honest man should hold his peace. What are the sanctions of civil laws, if all accountability as moral agents is removed from those for whom they are made? What shall check the hand of the midnight assassin, or the wildest excesses of a mob? or, in short, the commission of every crime, if there is no restraint but the fear of a detection by a human tribunal!

If life may thus be sacrificed, if reputation is but a bubble, as worthless as it is frail, if the fruits of one's industry may be snatched from his hand to feed the idle and the vicious, if he can no longer feel that his widow in her age, or his children in their weakness, may not, when he is gone, enjoy that for which he has toiled, it would be mockery to talk to him of liberty and right,—his only liberty would be that of the savage—his only right that of the prowling wolf.

We have written at greater length than we had intended upon this part of our subject, and yet, have scarce touched upon it. Illustrations from history will crowd upon the mind of every one who may read this, but our limits will not admit of our adverting to even the most obvious of them.

Whenever a man is called upon to join with any party or class, to break through the proper restraints of the law, to undermine the great principles of right and wrong, upon which society alone can rest, he should pause and look to the consequences before he acts. He should remember that the same spirit which triumphs with the mob to-day over an obnoxious individual or institution, may reek itself to-morrow upon him or his property.

We cannot dismiss this subject without one remark upon the measures of that class of men who, under the name of Abolitionists, have undertaken to give freedom to the slaves in our country.

They complain, and justly, of mobs and riots. But do they not in reality ride over the constitution and the laws to reach their end, as much as the multitudes who have disturbed their meetings? They preach freedom to the captive, and at what price is it to be given? By

violating the compact which binds the Union together—by destroying, at a blow, six hundred millions of what the law regards as property, and, at best, substituting the evils of poverty, vice, and wretchedness for those of servitude.

We are, by no means, advocates for slavery. We view it as one of the most dreadful scourges which ever afflicted a nation,—dreadful alike to master and to slave. We would rejoice, in the fullness of our heart, to discover any feasible method by which to break the chains of the oppressor and let the oppressed go free. But the measures of the abolitionists do not seem to promise this result. Their appeals to the people of the North can do little more than rivet still stronger, the fetters of the slaves at the South, unless they are ready to break down at once the bulwark of our liberties,—the constitution,—and thereby bring us all under the yoke of some despot, in order that those who are now slaves may be *called* free. Such appeals as we often hear upon this subject are, in the present feverish state of the public mind, dangerous in no small degree. It is, in fact, a project in which the mass of the people are called upon to substitute the dictates of their own feelings, for the laws which exist. And, whether this is done to free a slave, to tear down a chapel, to burn down a convent, or to drive decent men from the polls,—whether it be to destroy the distinctions which exist in society, or to break down pretended monopolies,—to give questionable freedom to one class or rivet the chains of despotism upon another, it is alike to be dreaded and alike to be condemned.

We would not be misunderstood. We admit, and would be the last to give up, the right of the people to make known their wants, to discuss freely, and at all times, measures of policy and whatever else concerns them. They have a right to spread their complaints and their grievances before the public, and to proclaim abuses throughout the land,—and they have a right, too, to a full and ample redress for all these. But they have already chosen their own mode of redress; they have fixed by their constitutions and their laws the terms of their mutual compact, by which they are to test their rights and to seek their remedies.

The causes of public disturbances upon which we have dwelt so long, are alarming, and ought to be corrected, because they tend to substitute for the laws of the land the heated action of unreflecting masses.

We know that the doctrines we have advanced may not meet the sanction of sycophants and demagogues. But the history of many a nation would bear melancholy testimony to their truth. Our government has no guards about it but the moral integrity of the people, and when this shall be corrupted the citadel must yield. No man can shut his eyes to the danger that assails us in this quarter, and no man should hold his peace till the danger has passed away. W.

MY BIRTH-STAR.

The star that rules my destiny!

I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star. MANFRED.

My past bright days of happiness,—
How beautiful they seem,—
When rises to my memory
Their unsubstantial dream!
I cannot think them real,
For my present has no joy
Compared with all that gladdened me,—
A gay, free-hearted boy.

Alas! my hopes have perished,
Like leaves by autumn strown;
And on the tideless waves of Time
I struggle, gasp, alone!
Where is my youth's best promise?
O, that is with me yet;
And I will guard it in my heart
Till my birth-star has set.

My birth-star! lo, it still shines on
In diamond beauty where,
Upon my home,—my natal home,
It first shone sweetly fair!
That star is not the star of Love,
Nor the gilded star of Fame:
Yet, like a censer's, brightly burns
Its pure and lambent flame.

Imagination! 't was thy star,
That heralded my birth;
And thou art dearer, far, to me,
Than any joy of earth.
I gaze on thee and worship thee;
For thou to me hast given
A promise, that will never fade
Till thou art lost from Heaven.

That promise cheers me, in the dark
And troubled night of grief;
Though Love may sometimes visit me,
Its radiance is brief—
But thou, like beacon o'er the sea,
Pourest thy unchanging beam;
And tossing waves glide peacefully
As summer's quiet stream.

Star of my birth! though friends grow cold,
Though Fortune sternly frown,
Though Fame decay, though Love be false,
Thy splendor, like a crown,
Will fall from Heaven upon my brow,
And show me where to find,
Robed in Imagination's light,
The kingdom of the mind.

MY DONKEY.

I AM half a quadruped myself—were I not I should have a fellow-feeling for poor Dapple, the emblem and the image of equanimity and patient endurance. Though sufferance is the badge of all his tribe, he has nothing to interrupt his pleasant reflections and imaginations. All his labors are to go to mill; for this I find him in board, lodging, and shoes. He has the range of a patch of two acres in summer, and in winter he stands next the hay-mow, by the side of the cosset lamb. He need not browse, or bite a thistle once a year, unless from choice, as men chew tobacco. He is an especial favorite with the boys of the region: he permits them to ride him and trots off like a dromedary, when, by a sudden stop and elevation of his hinder legs, he throws them over his head, and waits patiently till they get upon his back again.

He is called Dapple from the immortal companion of Panza, but he is of a mouse color, and his skin is downy. He was a colt, a foal, by the side of his dam in a distant island, when I rescued him from a sort of sylvan state.

Sympathy is a great matter—it is as powerful as Falstaff's instinct, and as little understood. Instinct led him to the youthful prince, and sympathy directed me to the young ass—a sort of animal magnetism.

Father calls him Issachar; but the poor brute answers soonest to the name of Dapple—though, sooth to say, sometimes he answers not at all. It has been remarked, that all natural sounds have melody or good modulation in them, and that the roar of the lion, or the bellowing of the buffalo, is in the great natural concert as good a bass as the note of the swan or nightingale is a tenor and treble.

Dapple, however, is in this concert a very bassoon. It is sonorous, and he is a master of his instrument. It would astonish a stranger to hear so small a body emit so formidable a sound. It is unlike any thing else—it cannot be mistaken for any other music. It would resemble the sound of a saw-mill were that sound increased a hundred fold. It is fainter, however, towards the close, and dies away like an echo.

His ears—*paullo majora canamus*—said the old schoolmaster, pointing to them and laying his hand upon one of mine—are appendages of skin and gristle, in which he may claim precedence over all other beasts. When he is sorrowful or angry, they fall like withering leaves towards the horizon; but when he is well pleased, they sprout up like two tall mullen-stalks. They are larger than the leaf of a burdock. Some Roman poet desired to be all nose, that he might enjoy a perfume; had he as great a taste for a melody, and had he been formed like Dapple—as perhaps he was—he would not have wished himself all ears—nature would have left him little to wish for.

The ass has not yet risen to his proper estimation among mankind. Created as a servant and a friend, he is made a slave—he is cudged like a Russian peasant. His back is the receptacle of all stray blows, and his sides are sore with kicks. He is a standing conductor to draw off the angry passions of his master, who, if enraged by a superior, vents his spleen upon his dumb, helpless, humble, patient beast. The ass

spoke but once, and this was to rebuke his master for beating him ; but there are many Balaams, whom nothing but a similar miracle can move to justice and mercy. Of all transformations, commend me to the change worked upon Bottom ; how delightfully he talked when he was an ass ! I could wish to be in his place, to be scratched by Mustard-seed and Peascod, to be loved by Titania, to call for a bottle of hay, or "munch your good dry oats."

Friend Dapple ! I so long have seen
The cares and vanities of men
And life,—since I begun it,—
That I would strait this head resign,
For such another one as thine,
With such long ears upon it.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

When the summer breezes have died away,
And the autumn winds are drear,
And the forests have changed their green array,
For the hues of the dying year ;
There comes a season, brief and bright,
When the zephyrs breathe with a gentler swell,
And the sunshine plays with a softer light,
Like the summer's last farewell.

The brilliant dyes of the autumn woods
Have gladdened the forest bowers,
And decked their pathless solitudes,
Like a blooming waste of flowers :
In their hidden depths no sound is heard,
Save a low and murmuring wail,
As the rustling leaves are gently stirred,
By the breath of the dying gale.

The hazy clouds, in the mellow light,
Float with the breezes by,
Where the far off mountain's misty height
Seems mingling with the sky ;
And the dancing streams rejoice again,
In the glow of the golden sun,
And the flocks are glad in the grassy plain,
Where the sparkling waters run.

'T is a season of deep and quiet thought,
And it brings a calm to the breast,
And the broken heart, and the mind o'erwrought,
May find in its stillness rest ;
For the gentle voice of the dying year,
From forest, and sunny plain,
Is sweet, as it falls on the mourner's ear,
And his spirit forgets its pain.

Yet over all is a mantling gloom,
That saddens the gazer's heart ;
For soon shall the autumn's varied bloom
From the forest trees depart :
The bright leaves whirl in the eddying air—
Their beautiful tints are fading fast,
And the mountain tops will soon be bare,
And the Indian Summer past.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER XXVI.

IN the year 1821, I wrote three pamphlets on the protecting system—"An Address to the Farmers of the United States," "The Farmer's and Planter's Friend," and "A review of Mr. Cambreleng's examination of the Tariff," proposed that year in Congress—in all one hundred and seventy-one pages: besides sundry newspaper essays.

Mr. Cambreleng's examination was fraught with most extraordinary and palpable errors, of which I subjoin two or three.

This gentleman asserted, in the most unqualified manner, that "the Congress of 1790 equally protected every branch of industry." Nothing could be more foreign from the real state of the case.

As stated in Letter XXIV. commerce was protected to the fullest extent, in almost every conceivable manner. The tonnage duties on foreign vessels, engaged in the coasting trade, were absolutely prohibitory, and at once, wholly excluded them. With respect to all other branches of our trade, the tonnage duties on foreign vessels were eight times greater than on our vessels. And, finally, foreign vessels were virtually excluded from the China trade, as the duties on teas imported in them, were 150 per cent. more than on those imported in American vessels—averaging, in the former case, twenty-seven cents per pound, and, in the latter, only twelve. I pass over a variety of other items, the whole of which, united, display the fostering care bestowed on commerce by Congress. Whereas the duties on nine-tenths of all the manufactures imported, were only five per cent. and were calculated almost solely for revenue! What a shameful contrast! and what a degree of delusion on the part of this advocate of free-trade, the deadly enemy of the protecting system, except as it regarded commerce!

In this Congress, the manufacturers were almost wholly unrepresented, and shared that neglect of their interests, which unrepresented bodies uniformly experience.

"If the citizens of the United States want to see a *Democratic Tariff*, let them look at that of 1790. The men who framed it knew what equal rights were, because they had fought bravely for them. In that tariff they will not find the poor paying a higher duty than the rich for the same article. EACH MAN WAS THEN TAXED ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY, AND LUXURIES PAID THE HIGHEST RATE OF DUTY." [Examination, page 94.]

A slight examination of this grand "*Democratic Tariff*," will prove how recklessly partisans will hazard assertions, destitute of even the shadow of foundation. In the wildest range of controversial excitement, there never was a position more completely unwarranted by fact than the one under consideration. For example:—

A yard of superfine broadcloth, which then cost about four dollars, paid a duty of 20 cents.

A yard of silk, costing two dollars, paid a duty of 10 cents.

Cheese, which cost 8 cents per lb. paid 4 cents duty, equal to 50 per cent. Thus 5 lbs. of cheese paid twice as much as a yard of silk!

Salt cost 15 cents per bushel, and paid 12 cents, equal to 80 per cent.

Bohea tea cost at that time 15 cents per pound, and paid 10 cents, equal to 66 per cent. Thus one pound of Bohea tea paid as much duty as a yard of silk!

This is the lauded "*Democratic Tariff*," by which, according to Mr. Cambreleng, "each man was taxed according to his ability, and *luxuries paid the highest rate of duty !!!*"

In 1822, I wrote three pamphlets, and two sets of papers, signed Hamilton. The pamphlets were "An appeal to common sense and common justice"—"Facts and observations, illustrative of the past and present situation of the United States"—and "An address to the citizens of the United States." The whole contained two hundred and seventy-eight pages. Of the two first I printed three editions, all of which were distributed gratuitously at my expense, except about four or five hundred of the first, which were purchased by manufacturers.

A tolerably accurate idea may be formed of the zeal and ardor with which I engaged in defence of the system of protection, from the strong fact, that in this year, besides expending about three hundred dollars on paper and printing in its defence, I was absurd enough to offer to the University of Maryland to pay five hundred dollars a year towards the establishment of a course of lectures on Political Economy. I annex the correspondence on the subject. The first article was enclosed in a letter to the trustees of the University of Maryland.*

Philadelphia, January 12, 1832.

"Know all men by these presents, that I do hereby bind myself to pay to the University of Maryland, the sum of five hundred dollars, as one year's salary for a Professor of Political Economy, and also to continue the subscription, unless I shall give six months previous notice of my determination to discontinue the same.

(Signed,) M. CAREY.

Letter from M. Carey to Daniel Raymond, Esq.

January 12, 1832.

"DEAR SIR—I have fully made up my mind to establish the Professorship as stated in my last letter, provided it can be done for five hundred dollars per annum. I shall pay one half of the first year's salary on the delivery of the first lecture, and the other half on the completion of the course.

"Should I at any time determine to withdraw from the undertaking, I shall regard myself at liberty so to do, on giving six months previous notice. *But it is highly probable I shall continue it as long as I live; and, indeed, make provision for it at my death.* You are at liberty to make the necessary inquiries of the president of the University. As to your fitness for the situation, it cannot be questioned. I regard you as peculiarly qualified for it.

Yours, &c.

M. CAREY."

From D. Raymond, Esq. to M. Carey.

Baltimore, January 18, 1832.

"DEAR SIR—Your letter, stating the liberal endowment you propose to make towards the establishment of a Professorship of Political Economy for the University of Maryland, has been received and laid before the Board of Regents, who will, no doubt, duly appreciate your munificence, and communicate with you further on the subject.

"As regards myself, although it may not be in my power to co-operate with you in carrying your patriotic design into effect, yet I shall ever feel a grateful sense of your kindness and liberality.

"M. CAREY, Esq."

D. RAYMOND."

*It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that the faculty of the University were so far wanting in the decorum and propriety which the offer imposed on them as a duty, that they treated it with contumelious neglect; as they never condescended to reply, a high offence against the laws of etiquette and the rules which should regulate the conduct of gentlemen.

It is a discreditable fact, that this neglect to answer letters is prevalent to a shameful extent. There are persons who rank as gentlemen, but who rarely answer them, except when they expect to make profit by the correspondence.

From M. Carey to Daniel Raymond, Esq.

Philadelphia, January 19, 1822.

"DEAR SIR—I feel much uneasiness at the receipt of your letter, lest you should not undertake the professorship in question. My views were directed to Maryland, entirely in consequence of the confidence I felt that the choice would fall on you, and of my approbation of the principles of political economy you have so ably advocated.

"In the event of your declining, or not being elected, the choice may fall on some person who will preach unsound doctrines, pernicious to the happiness of our citizens, and to the prosperity of the nation. In this case, I should devote my money to a purpose diametrically opposite to my intentions. Against this I here enter my protest. The foreign world furnishes us with apostles sufficient to preach these pestiferous doctrines, whose operation has blasted the energies of the nation, and effectively rendered her a colony to the manufacturing nations of the old world. We have no need to have them here to accomplish this baleful purpose.

Yours, &c.

M. CAREY."

The reason why I preferred the University of Maryland, was, that with me it was a *sine qua non*, that Mr. Raymond, who had written one of the best works extant on the subject of political economy, resided in Baltimore, and in the event of his appointment I was sure of his preaching doctrines, which I deemed vital, and I was resolved not to aid in the dissemination of doctrines which I regarded as destructive to the public welfare—a result which would probably have taken place with any other lecturer.

I say "*absurd*," because the probable effect of the lectures would have borne no proportion to the expense—and been incomparably less than that of small detached pamphlets extensively spread abroad gratuitously, which would be generally read. Whereas the lectures would make a large volume; be read by few; and be purchased by scarcely any of those whom I sought to convert. Fortunately my offer was not accepted, whereby I escaped a considerable expense, which certainly would not have answered the purpose intended.

During the year in which this extravagant offer was made, when, in addition, I had expended, as I have observed, three hundred dollars in the defence of a cause in which I had no interest, there was not a manufacturer in the United States who expended for it twenty dollars; and the whole, collectively, I am persuaded, not one hundred.

The enactment of the Tariff of 1824 excited great hostility and dissatisfaction in the Southern States, particularly in South-Carolina. This had increased yearly, until in 1827 and 1828, it displayed itself in the most formidable style—threatening insurrection and civil war—"The bloody scenes of the Revolution" were distinctly threatened to be renewed.

I was most seriously alarmed—and, fully persuaded that the excitement was the result of prejudice and misinformation, I endeavored to excite the manufacturers to make exertions to illuminate the public mind, by the dissemination of correct views on the subject in the Southern States. In the month of August, 1828, I printed a circular letter, stating my apprehensions from the alarming language held by the opposers of the protecting system, which I accompanied by various extracts from the Charleston papers and pamphlets, in proof of the danger, proposing the formation of a Society for the dissemination of the facts and arguments of the case. Of this circular I printed one hundred copies, and sent from fifty to seventy to the most respectable

and wealthy citizens in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, not one of whom condescended to reply.

The plan proposed was to form an association, to contribute twenty-five dollars each, at the commencement, and three dollars a year afterwards. But, I repeat, this paltry contribution could not be raised.

If I were to publish the names of the citizens applied to, as perhaps I ought to do, it would excite the most profound astonishment at the deplorable hallucination that prevented them from making this trifling sacrifice, not only to rescue the Tariff from the dangers to which it was exposed, and which have since overtaken it, in consequence of their neglect of duty to themselves and families—but to rescue their country from the danger of civil war.

I annex a few specimens of the style of the publications in question, and a portion of the preamble of the constitution of the proposed Society.

"We feel ourselves standing under the mighty protection of the Constitution, and declaring forth its free and recorded spirit, when we say, **WE MUST RESIST.** By all the great principles of liberty—by the glorious achievements of our fathers in defending them—by their noble blood, poured out like water in maintaining them—by their lives in suffering, and their deaths in honor and in glory, our countrymen, **WE MUST RESIST.**

"Does timidity ask, when? We answer, *NOW—even now*, when oppression is not old to us, and the free spirit looks abroad, in pride, over and on this land of glorious freedom, and of beautiful, though depressed and broken fertility." [Address of Colleton District.]

"THE MEMORABLE SCENES OF OUR REVOLUTION HAVE AGAIN TO BE ACTED OVER." [Milledgeville Journal.]

"WE HAVE SWORN, THAT CONGRESS SHALL, AT OUR DEMAND, REPEAL THE TARIFF. If she does not, OUR STATE LEGISLATURE WILL DISSOLVE OUR CONNECTION WITH THE UNION, and we will take our stand among the nations: and it behoves every true Carolinian "TO STAND BY HIS ARMS," and to keep the halls of our Legislature pure from foreign intruders."

"Let Congress be distinctly told, that either the general government must recede from its pretensions to inordinate powers, or the STATE MUST RECEDE FROM THE COMPACT: and should that government resolutely persist in the scheme of subverting our prosperity and sovereignty to their very foundations, let the governor be directed, by proclamation, to open our ports to the vessels of all nations, not excepting even those of our northern friends or enemies. Let no customs be exacted, except by our own officers; and let all judges, magistrates, constables, and other citizens, be called upon to support the state authority and laws, and be INDEMNIFIED FOR DISOBEDIENCE TO FEDERAL AUTHORITIES. All this may be done without the spilling of one drop of blood. There will be no necessity for firing a gun. Let the United States government fire the first shot if it chooses. Better it would be that it had been born with a mill-stone around its neck, than to try this. We must take care not to be the aggressors IN THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD." [Milledgeville Journal.]

Extract from the preamble of the proposed Constitution:

"Whereas a spirit of disaffection towards the Union prevails in certain sections of the Southern States, which influential citizens are endeavoring to extend and perpetuate, on the ground of the assumed unconstitutionality, and oppressive and partial operation of the recent Tariff, and of the protecting system generally—and whereas from smaller beginnings the most awful convulsions have taken place in various countries; as history proves that 1000 men are more efficient to overthrow a government than 5000 to support it," &c.

Half a dozen of the persons addressed in Boston were worth at least two or three millions of dollars—and there was at that time, in Philadelphia, a "*Society for the encouragement of manufactures and the mechanic arts*," of sixty or seventy members, worth in the aggregate

probably five or six millions of dollars, not one of whom could be induced to step forward, at this crisis, in a cause which, from public and private motives, had so many imperious claims on them.

"The Signs of the Times" becoming daily more and more alarming, I wrote another circular in the following month, still more urgent, and sent it to the same and some other persons deeply interested, in which I enforced, with additional reasons, the necessity of making decisive exertions to stem the torrent of insurrectionary principles. But to this, I received only two answers, one from E. Gray of Baltimore, the other from Hardman Philips, who agreed to comply with the terms. Two or three others said, if the number was made up, they would unite in it. Disgusted and discouraged by this torpor, and apathy, and parsimony, I abandoned the project as hopeless. Afterwards two citizens of Boston offered their co-operation, when too late.

I annex an extract from this second letter :—

"Although it is by no means certain that the disaffection that prevails will proceed to the extremity of actual resistance, or separation, yet it must be confessed that circumstances may arise, to produce that awful result. * * * *

** It would not be very difficult to produce a collision between the general and state governments in places like Colleton Parish, Columbia, and Milledgeville, where the citizens have been wrought up to a sort of political phrensy—and should such an event take place, every hour would add to the exasperation, and in a short time it would be almost as difficult to restore harmony, as to unite without flaw the fragments of a broken China vase. History is replete with instances of most tremendous consequences arising from causes not more alarming. The slightest spark will kindle a conflagration when the materials are in a sufficiently inflammable state. The civil wars that desolated France for thirty years, under the dynasty of Valois, and which were with difficulty terminated by the valor and prudence of Henry IV. began in a riot created in a Huguenot church, by the insolence of the servants of the Duke of Guise."*

I feel perfectly satisfied, that to the failure of this project may be fairly traced the triumph of nullification, and the consequent abandonment of the principle of protection; for at this period the Union party had a majority of the state with them—and the Nullifiers were in a minority in the legislature. Those who would not, in August or September, 1828, sacrifice twenty-five dollars to save their country from impending civil war, and themselves from the abandonment of the protecting principle, have since paid dearly for their folly. Some of them, for every dollar they saved, have since lost hundreds, and no small number have been bankrupted. Of those who have escaped, the prospects are greatly impaired. It has been said, and truly said, that honesty is the best policy. To this adage may be added another, equally correct, that liberality is the best policy. This is here powerfully established. There is scarcely one of those who refused the slight contribution, that would not have done well to have contributed, if his means allowed, from one hundred to five hundred dollars. It would have been throwing a sprat to catch a salmon.

M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, November 8, 1834.

ROCKALL.*

SKETCHED WHILE PASSING IT.

PALE ocean rock ! that like a phantom shape,
 Or some mysterious spirit's tenement,
 Riset amid this wilderness of waves
 Lonely and desolate—thy spreading base
 Is planted in the sea's unmeasured depths,
 Where rolls the huge leviathan o'er sands
 Glistening with shipwrecked treasures ! The strong wind
 Flings up thy sides a veil of feathery spray
 With sunbeams interwoven, and the hues
 Which mingle in the rainbow. From thy top
 The seabirds rise and sweep with sidelong flight
 Downward upon their prey, or, with poised wings,
 Skim to th' horizon o'er the glittering deep.

Up from their briny chambers, paved with pearls,
 And roofed with sunshine, come the ocean tribes.
 The dolphins sport around thee, and display
 Their lithe backs burnished with prismatic scales.

Our bark, careening to the welcome breeze,
 With white sails filled and streamers all aloft,
 Shakes from her dipping prow the foam, while we
 Gaze on thy outline mingling in the void,
 And draw our breaths like men, who see amazed
 Some mighty pageant passing. What had been
 Our fate last night, if, when the aspiring waves
 Were toppling o'er our mainmast, and the stars
 Were shrouded in black vapors, we had struck
 Full on thy jagged cliffs ! gray sentinel !—

But now another prospect greets our sight,
 And hope elate is rising with our hearts.
 Intensely blue the sky's resplendent arch
 Bends over all serenely : not a cloud
 Dims its pure radiance. The refreshing air,
 It is a luxury to feel and breathe—
 The senses are made keener, and drink in
 The life, the joy, the beauty of the scene.

Repeller of the wild and thundering surge !
 For ages has the baffled tempest howled
 By thee with all its fury, and piled up
 The massive waters like a falling tower
 To dash thee down ; but there thou risest yet
 As calm amid the roar of storms, the shock
 Of waves uptorn and hurled against thy front,
 As when on summer eves, the crimson main,
 In lingering undulations, girds thee round !

O, might I stand as steadfast and as free
 Mid the fierce strife and tumult of the world,

* Rockall is a solid block of granite, growing, as it were, out of the sea, at a greater distance from the main land, probably, than any other island or rock of the same diminutive size in the world. It is only seventy feet high and not more than a hundred yards in circumference. It lies at the distance of no fewer than 184 miles nearly due west of St. Kilda, the remotest part of the Hebrides, and is 260 miles from the north of Ireland.

The crush of all the elements of wo,
 Unshaken by their terrors, looking forth
 With placid eye on life's uncertain sea,
 Whether its waves were darkly swelling high,
 Or dancing in the sunshine—then might frown
 The clouds of fate around me! Firm in faith,
 Pointing serenely to that better world,
 Where there is peace, I would abide the storm
 Unmindful of its rage and of its end!

E. S.

MY AMOURS.

Love is a familiar: love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. *Love's Labor Lost.*

My juvenile philosophy was entirely opposed to the tender passion; my first lesson in self-knowledge resulted in the axiom that love could never conquer a heart which held it in such supreme contempt. I resolved to strengthen this theory by practice, and to this end was perpetually sneering at those who had been ensnared in the toils of Sir Cupid, and it became the leading principle of my life to guard against the machinations of the fair deceivers, who I imagined were constantly prowling about in quest of pretty fellows like myself. I will be fire-proof and water-proof, thought I; sighs shall not consume, nor shall tears wash away my fixed determination. I will be unsusceptible and invincible. Armed with this tremendous moral power, I gloried in exposure to imminent danger, and became decidedly *un homme galant*. I braved peril and resisted the devices of Satan like a hero; amused myself with the follies of the fickle fair, and chuckled over the false notions which I gave them of my own character. Being somewhat puppyishly disposed, and willing to earn a reputation by means which I secretly despised, I treated the sex with easy familiarity, and soon had the satisfaction to enjoy among them the reputation of being an impudent dog. The more sensible were taught to suppose me surpassingly silly; for it was habitual with me to give utterance to nothing which bore the most distant affinity to sober sense. My conversation teemed with fulsome flattery, most mendacious compliments, and, withal, an unbridled levity and conceit. This style I perceived to be well attuned to the taste of the vulgar mass, (with whom I passed for "a very pleasant fellow,") although exceedingly disgusting to the cultivated and refined—so that, while the majority mistook my nonsense for wit, it followed, of course, that the truly sensible wrote me down a fool. Some persons may wonder why I never endeavored to undeceive those who imbibed such uncomfortable notions of my character. The reason is easily given; for, apart from my indifference to female opinion, I felt that the notice of the wise, would withdraw from me the favor of the foolish, and I was by no means willing to relinquish my popularity in that quarter. A sensible man who plays the fool may attain an exalted rank in the great empire of folly, while

it may be difficult to rise higher than an humble citizen in the republic of wisdom.

Two years had elapsed since the discovery of the aforesaid axiom, and the formation of its guardian principle, (for even *axioms* are prone to prove false in love affairs) two years had elapsed, and I had manfully withstood all the artillery of the sex, and begun to consider myself safely seated in the saddle of celibacy for life, when an accident happened which put to flight the idle and happy dream. The axiom *did* prove false, and the stern principle was swept away before the charms of the adorable Grace Ashley. This heavenly creature was none of the common-place beauties of the day—her person was not her chief attraction—there was nothing of display to strike dumb with admiration—but she was all modesty, gentleness, and sensibility—to be loved in proportion as she was known—one of those whom it is *most dangerous to love*; for the heart which is truly, entirely gained by slow degrees, will break ere it yield up its idol. My acquaintance with her was more than a month old before I thought seriously of being in love, and had it not been that I was in some degree forced into her society, the passion would never have had birth. When my philosophy began, gradually but steadily, to crumble away, I made up my mind to bear the mishap with a good grace; and notwithstanding an occasional blush of remorse, soon succeeded in persuading myself that nothing upon earth was half so pleasant as the connubial state. I committed a grand error at the outset of my acquaintance with Miss Ashley—notwithstanding the superior cast of her mind, I neglected to amend my manner towards her, and could perceive that she occasionally felt offended at the license of my tongue; but that discovery made no impression. Nonsense! thought I.

She 's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.

Ay—and where can you show me sounder logic than this? To be sure, nothing is said about the *means*, but the divine bard certainly meant that she was to be won for the asking. And, in the confidence of conceit, I began to consider what the world would say of my marriage, and what sort of a Benedict I should make.

My passion grew apace. I courted the society of its object with increased assiduity, and, gentle reader, I need not tell you, if you have ever been in love, that I always parted with her with increasing reluctance. Matters were approaching a crisis—my attentions became marked—my heart grew as soft as C——'s head—it was evident that the man of honor, and the true lover, could not defer much longer those interesting proposals which so frequently jeopard the happiness of life.

The lovely Grace was intimately acquainted with my friend Mrs. Ridgely in Washington-Square,—a lady of most agreeable qualities, and one of the very select few who could properly appreciate my modest worth. At her house I first became acquainted with Miss Ashley, and it was there that my passion had birth and acquired strength—indeed, I may say that I fell in love over the sociable cups of young hyson which the skillful hand of Mrs. Ridgely prepared. By

the way, that was excellent tea—but I am traveling out of the record. Twice had it been my fortune to accompany Miss Ashley home, after these delightful tea-drinks. How enraptured was my poor heart when that round little arm (and I could not help fancying it very white also) was passed through mine, and I found myself slowly pacing down Broadway, beneath a clear winter sky. How earnestly did I direct her gaze to the bright constellations above us, and how exhaustless and silly were my starlit rhapsodies! As the time drew near, when the important declaration was to be made, I became less confident of success, and took the trouble to appear more like a rational being. The time was fixed upon. I was to meet her at Mrs. Ridgely's, and to declare my passion as we returned home under the before-mentioned starlight. On that occasion I spent two hours and a half before the glass, in imparting a sentimental *negligé* to my curls, and, with a palpitating heart, hastened to the dreaded interview. After expressing a proper degree of surprise at again meeting with Miss Ashley, I seated myself beside her, with a determination of appearing to the best advantage. Accordingly, I attempted a very agreeable conversation; but, alas! how little are we the masters of our actions. After divers fruitless attempts to inveigle my angel into a grave argument, I found myself, for my sins, indulging in most extravagant expressions, in a tone so audible, that the whole family, Charley, and Mary, and all, gazed upon me in speechless astonishment. I feared to check the ardent strain which I had adopted, for when the flame was quenched, I well knew that smoke only would succeed. Like a desperate gamester, I went on more extravagantly than ever; and had not the compassionate mistress of the house relieved me, by sending Miss Ashley to the piano, I cannot answer for the indecorums which I should have committed. This was touching a new key to my sensibility. If there be any thing which pre-eminently awakens the whole soul to tenderness, which appeals directly to the affections of the heart, it is the voice of a lovely woman—provided, always, that the voice be good, and the listener have an ear for music. Miss Ashley's voice reminded me of the imaginary strains of the angels,—deep, thrilling, and, withal, mysterious. The air was Mrs. Hemans's exquisite Tyrolese Evening Hymn. Ah! musical reader! if you have not heard it, go straight to Mrs. C——, of your own dear city, and learn the luxury of a tear; or if you cannot obtain an introduction to her, ask every young lady you know to sing the Tyrolese Evening Hymn. I have always been fond of country life, and, with Heaven's blessing, shall take up my abode in some happy valley, watered by the beautiful Housatonic, before many years elapse. My first, most ardent wish, is like that expressed by the sweet bard of Italy—

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
 A willow brook that turns no mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

I can't go the mill, however agreeable it may be to less nervous people. It was of the country that I thought, when that heavenly voice discoursed such eloquent music. The song refers so admirably to the most delightful part, the very poetry of a summer day, that I could not

help imagining the exquisite reality, with my own sweet Grace for my chorister. How enchanting, thought I, to hear this joyful welcome from *her* lips,—

Come! come! come!
 Come to the sunset tree—
 The day is past and gone.
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done!

But all my dreams of rural felicity were now to be rudely broken off; all my imagined joys in the society of Miss Ashley were to be savagely put to flight, and sent trembling to the regions where the murdered shades of "Trifles light as air," float about, bewailing the instability of all human dreams. I shall not detain the reader long with the recital. I have become too much of a philosopher to waste half a quire of sentiment upon such a subject.

The clock struck ten—the well known signal of my lady's departure. With trembling steps did I approach her, and crave the honor of being her escort. She paused a moment, as if to gain courage, then thanked me for my civility, assured me she would not trouble me, but that "*Charley would go home with her.*" Gentle reader, were you ever seated on the box of a stage-coach while Jehu was driving his four wild horses at full speed down a gentle angle of forty-five? If so, it is more than probable that you felt a queer sensation about the throat, as if your breath were attempting in vain to escape. Such was my delicious situation when, after the gentle accents of Miss Ashley had stunned me like a thunder-clap, I was obliged to force out the words, "as you please, madam." I was quite too proud to sue for a favor once refused, and with calm bitterness took leave, to reap the satisfaction of a sleepless and painful night.

When in a measure recovered from the shock occasioned by my constructive rejection, my animosity towards the whole sex became unbounded. I shunned society and resolved to cut the whole race of womankind. Some sensible person has remarked that violent diseases are apt to work their own cure. It soon struck me that my behavior was unmanly and ridiculous, and spite of philosophy I began to sigh for the pleasures of the world. It is poor revenge, thought I one morning while I lay in bed, to coop myself up the livelong day in my library, confined to the society of Burton's Anatomy, and my own melancholy cogitations—who cares whether I mingle with the world or not? who loses besides myself? My resolution was soon taken, and I was again enrolled among the care-despising votaries of fashionable dissipation. It is natural to suppose that my matrimonial schemes were now at an end,—it was not so. The bitter remembrance of my mischance incited me to seek a worthier object of affection. I was not long in fixing upon Miss Diana Huntley, a very beautiful young lady at the top of ton, who could trace her descent as far back as her grandmother, and was possessed of a snug little fortune in her own right, besides magnificent prospects. Miss Huntley was reckoned very accomplished, too. She could flirt, waltze, and sing to perfection, and recited Byron quite prettily. She was vain enough, in all conscience; but that failing was wiped away by the reputation she enjoyed for spotless modesty. Her mind had not been too much cultivated; but

where was the necessity? Miss Huntley was esteemed a decided *bas bleu*. To be brief, I made up my mind to regard her in a very favorable light, and soon fancied myself deeply in love. It was no easy task, however, to gain the favor of the fair one. Dollars and beauty possess a wonderful faculty of attracting admirers, and Miss Huntley was, of course, literally besieged by hungry lovers. My game was perseverance, and sedulous devotion, and I had no reason to complain of the skill with which it was managed. Most studiously did I avoid the society of rival beauties, and devotedly did I attach myself to the object of my adoration. Nothing appeals more effectually to a woman's heart than the exclusive attention of her lover. The effect of my devotion was soon perceptible. I was, evidently, singled from the crowd, and could not doubt that I stood foremost in the catalogue of the faithful. In this liberal city a flirtation may go great lengths without exciting suspicion, and generating whispers; it may be concluded, then, that matters were carried to considerable extent, when it is known that Miss Huntley and myself became, in a short time, subjects of conversation. I was in no humor to trifle with time, but resolved to tempt my fate without delay. I had now known Miss Huntley a month, and was by this time seriously in love. I did not feel that thorough respect for her character, which every man ought to feel towards one whom he selects for a life companion; but I could perceive buried beneath her follies, an abundant spring of genuine affection and amiability, and with these I was satisfied.

It was on a delightful morning in October, that I called on Miss Huntley, with the somewhat awkward design of declaring my sentiments, and making lawful tender of my heart and hand. Never did she appear more charming,—by the way, I have always found that ladies grow more charming each time they are seen. After a short conversation, she sang to me a soft Italian love ditty (neither of us comprehended its meaning) with such exquisite tenderness, that I could not resist falling as gracefully as possible on my knee, and making a clear conscience of all the tortures which her charms had inflicted. With a crowd of blushes she acknowledged my merit, and accepted my proposals, so far as she felt authorized,—“but,” added she with a smile, “I cannot entirely dispose of myself without the consent of my father.” Enraptured with my good fortune, which flattered my vanity in no small degree, I took leave of my charming Diana in a manner that shall be nameless, and half delirious with joy hastened home to await my destiny.

This state of suspense was not of long duration. The next morning brought me a note from Mr. Oscar Huntley, requesting an interview whenever it should be agreeable to me. My answer, specifying an early hour, was soon in the hands of the messenger. It may be guessed that I was not behind the time. The master of the house greeted me with great cordiality. He was an affable, kind-hearted gentleman of the old school, which, in my humble opinion, is infinitely superior to the new. I begin to think that the class properly called gentlemen, is nearly extinct. Your nineteenth century man is either an animal that carries a cane in lieu of brains, or a rude fellow, whose gross selfishness has blinded him to the nature of true politeness, who, perchance, overwhelms you with reverences because he imagines his

antics impart an interesting air to himself; but whose conversation is as coarse as his manners are absurd, and his whole social intercourse regulated by what he deems advantageous to his pitiful self, not by what may be agreeable to others. In a word, the majority of us are either coxcombs or bores, despite the boasted march of refinement. This is an unintentional digression. Mr. Huntley's manner was ceremonious without being stiff, cordial but not familiar; it inspired respect without creating embarrassment. Our conference was entirely satisfactory. He declared himself greatly flattered by the honor which I intended his family, and very good naturedly assured me that he did not require the production of my rent-roll, or certificates of stock. He spoke feelingly of his daughter—said she was a nice girl, the image of her departed mother, and hoped that she would make me as happy as I could wish. A warm grasp of his hand was the only, and, perhaps, most fitting manner, in which I could express my sense of so much kindness. He sent for his darling child, and my heart beat high when she made her appearance,

Modest as morning, when she eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

The kind-hearted old gentleman joined our hands, and, after bestowing his benediction, left us to our bliss.

How bitterly have I regretted my folly for allowing these brief moments of sincerity to pass without deciding on the day which was to crown my felicity! Let me counsel all men, who are in pursuit of Hymen, never, for a moment, to loosen the reins of love, or their imprudence may cost them their happiness. Heaven knows how much my false delicacy has cost me!

A week elapsed before I mentioned the subject of our nuptials; but, before that time, my giddy mistress had, in a measure, relapsed into her coquettish habits. Perhaps she did not love me the less; but the excitement of novelty had passed away, and the hapless lover dwindled into a mere *trophée de l'amour*. When, finally, I did request her to appoint a day, she replied, that indeed she had not thought of such a thing, but would consider. A month slipped away, and she was still deliberating; but the charms of her society beguiled the time so pleasantly that I could not murmur. When, however, a second and a third succeeded, and her deliberations had still resulted in no decision, I thought it time to take more decisive measures. Accordingly, I gently upbraided her for the ill-usage I had sustained. But how will it affect a Christian community, to learn the manner in which my remonstrances were received? After the whimsical fashion of the sex, she thought proper to be angry, and was greatly shocked at my *teasing* her so perpetually!

But this was not the only act of Miss Huntley which gave me pain. She was gradually returning to her former follies, in a manner quite unbecoming a betrothed lady. Her ancient circle of beaux began once more to cluster around her, and she treated them with scarcely less reserve than formerly. Often did I feel tempted to commit personal violence on these offensive animalculæ, but was forced to satisfy my jealousy by making them ridiculous to their idol. One creature, in particular, was the object of my hearty execration. This was an

Italian adventurer, who wore a moustache, and peered through a quizzing-glass. It was notorious that this animal subsisted on credit and borrowed capital, and, in his own right, knew nothing of the delights of a hard currency. His impudence was matchless—his ingenuity unequalled. He enjoyed a tolerable education, had attained much varied information amidst the vicissitudes of life, and knew enough of human nature to gull one half of his acquaintance, relieve them of their spare cash, and bilk his tailor to a heavy amount. Such was the person, regarded by Miss Huntley with particular complacency—such the wretch, who, in a short time, became the object of my bitter jealousy. He seemed eternally mixed up in my parties of pleasure, and finally played a conspicuous part, first in a love-quarrel, and then in a rupture with my mistress, which I shall speak of hereafter.

It chanced, one morning, that I called early on Miss Huntley, and found her alone. Being in a serious humor, I could not restrain my reproaches. The lady received them worse than before, and used broad terms. I thought proper to bide the pelting of the storm with apparent unconcern. She was mortified, and resolved to move me.

"I shall go mad, Mr. B——," cried she.

"I assure you it is quite a matter of indifference to me, Miss Huntley, what you do."

"You say it is a matter of indifference, sir——"

"Entirely so, madam," I replied, with the most phlegmatic calmness.

"Your coolness, sir, is certainly commendable. May I presume to ask if you go to the opera to-night?"—(the question awakened a new train of ideas.)

"Certainly, madam; you probably have not forgotten our engagement to go together."

"But I have forgotten, Mr. B——; and, now that I think of it, am engaged to go with your friend, Count Lazzaroni."

"My friend, Miss Huntley? You have been acquainted with me long enough to know what company I keep."

"As you please, Mr. B——; the Count is not here, it is true; you may speak safely——"

"Miss Huntley!"

"Mr. B——!"

"Did you mean, young lady, to charge me with——with——"

"O no, young gentleman, I of course meant nothing—you wait to be released from your engagement; sir, you are at liberty to go."

"You treat me like a dog, madam!" cried I, unable to bear her taunts any longer. "I wish you a very good morning." I spoke in anguish, and the tear which stood in my eye was no disgrace to my manhood. I have read in some book that nothing stirs the heart so painfully as the tear of a man;—it is a mighty grief, which can trouble the depths of that hidden fountain. My cruel mistress was touched to the quick; she earnestly called me back, and, clasping both my hands, fell on her knees before me. "Can you forgive me?" she cried; "can you forgive so many outrages?" Her tears flowed freely; it was my turn to relent; I raised her to my arms. "Forgive you? what the deuce shall I forgive you for? but if you say there is

something, I do forgive you, freely, willingly." Bah! how like a woman I felt then. She, poor soul! wept like a child; and, if I had said another word, I am sure I should have blubbered like a great school-boy. We sat in silence for nearly an hour, and our emotions gradually subsided. We were both a little ashamed of the awkward predicament in which we were placed; but it was a pleasant bashfulness. At length I hazarded a remark upon the beauty of the weather. My dear Diana looked into my face with a sweet smile, and assented with the grace of an angel. Our eyes turned, almost involuntarily, to the window; it was raining torrents, and, to all appearance, had been for the last hour. This amusing mistake furnished us with conversation, and we were soon chatting away at our ease, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. A golden opportunity now offered for pressing the appointment of the important day, and three months from that time was soon fixed upon. This triumph so elated me, that I rushed into the street without an umbrella, and had the satisfaction to reach my rooms without an inch of dry skin to bless myself with. The afternoon found me again in the society of my angel; the opera was forgotten; the Count shuffled off with a "regret," and my spirits exalted into the seventh heaven.

All obstacles to happiness seemed now removed, and past misfortune added zest to present bliss. But this delightful state was destined to a brief existence. A few short weeks restored the fickle arbiter of my weal and woe to her former faults. I became desperate. There was nothing in my conduct that could have lost me her respect—the woman was a confirmed coquet; in the face of the bitter scene I have before described she had again deserted me—again received into favor that detestable, damnable, Italian knave. My friends (kind souls!) sneeringly complimented me on the attractions of my mistress—the frequent visits of that foreign puppy became the theme of common scandal. I endeavored to act as became a philosopher, but felt like one of the damned. My thoughts at length became so intolerable that I was weak enough to resort to the threadbare expedient of dissipation; but even the beastly carousals in which I participated could not drive away the fiend that haunted me. I soon became a pitiable object. In the morning I arose a desperate madman, from the bed which a few hours before had received me a senseless brute. I now no longer saw the author of my calamities, but shunned the house which contained her as if it were the habitation of the dark angel.

One evening, in the dead of winter, when I was in the midst of an accustomed revel, in a state between sobriety and intoxication, the party was joined by a notorious debauchee, who had sacrificed health, friends, fortune, every thing, to the pursuit of that accursed illusion, which, with such bitter irony, we call *pleasure!* He approached me, and familiarly slapped my shoulder with his contaminating hand. "Ah, B——," he exclaimed, "I congratulate you from the bottom of my soul; here you sit at your ease, and leave others to make love for you. I just saw Lazzaroni sneak into old Huntley's, with that d—d intriguing smile of his; you are a lucky dog, by G——"

A forced "ha! ha!" was all that I could utter in reply. I would have struck the insulting wretch, but, debased as I was, I felt that a quarrel with such a character was too humiliating for a slave. A

thought struck me—it was a dark and desperate thought. I stole quietly from the room, and rushed, like a maniac, to my lodgings. It was the work of an instant to arm myself with my pistols, and be on the way to the dwelling of my false mistress. A pass-key, which had been used in happier days, admitted me. I made directly for the drawing-room; to my astonishment, it was perfectly dark, with the exception of a little spark of fire, resembling the burning wick of a lately extinguished candle, which appeared at the opposite end of the room; it seemed to recede as I advanced. It flashed across my mind like lightning that the light was held by my detestable rival. In my right hand I held a loaded pistol; for an instant I stood still—so did the apparition. “Who’s there!” I cried, in a voice that startled myself. “Speak! or I’ll fire!” I advanced a step—the light moved—I became infuriated—the light trembled—“Speak!” I cried again, “or—once—twice—three times—there!” The faithful hair-spring obeyed the touch. The bright flash of powder, the loud roar of the explosion, and a crash, at the extreme of the apartment, like thousands of fragments of shattered glass, told that the instrument of destruction had done its duty. For an instant I stood like one petrified; but a smart pain on my thigh, occasioned by a cigar in my left hand, which had burned through the pantaloons, recalled me to a sense of my situation. The mystery of the *light* was solved in an instant; I moved towards the door, but, utterly overcome, fell senseless ere I could reach it.

The next morning I awoke in my own room. The adventure of the preceding night haunted me like a horrid vision. I could scarcely convince myself of its awful reality. My follies had now reached a climax; it became necessary, either that a reformation should take place, or that I should rush on headlong to destruction. A small occurrence often affects the tenor of a whole life; in critical cases, the most minute incident may turn the scale. Happily for me, when I arose from bed, I found it almost impossible to walk. The burn on my leg had inflamed it exceedingly, and rendered it extremely painful. This accident confined me to my room.

Left entirely to the society of my own thoughts, my good genius seemed to return. I shed bitter tears of contrition and repentance over my past follies. I exerted all my philosophy to fortify my mind, and those exertions received their reward. I could soon revert, with calm regret, to the misfortunes which an overstrained passion had brought upon me in an evil hour; and when I thought of the being who had caused all my calamities, a sigh was the only reproach which I suffered myself to make. This turn of mind enabled me to receive with fortitude, and even with pleasure, a note, which was left for me in the course of the day, and which ran as follows:—

Sir,—After the occurrences of the last fortnight, and especially of last night, you probably will not be surprised that my daughter deems it proper to release you from the engagement which you have contracted with her, in which arrangement I fully concur. I will not trouble you with reproaches, as I am sufficiently impartial to believe that the blame in this affair does not lie so much with you, as with my daughter. Your letters and presents to Miss Huntley are herewith returned, and she requests that you will reciprocate.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

OSCAR HUNTLEY.

I need not say that I did reciprocate with many warm thanks to the kind-hearted old gentleman, for his honorable way of proceeding.

Years have elapsed since then, but never since have I felt any inclination to abandon the single state. I have not forgotten those unhappy days, nor the woman who so thoughtlessly gave them existence; her remembrance can never be effaced from my heart. She is now an inhabitant no more of this earth; but, if we had shared together, hand in hand, all the vicissitudes of life, I could scarcely have mourned her more sincerely than I do. I do not, however, exhibit my melancholy feelings to the world, but partake freely of its enjoyments, and appear as cheerful as other men. But, alas!—

The deepest ice which ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows—and cannot cease to flow.

New-York, October, 1834.

• B.

MY MARY.

A BOON from heaven, my Mary seems
To him, whose heart is all her own;
She lives—the Angel of his dreams,
The Empress of his bosom's throne!

O! lovely is that face of her's,
Fair as the sunrise-tinted snows,
Sweet as the balmy breeze that stirs,
The leaves around some folded rose.

Beneath my Mary's fairy tread
The scattered violets love to spring,
And round her blooming path is shed
Incense from every zephyr's wing.

My Mary's smile is like that star—
The first that meets your wondering eye,
Before Night rolls her ebon car
Through the dim portals of the sky.

I cannot sing her beauteous charms
Upon a lyre so frail as mine,
But, could I win her to these arms,
That lyre would utter strains divine.

O! she is far above compare,—
Seek through the world—you may not find
A heart so pure, a form so fair,
Illumined by so clear a mind.

P. B.

FOREIGN PAUPERISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention has recently been awakened to an evil, which is every day becoming more formidable and portentous. The increase of foreign pauperism in this country has justly excited the deep concern of our citizens. No one, who has at heart the happiness and morality of our own population, can witness, without alarm, the tremendous influx of exotic misery and vice, which is sweeping over the land. The reports of our alms-house commissioners exhibit a state of things, which calls loudly for the instant application of remedial measures; for the adoption of some uniform system of legislation on this subject by the states. Statistics are dry matters in general, but the facts in this case speak trumpet-tongued, and we shall make no apology for presenting a few of them in this place.

There were received into the alms-house at South-Boston, during the year ending September 30, 1829, three hundred and eighty-six Americans, and two hundred and eighty-four foreigners. During the year ending September 30, 1834, the number of American paupers admitted was three hundred and forty; foreigners, six hundred and thirteen. Decrease of Americans in five years, ten per cent.; increase of foreigners, one hundred and fifteen. The report of the commissioners of the New-York alms-house shows nearly a similar proportionable increase of foreign paupers.

By a statement laid before the city council of Baltimore, last January, by the trustees of the poor, it appears that, during the preceding year, there were eight hundred and seventy-nine admissions into the poor-house; of which two hundred and thirty-six were natives of Baltimore city and county, and two hundred and fifty natives of Ireland and Germany; those from the two last named countries exceeding the whole amount of our own poor. Of the aggregate, five hundred and eighty-three were intemperate adults. This is "sucking the orange and throwing the peel in our faces," with a vengeance.

The Philadelphia National Gazette states, that an active and intelligent guardian of the poor in that city has declared, that the support of our own poor would be an insignificant charge, and that *more than three-fourths* of the paupers in the alms-house are exported from Europe. They are allowed to land in Delaware, and come up immediately to the city. Sometimes a whole family will come almost directly from the ship to the alms-house. Great numbers are from Canada, where they are landed, and whence they proceed without delay to our large cities.

The report of the commissioners of the New-York alms-house, exhibits the enormous expenses to which their city is subjected for the support of the needy and degraded outcasts from European society. The Advertiser says, "that, in the course of the present season, an Austrian armed ship has been despatched from that country to this, with a large number of persons on board, who were of a character which the Austrian government did not incline to suffer to remain within their own territories, and therefore sent them out, in the very imposing manner just mentioned, and landed them in the city of New-York. Circumstances of a peculiar nature excited a strong sympathy

for these people, and individual charity was very liberally extended to them, by which the city was in a great measure, if not absolutely, relieved from the expense of supporting them. Had it been otherwise—had not individuals contributed to that object, the city must have done it; and, in that event, an enormous burthen would have been thrown upon them by a most unwarrantable act of a foreign government, which neither national civility nor national friendship could justify.”

The memorial of the mayor and city council of Baltimore to the General Assembly of Maryland represents, that the influx of foreign paupers had increased to such an extent, as to demand legislative interference. “The health-officer, who visits all vessels arriving at our port, reports the arrival of 1429 foreigners in one year, and remarks, ‘I have been grieved to see so many persons amongst the number brought here as passengers, so destitute of the means of support; as well as a number laboring under disabilities, both corporeal and mental. To the introduction of such, without restraint, we may safely attribute, in some measure, the overwhelming state of our alms-house, and the multiplied calls on our charities.’ In 1828, the number arriving at Baltimore was 1843. In 1829, 1581. In 1830, 4100. In 1831, 4381. In 1832, 7946. In all his reports since 1827, the health-officer has continued to call the attention of the mayor and city council to the destitute and diseased state of the emigrants, and mentions two cases, (one of them extending to a whole vessel-load) of paupers sent to this country at the expense of an European parish. Our poor-rates are thus very much increased by the demands of foreign paupers. This, though an evil of sufficient magnitude to require redress, is small, when compared with the annoyance we experience from a swarm of foreign beggars, of both sexes and all ages, who infest our streets, and who, we have every reason to believe, constitute the very refuse of the population of foreign cities.”

The police-justice of Albany says, that many of the vagrants brought before him, state that their passages were paid by the parish to get rid of them. One, who was recently brought before him, stated, “that in June last, the parish officers paid the passage of himself, and about *forty* others of the same parish, from Chatham to the city of Boston in America, on board the ship *Royalist*, captain Parker, and that they landed at Boston in the month of July last. That the parish officers gave him thirty shillings, sterling, in money, in addition to paying his passage. That he was now entirely destitute of the means of living, unable to labor, and prayed for relief.”

But it is unnecessary to accumulate facts upon this subject. They are interminable, notorious, and stare us every day in the face. Our taxes are increased—our alms-houses are overwhelmed for the accommodation of foreign paupers. It has evidently become a part of the parochial system of England to ship the sweepings of her poor-houses to this country, and the recent alterations in the poor-laws of that country have a direct tendency to increase and hasten these exportations. We are persuaded that there is nothing, which has operated, and is operating, so unfavorably upon the peace and prosperity of the Union, as the irruption of these hordes of vicious and ignorant vassals from Great-Britain and Ireland, who pour in upon us like the Goths upon Rome, diminish the wages of our own hardy and intelligent la-

borers, degrade their notions of decency and of comfort by the contamination of an example of the most revolting wretchedness and filth, and, like columns of locusts, sweep in clouds over the land, and blast every green spot upon which they settle. The utter and un aspiring ignorance of these people constitutes the chief objection against them; for where ignorance is, there will despotism find tools.

An American, visiting an European city, is surprised at the swarm of squalid mendicants whom he meets, and who assail more than one of his senses at every corner. Formerly, he might thank God that he was spared the sight of such obtrusive misery in his own country; but now the same objects begin to make their appearance in our large cities. The drones that "Europe breeds in her decay," are shaken from her lap upon the blooming bosom of our own delightful land. The sluices of a polluted emigration from the old world are freely opened upon us, and the defecated dregs of centuries are drained off. Heaven knows that we would not exclude from the blessings of our free government, and our generous soil, the honest and the industrious of other climes, simply because they may be poor or unfortunate. We would fling wide our portals, and bid them enter. It is a proud title for a country, that of the Asylum of the Oppressed. As Americans, we glory in it. But we do most decidedly protest against having the nation converted into one vast lazarus-house for the reception of the sturdy beggars, the contented paupers, and all the *mauvais sujets* of England and Ireland, who may be shifted upon us by fat capitalists, better able than we to bear the incumbrance. Unless the evil be checked, it will distend itself until it press like a horrid incubus upon the energies of our high-minded native population.

It is to be lamented that most of the Irish immigrants, who arrive here, range themselves in clans and gangs, and refuse to part with their national peculiarities and predilections. Like misfortunes,

————— they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

The consequence is, that they almost invariably continue gregarious, and will not assimilate with the rest of the inhabitants. They do not disperse themselves over our western savannahs, or fell the broad forests which stretch between us and the Pacific, but they nest together in thickly-settled places, and constitute, with some praiseworthy exceptions, the most corrupt, the most debased, and the most brutally ignorant portion of the population of our large cities. We do not hesitate to speak out unreservedly upon this matter. It has become one of most vital interest. We are not quite yet utterly subjected to the domination of aliens. But does it not offer a most alarming proof of the increase of foreign influence, or of the want of national dignity and national respect, of patriotism and of independence, when there are among us men, Americans, who deem it politic to truckle to the ignorant prejudices of a foreign people, to forestall their sympathies, to flatter their pride, to secure their favor,—at least, not to encounter their resentment! We say, that many of these immigrants, escaped from the oppressive restrictions under which, at home, they have groaned, leap upon our shore with the idea that this is a land of unlimited license, that here their fierce passions may run riot with impunity.

Our police register furnishes, daily, sufficient evidence of this fact. They cannot conceive how persons, in becoming parties to a civil compact, must give up a small portion of their freedom to preserve the rest. They have no sympathies with those institutions, which were cemented with the blood of our ancestors. The story of our glorious struggle for freedom is to their rayless ignorance a dead letter. They are easily corrupted, superstitious, and subservient. Emerged from the gloom of hereditary bondage, they are blinded by the dazzling effulgence which streams from that sun of our liberties, the Constitution! And yet—shade of Washington!—they are the men, who, in a sister state, are the instruments which, in a measure, control our elections.

The subject widens before us as we proceed. We behold looming up in the distance those disastrous evils which one great political blunder has engendered. They are the phantoms of no distempered imagination, but the sacred beacons of truth, the unfailing signals of experience. God grant that it be not too late to be guided by those beacons, to take warning by those signals! E. S.

ATHEISM IN NEW-ENGLAND.

THE times have sadly changed since the days of our boyhood, or else we are only beginning to open our eyes to the existence of things of which we never then dreamed.

Ten years ago, and what young man would not have started up indignant at the mention of a division of these states, and cried, in the language of an eloquent patriot, "What factious demagogue, what ambitious usurper, shall find a place to insert a wedge to sever such a mighty Union." But now, nullification has stared us in the face till its loathsome features have become familiar; and we talk calmly of it as of an evil we have happily just avoided, but which still threatens.

Ten years ago, and who would not have repelled, as an insult upon the people, the assertion that a majority of them were prepared to surrender the constitution of the country into the hands of any chief magistrate, who might gain their confidence and command their admiration? But now, we talk with sadness, not with surprise, of Executive usurpation; we admit that there is but one power in the country; and we grant that, if the President should choose to react the eighteenth Brumaire, and expel the Senate of the United States from their hall, by a file of soldiers, there would be hundreds of thousands of voters who would throw up their hats, and shout, "*hurra for the old hero; down with the aristocrats.*"

Ten years ago, and who would have foretold so early a division among the people, and the existence of a feeling of hostility between the rich and the poor? But is not this dreadful state at hand? is it not beginning to show itself? and will not the spirit of envy and malice, which the poor begin to manifest toward the rich, beget a returning spirit, which will create a real aristocracy, and which, as sure as fate, must fall by violence before the *leveling principle*?

Ten years ago, and who would have foretold that atheism would be fearlessly avowed, and that the doctrine of a God, of revelation, of the divinity of the Savior, of the immortality of the soul, should be publicly denied, nay! held up to ridicule and abuse? But now, we find an extensive party, numbering perhaps fifty thousand, who openly and violently assail Christianity, and attack our system of morals; a party, which employs as its organs five newspapers, sundry periodicals, and whose presses in New-York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Boston, &c. groan with immense editions of the works of atheistical writers. Writers, whose open and avowed object is the overthrow of the Christian religion; who deny the immortality of the soul; who say that "*the grand rule of life is to avoid suffering, and procure enjoyment; and that all good or evil is to be measured by this standard.*"*

Now, to the calm contemplative man, who thinks with anxiety about the future condition of the country for which his fathers bled, and which his children are to inhabit, these are alarming indications; they prove to him the political ignorance, the moral depravity of a large part of the community, and induce him to inquire into the extent of the evil, and seek for its remedies—if remedies there be.

We propose, therefore, to take up but one division of this important subject in this number, and to make some remarks upon the extent and the danger of atheistical doctrine; upon those who call themselves free-thinkers; upon the ends which they propose to effect, as a party, and the means which they use to accomplish those ends.

We take it for granted, that every reasonable man, be he a Christian or a sceptic, will assent to the axiom, that religion of some kind, is favorable to, if not indispensable for, the order and morality of every large community. To such persons, the question of how large a portion of the population of these United States are firm believers in the truths of Revelation, must be interesting; and they will be startled, perhaps, when we say that it is not more than two-thirds; if, indeed, there be so large a proportion.

Is this doubted? We point to the two millions of slaves at the south, we point to the great valley of the Mississippi, one half of whose whole population are unconnected with any religious society; we appeal to the experience of every man, who has traveled about in stage-coaches and steam-boats, and mingled with the floating part of the population, whose representatives are to be met with there, and in the tavern bar-room. Or we come immediately home to New-England, and ask if a vast proportion even of our population have not their doubts about the truth of revelation. The very fact of the existence of so many different sects, apparently differing from each other in material points, is a powerful argument with ignorant men, and we hear them every day saying, "O! among so many religions, who can tell which is right."

Now, if there are such a number of avowed infidels, and such a vast proportion of doubtful Christians, is the boast of the Inquirers or Atheists, "that infidelity is spreading like wild-fire, and that in fifty years Christianity will be professed only by a miserable minority of male bigots and female fools," a vain boast? Before we adopt this con-

* Bible of Reason, Chap. xii. verse 147.

clusion, let us consider a little the extent of the infidel party; let us look among our population, and see what materials exist for its continuance and growth. It is idle in politics to talk about the danger of the dogged resolution of Andrew Jackson, or the snake-like winding of Martin Van Buren; or in morals, to fear the unblushing depravity of Moore, or the base hypocrisy and low cunning of Abner Kneeland; such men can do nothing without the material to work upon, and, unfortunately, the material exists. Upon the extent of this material, we shall speak when we come to discuss the probability of the extension of infidelity; at present we are to give some account of the party, which has already a "local habitation and a name."

In the city of New-York there are three large societies, which, for want of a better name, we shall call congregations, of professed Infidels; some of their papers have said that they numbered twenty thousand adherents. At Wilmington, Delaware, is another regularly organized congregation; there are several, of more or less notoriety, in the West; one in Providence, R. I. and one in Boston.

Besides these regularly organized societies, it is well known that professed infidels exist in large numbers in all the considerable towns in the West; Dr. Cooper states that half of the male inhabitants of South-Carolina are infidels; and the population of the valley of the Mississippi may be set down as half infidel. We have only to look carefully near home, and we shall be surprised at their existence, where we had not suspected; Satan is no longer scared by sound of church bells, nor is industry a safeguard against the insidious approaches of the tempter; for it is stated that more than three hundred infidels are to be found among the inhabitants of Lowell. There are very obvious reasons why they have not openly formed themselves into a society; but they will inevitably succeed in shaking the faith of a majority of the operatives there, unless attention is given to the subject by the guardians of morals and religion; for they so address themselves to the passions, and pander the appetites of the young, as to be certain of gaining their ear.

In all the different towns in the country, it will be found there are several men of idle habits and loose morals, who have no chance, and no wish for success in any fixed and honest calling, and who are ever ready for the introduction of any thing by which they may gain distinction and profit. Distinction in depravity is better than none; and as they are generally of a communicative turn, in every body's shop, and about every body's business in the village, they make excellent distributors of atheistical and agrarian principles. Now it will be found that such men receive the infidel papers, and from such beginning have small parties or societies of infidels been formed.

Attempts are now making to affiliate these societies; and a spirit is breathed through the whole by means of the establishment of newspapers, and the dissemination of infidel tracts and books. The Boston Investigator strikes off two thousand impressions weekly, which are eagerly taken up, read, and handed from one to another. The Free Inquirer of New-York issues also about two thousand; the Comet has an extensive circulation; and the atheistical paper at Wilmington, Delaware, circulates about one thousand copies. These are the principal newspapers that are professedly atheistical; but how many others

are there, which neglect no opportunity of giving a sideway blow at Christianity.

Besides these, there are immense editions of atheistical works printed at the various infidel presses, and sold dog-cheap; nay, they are stereotyped, and, in some instances, great pains have been taken to distribute them gratuitously over the country.

In these works, no hesitation is made about sapping the very foundations of society, and sowing discord between the various classes of the community. The passions of the poor are excited against the rich, and agrarian principles are held up; nay, the people are told, and the story is rung in their ears in a thousand shapes, that "the laws which govern us are made by the rich, or by their tools, the lawyers; and we, the people, who are compelled to obey them, have no voice in their enactment. We do not make the laws. We never understand them. They are made for our use; we ought, therefore, to get rid of them. They are the wicked instruments of oppression, and they must be annulled, or we are a ruined people."*

The poor are taught to believe that the rich are their enemies, and hence, in part, the bitterness of spirit which is already manifested so strongly in this country between different classes;—a bitterness which will turn into wormwood and gall, unless the wealthier classes do something to neutralize it, and strive, by manifesting a real interest in the moral and social welfare of the poor, by kindness and conciliation, and by a different demeanor, to win and merit their affections. It is neither wise, nor generous, nor just, to strive, in every possible way, to draw strong lines between the rich and the poor; but yet it is done; and the air, the dress, the language, of the rich man, too often confirms the poor one in the idea that he is his tyrant and enemy.

See the rich man bargaining with a wood-sawyer—he draws up his figure to a full height, keeps his gloved hands behind him, talks as to an inferior, beats him down to the lowest sixpence, and growls out, perhaps, when he comes for his pay, that his work is not well done, or that his muddy feet dirty his carpet. Now, think you that sawyer goes away the friend of the rich man, or his enemy?

Then consider the way in which female domestics are engaged—how prim and stiff madam sits up in her chair, with her lace cap and broad flounces; how she eyes the girl, to see if she looks strong and able to work; how she questions her about her life and character; how she haggles with her about the difference between seven-and-six, and nine shillings a week; and how she winds up with, "Well, perhaps you will do for me—you may go *down* in the kitchen and try;" or, "You won't do for me—you are sickly—I don't like your reference," or something of the kind.

Now, how does that girl consider the lady—as her friend, adviser, and protector? No; but her mistress, her superior in wealth, and nothing else; and when she sees the sums daily wasted in luxury or parade, she thinks of the shilling a week she was obliged to deduct from her wages: she is vexed, and prepared to read with credulity such sentences in the infidel works as these:—"Factory girls and kitchen girls are white slaves; so are milliners and mantua-makers,

* Boston Investigator, October 31, 1834.

and their journeywomen and apprentices. Every kind of sempstress, school-mistress, and washerwomen, are white slaves."*

The European system of social helotism never can, and never should prevail in this country. In Europe the *castes* have been established since the feudal age. The distinction between the classes is perfectly well defined; the working-man believes it impossible for him to attain a place in the ranks above him, and is content to live and die as did all his fathers before him. But here, the people, though not well enlightened, know something of their rights; and unless they are granted to them fully and freely, they will take them, and a great deal more too; and the only way to prevent anarchy and strife is to educate them well, and to raise their moral as well as their intellectual standard. They are now in a transition state, as it were, from ignorance to knowledge; and must not be left in it, for partial knowledge is dangerous. But we are insensibly wandering from our subject, which was the gradual formation of atheists, infidels, and agrarians, into a party; this has been done to a certain degree, and will be done more perfectly by organization of congregations, several of which are regularly established, and proceed with all the order and system of other societies.

And what is the nature of the services in these congregations? We can answer the question from personal knowledge; and will give an account of the public services in the congregation of Free Inquirers in this city.

The old Federal-street Theatre has been prepared, and dedicated as a Temple of Reason; the pit has been floored over, on a level with the stage; in the centre is a pulpit, and in the rear of this, flanking it on both sides, and extending across the stage, are the seats for the singers. The pulpit is hung with black; on the front are inscribed, in Greek characters, "KNOW THYSELF;" and on the drapery overhead is inscribed, in flaming letters,

HE THAT WILL NOT REASON, IS A BIGOT;
HE THAT CANNOT REASON, IS AN IDIOT;
HE THAT DARES NOT REASON, IS A SLAVE.

On the Sabbath, as if in mockery of those who assemble for Christian worship, the doors of this temple are thrown open, and the congregation begins to collect; the boxes are occupied, and marked as private pews; the seats in the pit fill up promiscuously with men and women, and, when the church-bells cease tolling, the services commence.

First, the minister rises, and invites the attention of the congregation to the singing of a hymn, which he reads,—say the 97th hymn. The music strikes up a waltz, perhaps, or some quick tune—the singers rise, and sing as follows:—

Gather your roses while you may,
Old Time is ever flying;
And that same flower which shines to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

Wisely improve the present hour,
Be innocently merry;
Slight not the pleasures in your power,
Which will not, cannot tarry.

Let virtue ever be your guide,
While merged in fleeting pleasure ;
All other objects else beside
Can prove no lasting treasure.

Though time must fly, though flowers may fade,
And pleasure prove uncertain,
In pleasure's path we 'll ever tread,
Till death shall draw the curtain.

After this, the minister rises, and invites the attention of his flock to the reading of a portion of the Bible of Reason ; suppose he begin at the 55th verse of the xiith chapter, where, speaking of the creation, the Bible says—

“ To what end should this god which he fancies light up the sphere around him ? If he meant to better his habitation, he must then have lived eternally before in darkness. If for his pleasure,—what pleasure could that be to god, were there such, which he could so long have wanted ? Was something lacking to his felicity ? Then he was not happy, to whom any thing could be wanting to his felicity.

56th verse—“ Some will say, that these operations of god were for the sake of men. Do they mean the wise ? Then this fabric was made for a very few persons. Or for the foolish ? There was no reason he should do such a favor for those he knew would prove wicked.

57th verse—“ Again, what hath the said god by the affair ? since it is admitted that all worldly conditions are most miserable. Or did he make this world and men, that he might have some to worship him ? But what doth the worship of man advantage a god, who, they say, needeth nothing ? Or, if he respect men so much, that he made the world for their sake, why did he make them frail and mortal ? Why did he subject those whom he loveth to all evils ?

58th verse—“ It is plain that the notion of a god's existence is founded alone on the impressions which itself hath made on the minds of uninformed men.”

Or perhaps he selects the 65th verse, and reads as follows :—

“ I am ashamed of human imbecility, when it fetcheth divination even out of dreams ; as if an imp-god, if such can be fancied, hopping from bed to bed, did admonish snoring persons, by whispering to them visions, of what would happen to them shortly.

66th verse—“ As to prophecies and miracles, it may be evinced, every way, that all such lies are the mere preached impostures of priests.

67th verse—“ As for death, it is nothing more than the inevitable termination of individual sensation.

68th verse—“ That the effect, called mind, ceaseth, and is entirely discontinued, is manifest ; because, it hath a beginning, and is proved to be nothing without the body : how great a folly is it to imagine that what is mortal can be immortal !

69th verse—“ As the mind was not before birth, so neither will it be after death : and as, before the former, we did not experience any sensation, so, neither after the latter shall we possess any consciousness ; for, then there will be no longer any touch, or any other sense.

70th verse—“ As the mind was not in operation before the natural formation of the body, how should it be exercised after the destruction of that to which it is but an accident,—a compounded faculty ?

71st verse—“ All fears of hell are vain ; the furies, the devil, hell, and damnation, are but fables.

72d verse—“ Far from us, then, be the credulous faith in heaven and hell, and in those lying representations with which the superstitious fanatics think to frighten those whom they regard as not being sufficiently punished by the sense of crime itself, and with which they flatter others into an opinion that their virtue is not adequately recompensed by its proper satisfactions here.

After reading this portion of their scriptures, the minister gives out another hymn, or song,—for their hymn-book contains both,—and the singers strike up, perhaps, the 124th song, which runs thus :—

Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing, so gay, &c.

After this, the minister rises and commences his sermon; the nature of which may be imagined from the nature of the source of the texts. The general tenor is to ridicule the Christian religion, to persuade the congregation that there is no God, no future state, and no soul; in short, to preach the doctrines of the French infidels, but not with the dazzling ingenuity of a Voltaire, or the subtle logic of the Encyclopedist; not by fair argument, and from established premises; but by bold assertion, impudent assumption, unblushing falsehood, coarse ridicule, and profane jests.*

But we leave the doctrines to future description. We will here mention, as a proof of the confidence with which the infidels look to the prevalence of their doctrines, that in one of his discourses we heard Mr. Kneeland exhorting his congregation not to resort to force in case he should be imprisoned; "depend upon it," says he, "it will hurt the cause; besides, it may cause a struggle in which I may be killed; and although I am not afraid to die, I do n't want to die by violence, nor yet awhile; I hope to live some twenty or thirty years, and die peaceably. I know," says he, "there is a spirit abroad in the country which cries out for resistance to tyranny; but, my brethren, keep quiet awhile; strive to spread knowledge through the country—depend upon it, it will do us the most good, and bye and bye, if the struggle must come, and blood be shed, take ye measures for securing the victory to the right."

After the sermon comes another hymn, and then the congregation is dismissed with the announcement, that "the weekly ball will be held in *this place* on Wednesday evening!"

In the entry-way is spread a table, on which are paraded for sale a numerous collection of books, pamphlets and tracts, from the Bible of Reason, elegantly bound, for two dollars, down to one-cent publications, abounding with blasphemy, ribaldry, and obscenity. Among these books are some which take away even that poor inducement to

* We received the Bible from our fathers as the rule and guide of our life; we would fain be one to adopt it as theirs; but we would hand it to our children the same revered book which we received; and how can we do so, when men hold public meetings purposely to insult and discredit it, and when they vend and distribute at the corners of the streets, and distribute through the country, books, containing passages such as these: The Holy Bible "is a string of fabulous contradictions, from the fabled coemogony in Genesis, to the fabled destruction of the world in the book of Revelations. Its descriptions of a Deity are not only contemptible throughout, but often horrible. He is made to assume all shapes and characters, according to the disposition of the writer of the fabled tale; and in no instance a higher or more dignified character than that of a tyrant. Taken as a whole, the Bible cannot possibly aid the cause of civilization. Not one moral or useful institution is described in it that can give stability to society, or aid in adding to the existing state of knowledge. A Jewish temple must have resembled a large slaughter-house, such as is connected with our navy victualling-offices; while the frying and the frizzling of the carcases, and the gormandizing of the priests round the altars, must have resembled a state of cannibalism! Jehovah is depicted as a ravenous wild beast that delighted in the savory smells of burning fats and frying limbs, and could only be appeased by this perpetual feast of priests! Such are the laws, such is the God unfolded in this 'blessed book!' It is an outrage upon the present state of knowledge and comparative civilization, that this book should be supported by laws, and propagated by associations and subscriptions. The persecutions which now exist in defence of this book exceed those of all former times in hypocrisy and villany, because science has made such a progress as to pronounce the whole a string of lies, and has rendered it impossible for an intelligent man to give it honest and conscientious credence. In the present day it has no moral support, and is kept in countenance only by force and fraud. It is the last remnant of priestly magic, and the last prop of all the temples of idolatry. Its annihilation as a creed and a code must be the wish, as it will the aim, of all GOOD MEN AND WOMEN." [The Free Inquirer's prayer, to which is added a description of the Bible by Priestcraft and Common Sense. Boston Investigator press. 1834.]

virtue,—a fear of the consequences of crime. They strike at the very foundations of society. Deriding the sacredness of the marriage compact, and describing it merely as an arrangement to be taken up and laid aside at pleasure, their end and aim is to destroy all the relations of family, and all the attachments of kindred, and degrade the social condition of beings, made in the form of humanity, to the promiscuous association of brutes. They pander to the most debasing appetites of our nature, and, by teaching a profligate immunity from their consequences, add new incentives to the gratification of libertinism and lust. The licentious men, and misguided females, who congregate in this temple of iniquity, are furnished by this hoary-headed apostle of Satan with a full knowledge of those ingenious contrivances by which they vainly attempt to cheat nature in its common courses, and relieve iniquity from the punishments which of right wait upon it. Dares he deny this? We are prepared to prove it, and to show that he merits epithets which we will not use now, lest, perchance, the law should have its due course, and send him to hammer granite among his betters at a neighboring institution, when it might be supposed we attacked a defenceless foe.

As for the balls, which are held in the house of worship, they have the appearance of being conducted with a regard to decency; we have reason to believe, however, that they are made use of as opportunities for intrigue and assignation to a considerable degree; and we will, in our next, endeavor to prove it.

And here, a word for those who own the building in which these orgies are held, where our God is blasphemed, our religion insulted, and all that we hold dear, reviled and ridiculed; did they, as is supposed, let the building with a knowledge of the purposes to which it was to be devoted? have they still the disposal of it? can they, at their will, remove this moral nuisance, this social gangrene, and will they not? If so, then, be they who they may, rank they never so high for riches, titles, or power, they shall be known; and the public shall see that we have respect for no person, and fear of no consequences, when attempting to do our duty as watchmen and sentinels of society.

We have endeavored, thus far, not to write as religionists of any sect, but have regarded the evil of infidelity as a social one; we pity, and we hope God may pity, these deluded beings; but we meddle not with their religious belief; we complain not of the insults to our religion, but we should be faithless to society if we did not endeavor to point out the danger. The whole tendency of these doctrines is to destroy every thing like morality, to remove all restraints from the passions of the ignorant, and break up the foundations of society by destroying confidence between man and man. This can be proved to demonstration from the most orthodox infidel authors. We will not make any selection of the most atrocious of these writings; but as a fair sample of them, and as a specimen of the ruinous and antisocial tendency of these doings, quote the following stuff, which would merit no other notice than a smile of pity for the ignorance, and of contempt for the depravity of the writer, were it not put forth in the official organ of an increasing party.

"The clergyman makes a god of his interest, because he finds he can get a good living out of the ignorant poor man; but if the clergyman was to tell the poor man the real truth, that god was matter, and that it was impossible for him to act in any other manner than he did, how many poor men would go then to hear his nonsense from the bible about father, son, and the holy ghost, or holy spirit? Not one would go; they would then rely upon their reason and common sense. The clergyman then would be obliged to obtain his living by honest means, and so would the judges and lawyers, for no man would be so foolish as to go to law, when he saw through the trick of religion, that it was only a finesse of the rich to blind the poor; therefore a court of justice would only be a misnomer; it should be called a court of injustice; for where is the poor man that ever obtained justice from the courts? If the poor man has little property, is not his case prolonged from term to term, until he is completely fleeced, and divides nothing but the shell between him and his antagonist? And as to the physician, we see it is his interest not only to cheat the poor out of his reason and senses, as well as the clergyman and lawyers, but out of his health too. Therefore, the moment a poor man catches a *little cold*, in consequence of his ignorance of the laws of nature, (being blinded by religion) he applies to the physician for cure. The physician knows his interest too well not to make the poor man sick indeed. He christens the cold by some hard technical term, and then looks very grave, and, by his nostrums, bleeding, blistering, and mineralizing, keeps him under his hands until he has run up a round doctor's bill, and has also broken down his constitution; then he lets him go for the present, knowing full well he must come to him again for farther fleecing, or to some other sprig of physic. If the poor man had been wise, and studied philosophy, instead of having religion implanted in him, he might have got well by paying a little attention to his diet. But such is the imposing effect of these *three learned professions* of law, physic, and divinity, which are all bottomed on falsehood, that the poor man finds himself bereft of reason, his health, and his property, before he gets half way through life, or knows what true enjoyment is. So much for this foul fiend, religion, which the rich make an engine of for destroying the reason and common sense of the poor."

This effusion, from a low-minded, suspicious wretch, who metes to others by his own measure, whose judgement seems corrupted by the foul vapors which come steaming up from the corroded and noxious cauldron of his heart, is signed by his name—a name that we will not hold up, as he perhaps wishes it should be, to give him a notoriety, (though it would be like the notoriety of the felon hung in chains, forcing attention by its offensive odor;) but we will let it rot with the animal whom it designates.

Is our language strong? so are our feelings; so ought to be the feelings of every man who has the good, not of his church, not of his religion, but of society and of the human race at heart. Let us pass over the impious libel at the end of the sentence, and leave to God, against whom they howl their blasphemy in their nightly orgies, calling his religion a *FOUL FIEND*,—to do as seemeth him good, with the miserable worms; but, in the name of humanity, which is outraged, let us strive to separate from the body social, such a gangrenous and infecting limb.

We would not persecute; we would use neither the fetter nor the sword; but, let these men go out from among us, or let us go out from among them. If society is so corrupt as they represent it; if we are all bigoted idolaters; if our ministers are wicked and deceitful hypocrites; our physicians poisoners and murderers; our lawyers all liars and knaves; our rich men all debauchees and oppressors; why, in the name of reason, about which they rave, will these Free Inquirers remain among us; why not go forth, and seek a home with the unsophisticated savages, with the true children of nature; there, unfettered

by law, they may act up to the dictates of **FREE WILL**; untrammelled by dress, they may indulge the promptings of animal passion; and, unawed by the presence of Christians, they may bow down to, or stand up and curse their God, as their pleasure or passion shall dictate at the moment.

We shall resume this subject in our next number. It is too pregnant of evil to our moral, and of destruction to our political institutions, to be permitted to pass longer in silence and secrecy. The blood of the martyrs was the seeds of the Church—and the weak and timid may think that irreligion will grow by the efforts that are made to crush it. But we wish no martyrs to the service of Sin. We call for no punishment or persecution. We would merely make the public aware of the leprosy that is creeping over the body politic. We would only call upon fathers, and brothers, and husbands, to look about them and know the dangers to which their daughters, and sisters, and wives are weekly and daily exposed. We would call upon the ministers of law, if any law there be, by which the issuing of licentious publications is penally forbidden. We would, in short, awaken the public mind to a subject to which it has too long been blind, and deaf, and dumb; to immoralities which threaten to pollute all the under-currents of society; to dangers which threaten to undermine all the foundations of the social fabric, and scatter its blackened fragments to the four winds of the heavens.

S. G. H.

November 21.

SONNET.

THE hour—the place—the twilight rose decaying,
 Tint after tint, to hue like maiden pale;
 A fountain clear embosomed in a vale;
 The summer wind mid drooping willows playing;
 A thread-like rill through tenderest herbage straying,
 Embracing many a flower with silent kiss;
 The last bee humming on his bed of bliss,
 O'er nectared bloom, alas! too long delaying—
 The hour—the place—Why am I here alone—
 Why see I, thus alone, the evening star
 Come out above the woods that wave afar—
 Why—even the last long lingering bee has flown.
 Dim fades the hill, the vale—the hour is by,
 Night sinks, nor yet the loved and hoped is nigh.

P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Introduction to the Study of Human Anatomy, by James Paxton, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. with Illustrations. With Additions, by Winslow Lewis, M. D. Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Medical Department of Harvard University. In two vols. Vol. II.

This second volume of Paxton's Anatomy well sustains the reputation of the first; and may satisfy the expectations which the character of that part justly raised. The author has applied to the demonstration of Anatomy the same clearness and conciseness which made his edition of Paley's Theology so useful and so deservedly popular. His descriptions are accurate, intelligible, and neat; and the apposition of the plates to the text is so close, that the labor of study is lightened, and its results are fixed more permanently by the excellent illustrations.

This first American edition is quite creditable to our press; the fashion of the book is admirable, with its good paper, broad margins, large fair type, and rarity of errata.

The printing of the Latin and Greek words and of their derivatives is quite unparagoned in an American book; we are comforted by the sight of Bronchus and Bronchi, after bronchii, and bronchia, and bronchiæ, and every combination which the letters and the sounds can admit, consistently with being wrong. We observe, however, the word exhalents; and the same mistake offends the eye in the larger portion of English, as well as American books. A little more exactness might be attained in the Glossary; and we beg leave to suggest to the editor that in the second edition (for the merits of his work should enable it to reach this uncommon stage) it would be useful to place accents over the Latin words. For if our business or our fancy leads us to employ the ancient tongues, let our words, though of "learned length," not be "of awful sound."

A Comprehensive Atlas, Geographical, Commercial, and Historical.
By T. G. Bradford.

This work, upon which Mr. Bradford has been long engaged, is now near its completion. The basis of it is an atlas of near eighty maps; these, however, are illustrated by near one hundred tables, of a commercial, historical, and descriptive character. The arrangement possesses great advantages, and the work is executed in a style to render it in every respect acceptable to the public. In a typographical view, it is creditable to the American press, and as a statistical magazine of reference to general readers, and, above all, to those who seek exact and authentic commercial data, it will prove invaluable. The editor has had rare advantages for the preparation of such a volume, and no one can make better use than he, of his opportunities. A glance at the table of contents will show

that the range of his research has been extensive, not only including a great variety of American and English publications, but many others in the French, German, and Spanish languages. The amount of knowledge it embraces, is, indeed, immense; and it may well be a matter of public congratulation, that our American libraries afford resources for a writer who is engaged in the preparation of a work demanding precise facts, on so great a number of topics.

The Political Grammar of the United States; by Edward D. Mansfield.

This work is appropriately dedicated to the young men of the country. It appears to be a useful and well-arranged manual, and the contents are such as should be in the possession of every intelligent freeman. It embraces a full and faithful exposition of the Constitution of the United States, a synopsis of the Constitution of the States, and a complete view of the relations between the General and State Governments. We trust that while the sacred instrument of our freedom is assailed with so little ceremony by the dominant faction, a more intimate study of its transcendent merits may inspire the rising generation with an earnest zeal to preserve it in its purity, to transmit it in its original brightness to their posterity. It cannot be expected that imported voters should have any great reverence for the Constitution. It is the young Americans, who are now its forlorn hope, who must rally to its defence, who must uphold it inviolate.

MONTHLY RECORD.

THE INDIANS. In an article on the subject of Indian affairs, the Milledgeville Journal furnishes some interesting items of information in reference to the numbers of the several Indian tribes in the United States, and the location in the Western Territory allotted for their future residence. This territory is stated to be a tract of country about 300 miles wide, west of, and adjoining the Arkansas Territory and the State of Missouri. Its southern end is based on Red River, which there divides the United States from Mexico, and the territory is to extend north as far as may be wanted; to the River Platte, as at present contemplated, or still farther up, should it be necessary, till the eastern side of it, extending beyond Missouri, may meet the Mississippi, as it tends westwardly, in latitude 46. If this contemplated Western territory should stop at the

River Platte, it will be about as large as Georgia was when her limits reached the Mississippi. Should it extend up to the 46th degree of latitude, it will be about 750 miles long, north and south, by 300 miles wide, as before mentioned.

The allotments already laid out, commence at the south end on Red River. First, and south of all, is that of the Choctaws. Next, the Creeks and Seminoles. Next, the Cherokees; and north of those, the Osages. These occupy, in nearly equal portions, that territory, forming nearly a square, that lies between the Arkansas Territory and the Mexican line. Each portion extending quite across the whole from east to west.

Northward of these allotments, and after an unappropriated interval of 70 or 80 miles, there is an irregular location of a territory about as large as the

Cherokee lands in Georgia, among the Kansas, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Delawares and other tribes, in proportion to the lands ceded by them east of the Mississippi, and situated so as best to consult their several wants. North of these, the aboriginal title is extinguished to part of the land up to the Platte, and as much north of that river as covers a country larger than the present area of the State of Georgia.

The following are all the tribes now located in this Western territory, and the number of acres assigned to each :

Possessed by the indigenous Indians, viz :—

Names of the tribes.	Quantity for each.	Total.
1. Osages,	7,564,000	
2. Kansas,	6,400,000	
3. Ottos and Missouries,	1,536,000	
4. Half breeds, Ottos, Omaha, and Ioways,	198,000	
	—	15,698,000

Assigned to the emigrant Indians, viz :

1. Choctaws,	15,000,000	
2. Creeks and Seminoles,	13,140,000	
3. Cherokees,	13,000,000	
4. Senecas in Sandusky,	100,000	
5. Senecas & Shawnees,	100,000	
6. Quapaws,	96,000	
7. Ottawas,	34,000	
8. Kaskaskais & Peorias,	96,000	
9. Weas & Piankeshaws,	160,000	
10. Shawnees,	1,600,000	
11. Delawares,	2,206,000	
12. Kickapoos,	764,000	
	—	46,909,000

Acres. 61,830,000

The tribes east of the Mississippi, who have agreed to emigrate, and the number of persons of each tribe, are as follows :—

Names of Tribes.	Numbers.
1. Seminoles,	5,000
2. Creeks,	22,264
3. Cherokees,	9,000
4. Chippewas, Ottowas, and Pottawatomies,	7,466
5. Chickasaws,	5,600
6. Ottawas of Ohio,	930
7. Appalachticolas,	340
8. Pottawatomies of Indiana & the Wabash,	3,000

The tribes east of the Mississippi, who have not yet agreed to emigrate, are stated to be as follows :—

Names of Tribes.	Numbers.	
1. In the state of New-York, viz :—		
Senecas,	2,262	
Cayugas,	198	
Onondagas,	460	
Delawares,	73	
Oneidas,	1,153	
Tuscaroras,	978	
St. Regis,	286	
Connewaugas,	54	
	—	4,176
2. At Green Bay, viz :—		
Oneidas,	400	
Stockbridge,	300	
Senecas,	5	
	—	725
3. Wyandots in Ohio,	575	
4. Missisias,	1,100	
5. Menomonies,	3,140	
6. Chippewas & Ottewas of Lake Michigan,	5,200	
7. Chippewas,	6,800	
8. Cherokees,	9,000	
	—	30,245

There are thirty different tribes west of the Mississippi, with whom the United States have treaties, embracing an aggregate population of 156,310 souls.

There are also forty-nine other tribes west of the Mississippi, with whom the United States have no treaties. Their numbers amount to about 156,000.

THE COTTON CROP. Clayton & Burrit's annual statement of the cotton crop gives us for the whole crop, From Gulf of Mexico, 641,435 bales. Atlantic, 563,959 "

Total,	1,205,394 "
Exported,	1,027,429 "
Consumed,	196,935 "

This crop has proved to be 134,956 bales larger than that of the previous year, which was itself more than 30,000 bales larger than any previous crops.

The consumption in this country, appears from the statement to have been about the same with the previous year, the whole increase having been exported. Yet so great has been the increase of cotton manufacturing abroad that the stocks remaining at hand at the end of 1834, will probably be a good deal less than were at the end of 1833.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

In Baltimore, on the 19th October, JAMES WHITFIELD, Archbishop of Baltimore. He was born at Liverpool in England, on the 3d of November, 1770. At the age of seventeen, he was bereaved of his father, and became the protector of his mother. To assuage her grief, and to restore her sinking health, he accompanied her to Italy. On his return from that country, where he had been for some time engaged in mercantile pursuits, he found himself in France at the time when Napoleon had decreed that every Englishman in France was a prisoner. He spent the greatest part of his exile in Lyons, where he became acquainted with Ambrose Marechal, the late Archbishop of Baltimore, who was then professor of theology in the seminary in that city. The piety of his youth inclined his mind to the sacerdotal state, and he commenced the study of divinity under the direction of his learned and pious friend. He distinguished himself by his solid judgement and persevering industry. In the year 1809, he was ordained priest in the city of Lyons. After the death of his mother, he returned to England, and was employed in the discharge of parochial duties in the town of Crosby.

When Dr. Marechal was elevated to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, he wrote to Mr. Whitfield, earnestly soliciting him to give his assistance to the flock which Providence had placed under his charge. He complied with the request of his former friend, and landed on our shores on the 8th September, 1817. He was immediately appointed one of the pastors of St. Peters, and performed the duties annexed to that office with zeal and piety. In 1825, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Court of Rome. At the death of the most Rev. Archbishop Marechal, his name was first on the list which was sent to Rome to receive the sanction of his Holiness, and he was soon after consecrated Archbishop of Baltimore in the cathedral in that city. His career in this elevated station was marked with prudence and zeal. Of him may be said, what can be said of few,—he entered the career of honors in wealth, and left it poor.

By a letter recently received from Fort Gibson, says the Baltimore Gazette, we regret to learn the death of Mr. BEYRICH, the botanist. This gentleman, so well known to many of our citizens as one who possessed great scientific attainments, arrived in this city from Bremen, in April, 1833. He was sent to this country as an exploring botanist, by a society of gentlemen in Berlin, Prussia, to make a collection of our native plants, and of the seeds and fruits of our forest trees, particularly the oaks. For this purpose he had already traveled over a large part of Europe, and many of the South-American provinces. On his arrival in Baltimore, he embarked immediately for Charleston, S. C. and after traveling over that and some of the contiguous states, making very large collections of specimens, and acquiring much information with regard to his subject, he returned to the north. He arrived here in the autumn of 1833,

having consumed the summer in his southern exploration. Until last spring, he was engaged in visiting the different localities in this state, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and in resorting to his employers a part of his extensive collections. Early last spring he departed for the "far west," with the intention of crossing the Rocky Mountains, and of continuing his researches over those regions which have never yet been carefully examined. He appears to have turned back from this dangerous expedition, inasmuch as he died at the above-named military post, after having gone beyond it a considerable distance. He was a native of the Hartz Mountains in Germany, and was educated in the University of Göttingen. He spoke the German, French, Spanish, and English languages well, and was profoundly versed in geology.

In New-Harmony, Indiana, on the 10th ult. THOMAS SAY, the distinguished naturalist, in the 47th year of his age. To a mind fully impressed with the glories of nature, to an ardent votary in the temple of fame, the allurements of pleasure and the desire of wealth are equally indifferent. His studious habits unfitted Mr. Say for mercantile pursuits, and he consequently failed in an occupation in which he early engaged, at the solicitation of a kind parent, the late highly respected Dr. Bay. He subsequently devoted himself, with an enthusiasm which can never be too much admired, and a resolution which no reverse of fortune could shake, to the study of his favorite sciences; with what success, the republic of letters can testify. It may be fearlessly asserted, that few individuals, certainly none in this country, have so extensively contributed to enlarge the boundaries of natural knowledge. To his native genius, supported by untiring zeal and indefatigable research, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is indebted for its opening reputation. Mr. Say was among the earliest members, if not one of the founders, of this institution.

His original communications to the Society alone, in the most abstruse and laborious departments of zoology, crustacea, testacea, insecta, &c. of the United States, occupy more than eight hundred printed pages of their journal. His essays, published in the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York, in Silliman's Journal, &c. are equally respectable, perhaps equally numerous. His contributions to the American Encyclopedia, though highly valuable, are not so generally known. His separate work, on American Entomology, and another on Conchology, have met with the approbation of the learned. With the brilliant results of his laborious exertions as naturalist to the two celebrated expeditions by the authority of the United States government, under command of Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel, S. H. Long, the reading public is already familiar. Some years previously, he accompanied Mr. McClure, and other kindred spirits, on a scientific excursion to the Floridas.

The pages of the Academy's Journal were subsequently enriched by the fruits of this undertaking.

In the year 1825, our devoted student consented, in an evil hour, to forego the society of his early friends, the companions of his labors, and all the advantages of a large and populous city, and at the earnest instigation of his friend, Mr. McClure, President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, he abandoned forever his native home. New-Harmony, on the Wabash, state of Indiana, had now become the Land of Promise, where new views of the social compact, and new institutions, literary and philosophical, were to be promulgated and tested. Mr. Say, soon after his arrival in New-Harmony, wedded a lady of congenial habits, and appears to have become reconciled to his new domicile; mere locality was, to a considerable degree, matter of indifference to a naturalist, so long as he found himself surrounded with the objects of his research, supplied as he was, by the liberality of his patron, with a valuable library.

Our much lamented friend had recently devoted much of his time to the publication of his work on American Conchology, elucidated by

expensive plates. He might have continued thus usefully employed for many years, had not the climate on the Wabash proved injurious to his health; he repeatedly suffered from attacks of fever and dysenteric affections, by which a constitution, originally robust and inured to hardships, materially suffered. A letter, announcing the sad catastrophe which deprived society of one of its worthiest members and science of one of its brightest ornaments, informs us that Mr. Say suffered another attack of a disorder similar to that by which his constitution had already been shattered, about the 1st of October; on the 8th, the hopes of his friends were flattered by a deceitful calm; on the day following, these hopes were chilled, he appeared sinking under debility, when, on the 10th, death came over him like a summer cloud—he met the embrace as the weary traveler falls into the arms of restoring sleep. Intellect triumphed to the last hour. He died intestate and without issue, but left with his wife verbal directions relative to the final dispositions of his library and cabinet of natural history.

For the above sketch, we have been indebted to a correspondent of the National Gazette.

OUR FILE.

THE articles contained in this and the preceding number of the Magazine have been prepared by the gentlemen into whose hands the publication is transferred, and who will be accountable to the several contributors. There are on file at our office the following articles:

A Poetical Epistle from Italy;
 The Death of the Ambitious Student;
 Haunts of My Youth;
 Some odd Things worth remembering;
 My Class, No. I.;
 Theories on Negroes;
 Essays on Taste, No. I. and II.;
 The boasted Superiority of the Present Age;
 Pauline;
 Change and No Change;
 Columbus on the Morning of the Discovery;
 Adventures of a Vagrant;
 The Wizard's Apprentice;
 Beauty, Life, Death, and Truth;

which, not being considered by our successors as appropriate contributions, will be returned to the several authors when called for;

X. Y. is in the Post-Office, as desired.

"Pegasus Yoked" shall appear.

"Letter of Marque" waits the orders of the writer.

"Capt. Jonathan Carver" is deferred, but not forgotten.

We fear that "Olive Porter" will prove too lengthy. Will the author curtail, or send us a shorter article?

"Story Telling" in our next.

"Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever."

WITH this number, which completes the seventh volume, our connection with the New-England Magazine, as editor and proprietor, is dissolved. The work passes into the hands of Dr. Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent, Esq. who will continue the publication. These gentlemen have been contributors to the pages of the Magazine from its commencement, and are known to the public as writers of ability and taste. Their interest and their reputation are sufficient pledges that any claim which it may have to public favor and support, will not be lost or forfeited by the change that is about to take place.

In making this annunciation, we cannot conceal,—if we would, and we would not if we could,—a sad and sorrowful emotion. An intercourse of several years growth is about to terminate—an intercourse connected with pleasant as well as painful reminiscences on our part, and, as we would fain hope, unattended by the indulgence of disagreeable remembrances on the part of others. We would also gladly embrace the belief that the labor, which has been bestowed on the Magazine, has produced something to redeem the laborer from utter forgetfulness. The pain of leave-taking would be trebly sharpened, without the confiding persuasion of a still enduring communion through the channel of memory. What else is all-dreaded annihilation, but the termless suspension of that commerce, which exchanges thought for thought, and draws soul to soul by the recorded memorials of courteous and affectionate sympathy?

For the favor, with which this Magazine was originally received by the public, and the respectful and flattering notices it has met from cotemporaries of the periodical press, it would be churlish to withhold an acknowledgement of gratefulness and thanks. It has met with as much approbation as should satisfy an ordinary desire of popularity. When every avenue to public favor is crowded with eager and aspiring rivals, he, who would avoid the imputation of overweening vanity or disgusting conceit, must be content with the share of the spoils which the impartial tribunal of popular opinion is pleased to assign to his efforts.

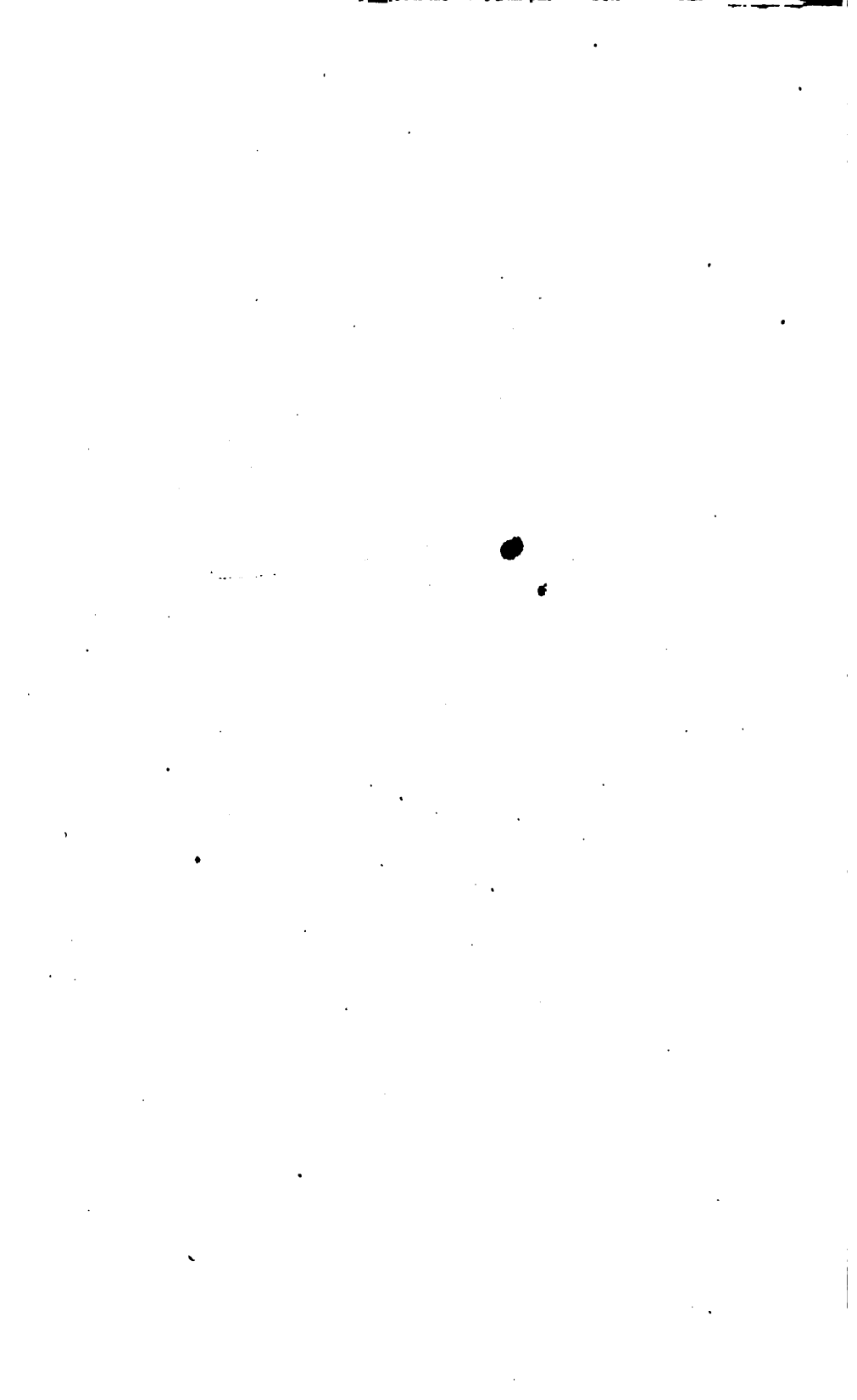
If, in the execution of the power belonging to an editor, contributions of merit have been rejected, or improper decisions on the literary productions of the times have been promulgated, the procedure was the effect of erroneous judgement and not of wayward design or malignancy of purpose. If, in attempting to expose the quackeries of authorship, to ridicule the pretensions of the coxcomb, to put down the arrogance of conceited dullness, and to correct the absurdities of

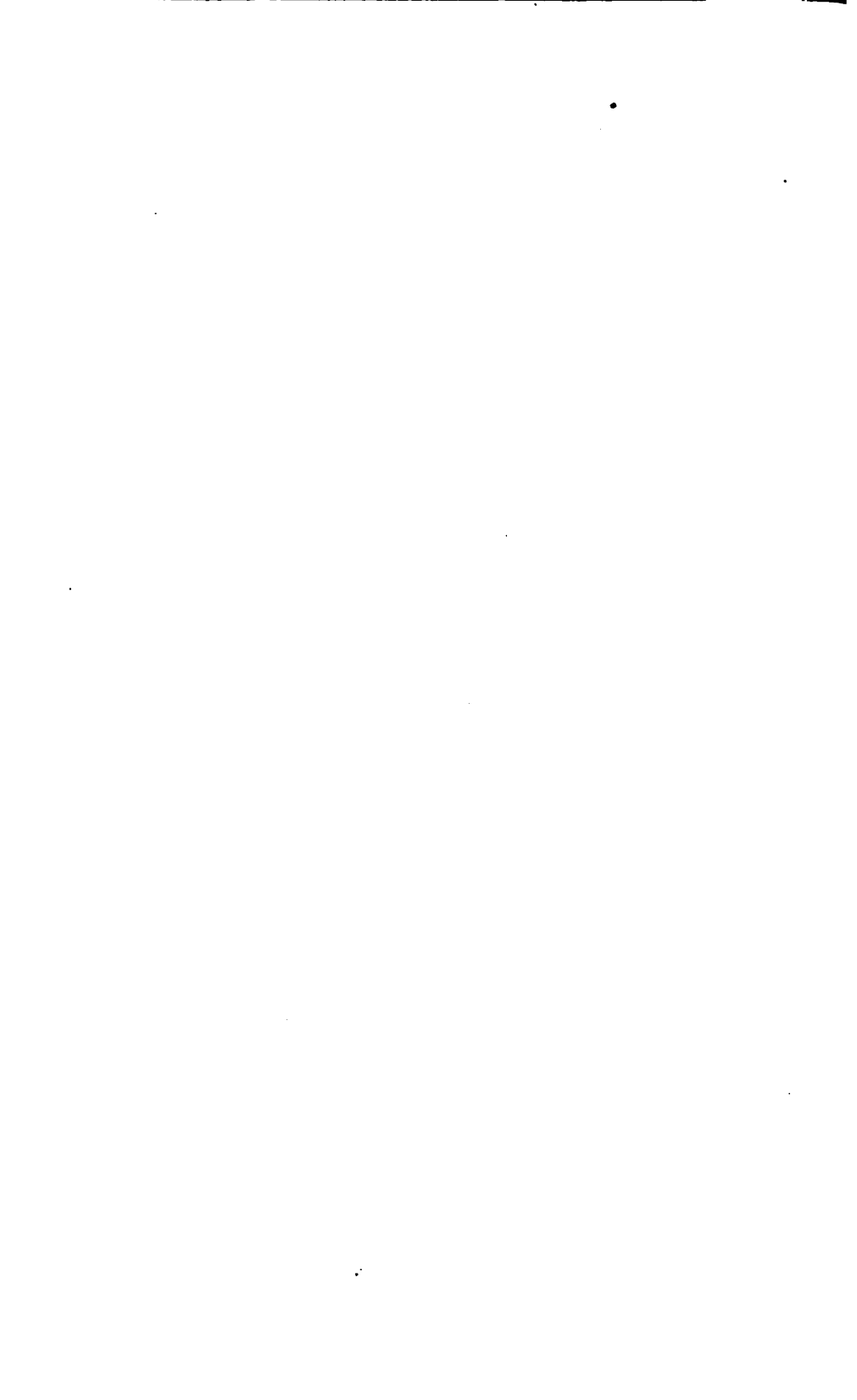
a tasteless affectation, the dignity of the critic has been sacrificed to the gratification of spleen or caprice, a suitable punishment must unavoidably follow the transgression, and we shall be the last to complain of the operation of retributive justice. To look for unqualified approbation, would be idle. Consciousness of imperfection in our most successful efforts, reconciles us to admonition; we would not resent even undeserved rebuke from the voice of friendship and good nature. The frowns of malice and the sneers of envy have done us no injury; and as they have not been sufficient to provoke a retaliation, they shall not deprive us of our privilege of quitting the stage with a serene temper and undisturbed indifference.

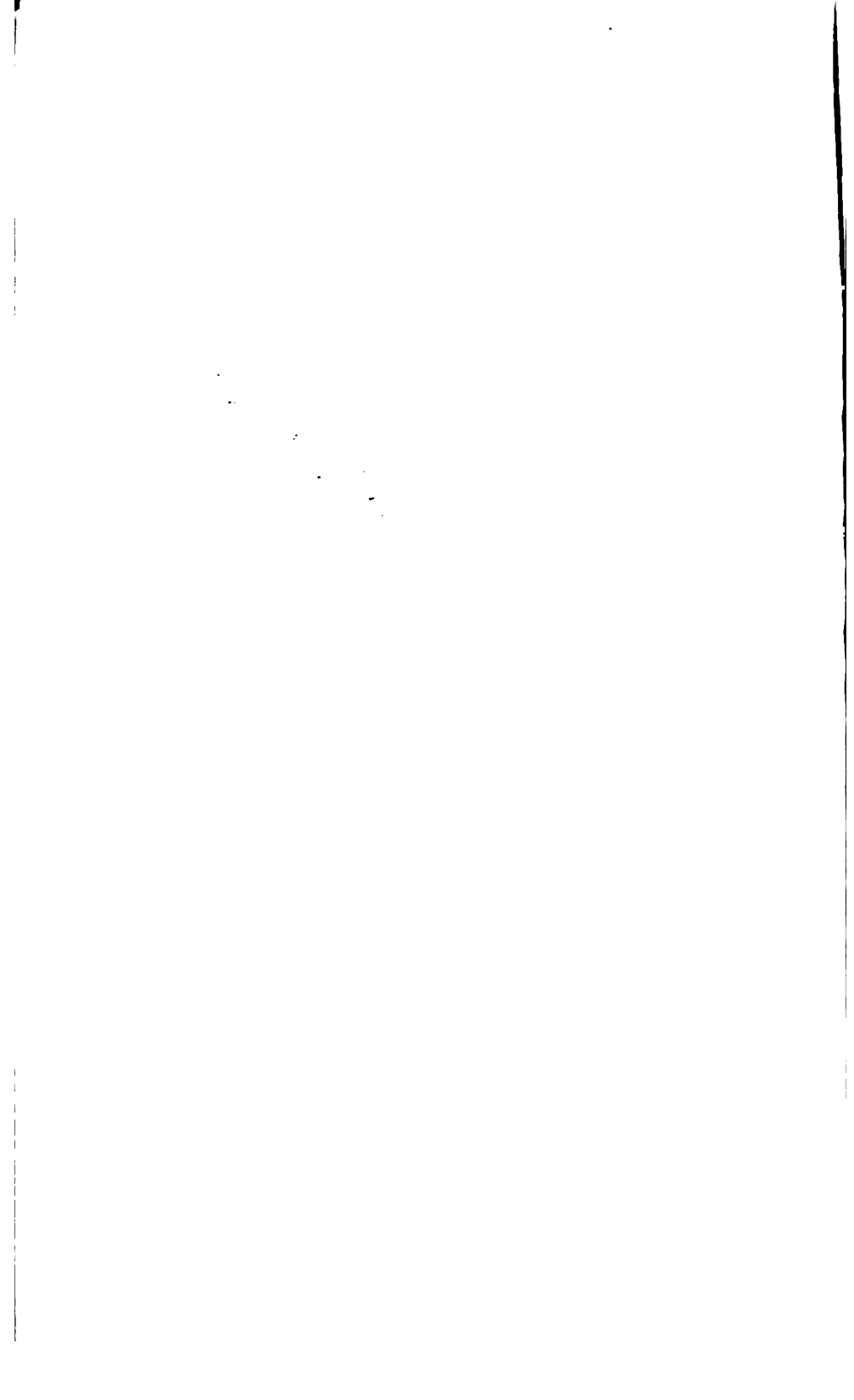
The faults of this work, thus far, are attributable to the subscriber. Its merits, if there be any, must be shared with others. We could, if it were authorized, enumerate a list of contributors, whose names would add lustre to any periodical publication. The applause it obtained on its first appearance, and the support and protection it received through the earliest period of its existence, were won by the labors of a young man, to whom, as he is removed from the reach of praise or reproach, an allusion may be pardoned. "The sea his body, Heaven his spirit holds,"—but the object of this valedictory address, would be but half accomplished, and injustice would be done to the memory of the loved and lost, were this acknowledgement omitted. While penning these lines, we feel the awful but invisible presence of the departed, mysteriously and affectionately calling for this recognition of his claim—this last appeal to the remembrance of friends he respected and loved. In his name as well as our own—for him, whose youthful pulse beat strong at every thought of his country's fame, whose manly heart swelled high at the anticipated prosperity of his loved New-England—whose mental faculties expanded and brightened with the hope of adding to the reputation and sharing in the glory of his native city,—his surviving partner and representative bids farewell to the readers and to the pages of the *New-England Magazine*.

J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

Boston, Dec. 1, 1834.









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